A LETTER FROM SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Modern Screen

DECEMBER

10

CENTS

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BETTE DAVIS' *True Life Story*

DEANNA DURBIN

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ANY ONE of the charming Dionne Quintuplets would make a mother's eyes beam with pride were she her own child. These wonder children of the world are startling living examples of what new-day knowledge will do for babies. Proper feeding, care and training combine to develop completely the peak possibilities of every child. The fact that Karo Syrup has been an important food in their daily diet is convincing evidence of the remarkable food-energy value of this delicious Table Syrup. Karo is rich in Dextrose, which is known as "muscle" sugar.

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Hearts Skip a Beat

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



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PERHAPS you've seen her—this girl whose wistful beauty captures the eager glance. You stare—a little breathless—waiting for that smile which will light up, *intensify*, her loveliness.

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The warning may some day come to you—that faint tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush. It may seem harmless, trivial, unimportant—but *never ignore it!*

At the first sign of "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist.* It may not mean trouble ahead, but let him decide. Modern menus—from which hard, fibrous foods have largely disappeared—are robbing your gums of necessary work. They've grown flabby, sensitive. "Pink tooth brush" is simply their plea for help. And usually your dentist's suggestion will be "more exercise, more vigorous chewing" and, very often, the added suggestion, "the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation within the gums increases—helps bring a new healthy firmness to the gum walls.

Why not take steps now to help protect yourself against tender, ailing gums? Make Ipana and massage a part of your daily routine. With your gums healthy and sound, your teeth sparklingly clean—there can be *no disappointment*, nothing to mar the beauty of your smile.

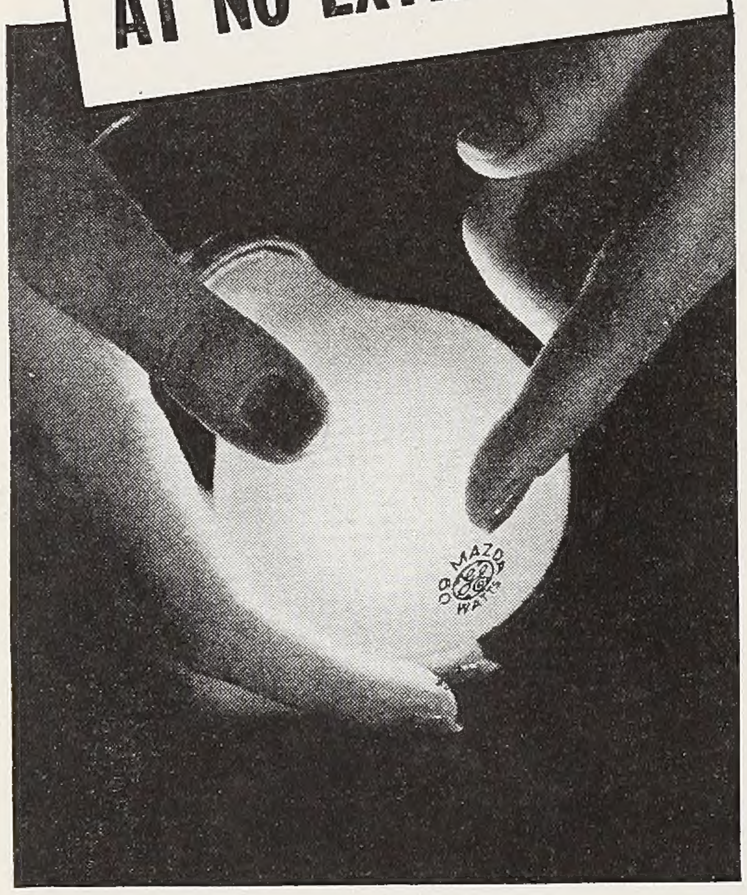
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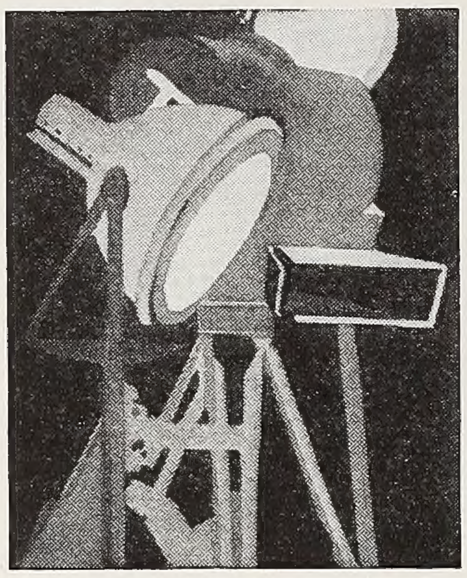
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MODERN SCREEN

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NOW SHOWING

MANAGING MILTON	12	MACK HUGHES
THAT GIRL'S HERE AGAIN	18	VIRGINIA T. LANE
THE MISTAKES OF MADELEINE	26	BENJAMIN MADDOX
LAUGHING THE WHOLE THING OFF	28	IDA ZEITLIN
SINGING STOIC	30	FAITH SERVICE
A LETTER FROM SHIRLEY	32	IDA ZEITLIN
M'LADY—MINUS MAKE-UP	34	LOIS SVENSRUD
MONTGOMERY IN A MELLOW MOOD	36	CAROLINE S. HOYT
DIETRICH GOES LIGHT-HEARTED?	38	JAMES REID
GETTING THE BREAKS	40	VIRGINIA WOOD
THIRD BEGINNING	41	ROBERT McILWAINE
PERSONALITY—BETTER THAN BEAUTY	42	MARY MARSHALL
BUOYANT BATTLER	44	GEORGE BENJAMIN
BETTE DAVIS' TRUE LIFE STORY	45	GLADYS HALL

SHORT SUBJECTS

OUR PUZZLE PAGE	6	MOVIE X-WORD
GOING TO A PARTY?	8	JUNE LANG IS
REVIEWS	10	FILM GUIDE
GOOD NEWS	14	MOVIE CHATTER
PORTRAIT GALLERY	21	OF YOUR FAVORITES
FOODS TO THE FORE	62	ON THANKSGIVING
INFORMATION DESK	64	THE ANSWER MAN
BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME	66	PRIZE LETTERS
FOR BED AND BRIDGE	68	BUSY NEEDLES
MOVIE SCOREBOARD	70	CRITICS' RATINGS
DATE NIGHT	78	BOY MEETS GIRL

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Something to stand up and cheer about!

M-G-M'S HAPPY FALL HITS



"FIREFLY"...Now at POPULAR PRICES...M-G-M's roadshow sensation—direct from its triumphant New York run at $2 admission. Gigantic spectacle, romance, drama, and melodies by Rudolf Friml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Allan Jones, Warren William and a cast of thousands...



"THE LAST GANGSTER"...The season's melodramatic hit!...Starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar" himself)...A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and others...



"BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE"...Starring Wallace Beery in his greatest role since "Viva Villa"...Not since "The Covered Wagon" such a glorious epic of the West. With Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe (new star find), Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot.



"THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY"...What a cast!...Sophie Tucker, Mickey Rooney, Douglas Scott, and Judy Garland, the girl you loved in "Broadway Melody"...Introducing Ronnie St. Clair, a grand youngster you'll take to your heart...A wildly exciting story of loyalty and love.



"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"...A rousing romance at Uncle Sam's Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama—with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...



"MANNEQUIN"...Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model...with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"...It's Katharine Brush's famous story. Wait till you see those gorgeous gowns!



"ROSALIE"...starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy with Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others...Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself...Beautiful girls...new song hits by Cole Porter... Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II...WOW!

OUR PUZZLE PAGE

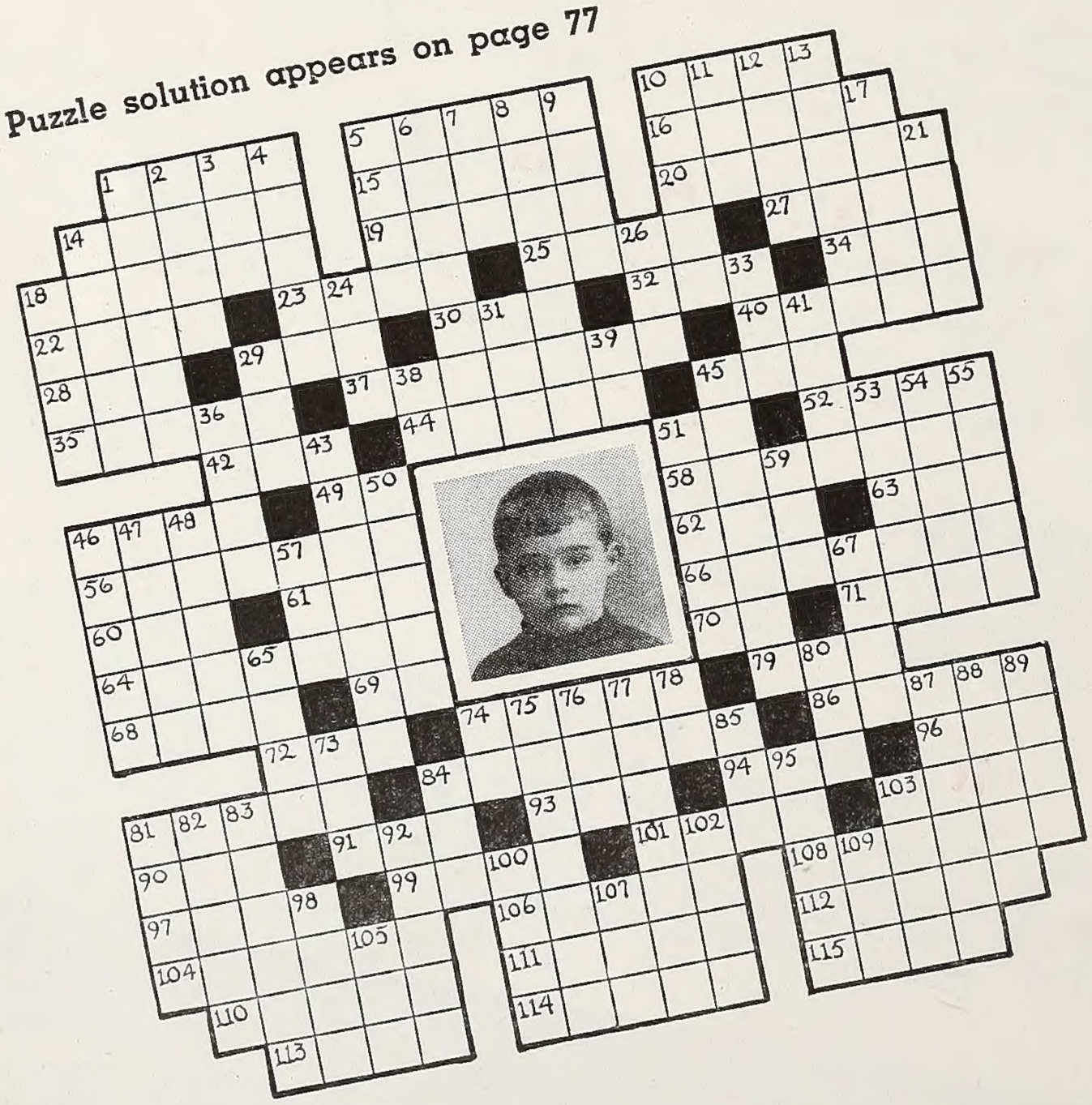
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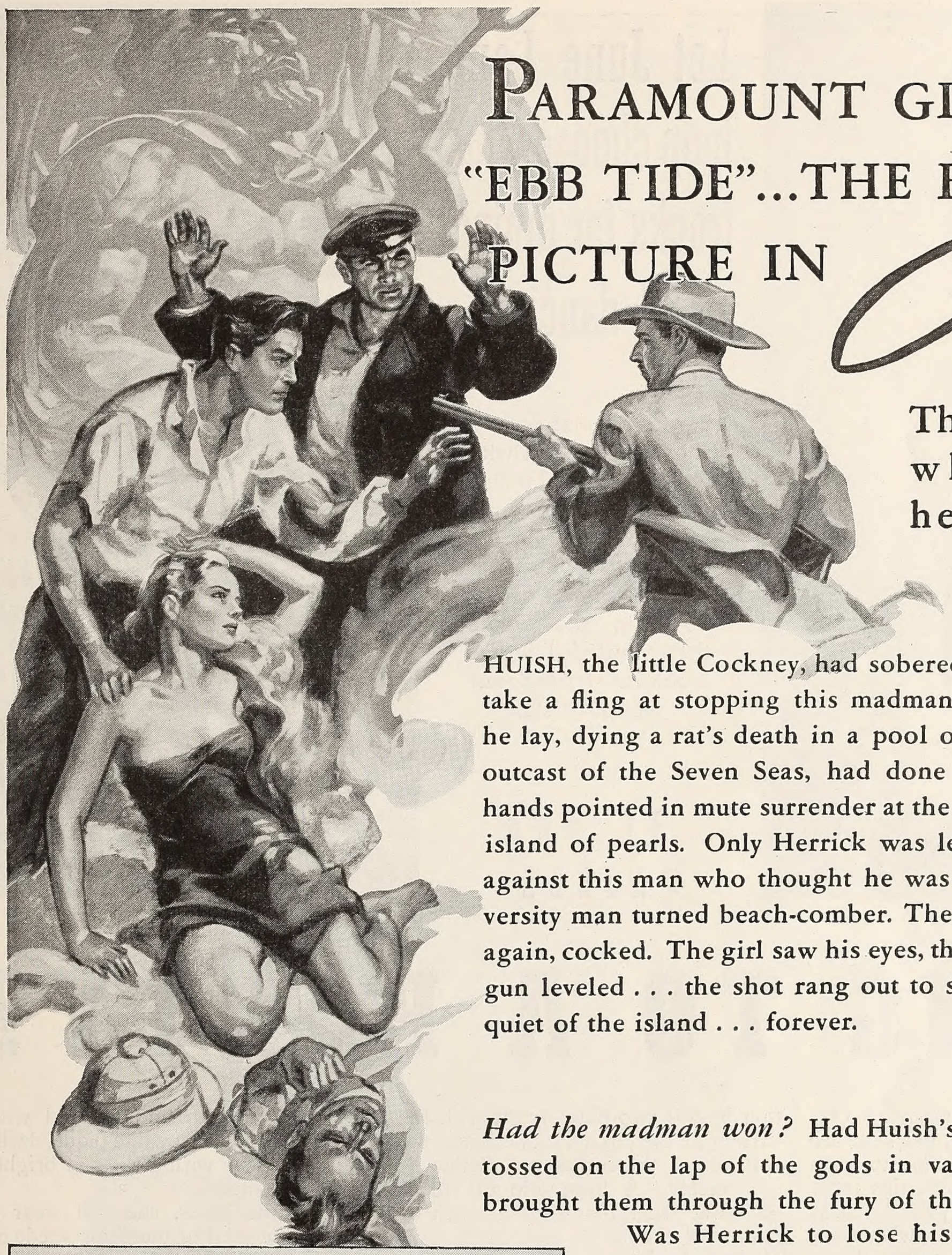
1. & 5. The hero of this puzzle
10. Defensive ditch
14. Cinema
15. Subtle emanations
16. Irish star of "The Perfect Specimen"
18. Youngest daughter in "Call It A Day"
19. Swedish star of "Conquest"
20. Slow-talking Negro comedian
22. Fred Stone's daughter in "Hideaway"
23. Ex-Mrs. Gable's first name
25. "A Farewell to - - - -"
27. Altar end of a church
28. Period of time
29. "- - - in a Million"
30. Mae West wrote "Diamond - - -"
32. Affirmative vote
34. Summer: Fr.
35. V-shaped member
37. Male star of "Double Wedding"
40. Kay Francis' latest is "- - - - - Lady"
42. Metallic rock
44. Cowboy star whose first name is Tom
45. "- - - Love I'm After"
46. Extend over
49. Near: abbr.
51. Director of "Love Takes Flight"; initials
52. Ann Sothern's real last name
56. Texas-born blond juvenile; first name John
58. Clings
60. Card game
61. "Better . . ."
62. Recline
63. "- - - Them Live"
64. Song-and-dance film
66. Glamorous star of "Angel"
68. Famous Roman date
69. Femme star of "Romeo and Juliet"; initials
70. Chemical symbol
71. One by preeminence; slang
72. "Clive of - - - ia"
74. Biblical name
79. Mend
81. Spencer's wife in "Big City"
84. Deanna's father in "100 Men and a Girl"
86. Wherefrom you see the screen
90. Party in power
91. Loretta's co-star in "Love Under Fire"
93. Bing Crosby's wife, Dixie
94. American gangster in "Gangway"
96. "- - - Asked For It"
97. "- - - - and Evil"
99. In
101. Bare
103. Unsealed
104. Seethe again
106. Build
108. Male star of "Broadway Melody of 1938"
110. French girl in "The Big Parade"
111. Long seat: var.
112. The girl in "High, Wide and Handsome"
113. Pork
114. Former Russian rulers
115. Parts of the head

DOWN

1. German actor named Veidt
2. Eager
3. He's a cowboy star named Tex - - - ter
4. Long
5. Measure
6. Rustically
7. "Men - - - Not Gods"
8. Princess Paley's first name
9. Rip
10. Disorderly
11. Worthless leaving
12. Open space
13. Latest film of star pictured
14. His leading lady in "When You're in Love"
17. Enrolls
18. Puffed
21. Nit: Scot.
24. Cut
26. Hawaiian actress named - - - o Clark
29. Over: poet
31. "- - - Love You Always"
33. European newt
36. "- - - - With the Wind"
38. "- - Could Happen to You"
39. Mexican actress named - - mida
41. "Paradise - - - -"
43. Birthplace of star pictured
45. Plenty of these in Westerns
46. Delicious game dish
47. Haughty
48. Shad
50. What films are wound on
51. Composes
53. He married Jobyna Ralston
54. Hero of "Old Louisiana"
55. Compound ether
57. Warner Baxter's latest is "Wife, - - - tor and Nurse"
59. "- - - Husband's Secretary"
65. Egyptian goddess
67. Male star of "Espionage"
73. First name of dead pan comedian
74. Initials of gravel-voiced comedian
75. The ex-Mrs. John Barrymore
76. Alcoholic beverage
77. Hero of "Captains Courageous"
78. Exclamation
80. Superlative suffix
81. Prevaricator
82. Annabella starred in "- - - - the Red Robe"
83. American girl in "Lost Horizon"
84. Mrs. Roger Pryor's first name
85. "Dead - - -"
87. Poplars
88. ". Goes My Girl"
89. Dispatched
92. Lubricated
95. Eagle's nest
98. The other woman in "Something to Sing About"
100. Screen try-out
102. Shoshonean Indians
103. German river
105. Comparative suffix
107. Greek letter
109. Anglo-Saxon coin

Puzzle solution appears on page 77





PARAMOUNT GIVES YOU "EBB TIDE"...THE FIRST SEA PICTURE IN *Color*

The story of a man who thought he was God!...

HUISH, the little Cockney, had sobered up long enough to take a fling at stopping this madman with the rifle. Now he lay, dying a rat's death in a pool of vitriol. Thorbecke, outcast of the Seven Seas, had done the same. Now his hands pointed in mute surrender at the cobalt heaven of this island of pearls. Only Herrick was left to defend the girl against this man who thought he was God. Herrick! University man turned beach-comber. The madman's gun lifted again, cocked. The girl saw his eyes, the eyes of a devil. The gun leveled . . . the shot rang out to shatter the somnolent quiet of the island . . . forever.

Had the madman won? Had Huish's pitiful little life been tossed on the lap of the gods in vain? Had Thorbecke brought them through the fury of the hurricane for this? Was Herrick to lose his one last chance to prove himself a man? Was this beautiful white girl to descend into the pit of a madman's private hell forever?

Adolph Zukor presents

OSCAR HOMOLKA

(By arrangement with Gaumont British Picture Corporation Limited)

FRANCES FARMER

RAY MILLAND

"EBB TIDE"

A Lucien Hubbard Production with

Lloyd Nolan • Barry Fitzgerald

Based on the story by
Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne

Directed by JAMES HOGAN

Photographed in Technicolor

A Paramount Picture

The South Seas . . . Robert Louis Stevenson's South Seas, with all their haunting beauty . . . with all their primitive, soul-searing adventure . . . with all the vicious fury of their mighty ship-destroying typhoons . . . now at last brought to the screen as Stevenson himself saw them in this greatest of all adventure-pictures, produced in natural color . . . Another thundering triumph for the company which gave you the first natural color adventure-picture, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" . . . PARAMOUNT!



Let June Lang help choose your frocks for dining and dancing

For that dinner date, a sheer black wool with dainty vestee of mousseline de soie, is June Lang's choice. When she's in a mood to dance the hours away, however, she wears this youthful waltz frock of iridescent moire taffeta.



BY ANN WILLS

GOING TO A PARTY?

SO YOU'RE going to a party? Oh, excuse us! Not *a* party, but several? And you want to know what to wear for each? Then take a few tips from June Lang, one of Hollywood's most popular gay young things who, even though she's a glamor girl, loves parties and party frocks just as you and I.

Now that winter is close upon us, we must turn our backs on the easy informality of summer and early fall, and really get down to cases on what we're going to be wearing on formal occasions this season. Now, when I say "formal," I don't necessarily mean evening gowns alone, though I know that's what you want to hear about. We'll get to that fascinating subject before we're through, don't worry.

But first, just cast an eye on June's black wool crepe, which she has donned for her tea date and which she is going to wear to dinner later on. The perennially smart black and white ensemble achieves new distinction in this two-piece frock with the tufting of the hip pockets echoing the softness of the ruffled mousseline de soie vestee. A huge clip of rhinestones at the throat adds a touch of glitter to the black and white simplicity of this costume. A perky, bowed cone-turban, black patent tie-pumps and black accessories complement the ensemble.

June, as you know, has been called the "Modern Venus" of Hollywood, and her figure has been described by artists as the most perfect in the film colony. And if she doesn't achieve the much-desired form divine in this frock, then we've never seen one! Her sleeves are but slightly puffed at the shoulder and the pencil-slim line of her skirt descends in a straight, slender silhouette all the way down from the slight fullness at the waist. She plans to vary this versatile frock by the simple expedient of changing the color and style of the vestee. It will be feminine and dressy with ruffled inserts of delicate shell pink or pale yellow, trim and tailored with severe, high-necked white pique, dashing and sporty with dickies of brightly colored suede.

With the latter, she will wear a saucy little calot of matching suede or felt. This youthful hat style, so becoming to almost any coiffure, is very popular among the starlets. Betty Grable and Eleanore Whitney are planning at least one felt or suede skull cap with each and every outfit, and it amuses them to see how many different clips, flowers or feather ornaments they can assemble for each cap! And Constance Bennett, that arbiter of fashion, is acquiring an extensive collection of these pert little headpieces, which make themselves at home on any occasion.

A smart, simple dark dress like this one of June's is invaluable to the girl who has an active social life but a limited clothes allowance. For it is adaptable for all daytime and informal evening wear from luncheon in town to that (*Continued on page 81*)

THE MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT OF ALL TIME!



WARNER BROS. present:

Claudette COLBERT
Charles BOYER

in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!

"TOVARICH"







supported by a huge cast of famous stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
☆ ANITA LOUISE ☆

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture



REVIEWS • BY LEO TOWNSEND



★★★★ Stage Door

Last time Gregory LaCava directed a picture it turned out to be "My Man Godfrey." Now he's back again with a superb film in "Stage Door," which is certain to be regarded as one of the finest comedy dramas of the year. Taken from the George Kaufman-Edna Ferber stage success, LaCava's film version uses almost nothing but the title of the original. The result is a fast-moving, splendidly acted film of which Hollywood can be justly proud.

Most of the action centers around a girls' theatrical boarding house in New York and concentrates on the activities of several of its tenants. Followers of Katharine Hepburn will be pleased to know that their idol finally has a role which suits her talents perfectly. As a wealthy young lady interested in a stage career, she gives the part excellent handling.

As a wise-cracking song-and-dance girl, Ginger Rogers surprises almost everyone with her grand trouping. She handles both her comedy and her dramatic moments with an expert touch. And "Stage Door" will probably bring stardom to Andrea Leeds, who makes beautifully poignant the tragic role of the girl who can't get the breaks on Broadway. Adolphe Menjou is his usual splendid self as an amorous producer, and there are outstanding supporting roles by Eve Arden, Constance Collier, Phyllis Kennedy, Franklin Pangborn and Lucille Ball.—*RKO-Radio.*



★★★ First Lady

Gay and sophisticated entertainment, this. Not only is the story excellent, having been taken from the play by George S. Kaufman and Katharine Dayton, but Warner Brothers have here assembled a cast that does justice to every role. The cast includes Kay Francis, Anita Louise, Preston Foster, Walter Connolly, Verree Teasdale, Victor Jory, Marjorie Rambeau, Marjorie Gateson, Louise Fazenda, Lucille Gleason and Grant Mitchell.

The story concerns politics in the nation's capital, but more particularly the doings of those powers behind the thrones, the politicians' wives. Kay Francis is the spoiled but thoroughly charming wife of the Secretary of State, the grand-daughter of a former president. There has long been a feud on between her and the wife of the Supreme Court Justice. The judge's wife, Verree Teasdale, has the temerity to steal Kay's cook, a crime far worse than attempting to steal another woman's husband in Washington. So when it looks like Verree might become First Lady, Kay sets to work with a vengeance to balk her long-time enemy's ambitions.

The plot takes another turn when in her zeal she jeopardizes her own husband's chances for the presidency and therefore nips in the bud her own chance of being First Lady. Directed by Stanley Logan.—*Warner Brothers.*



★★★ The Perfect Specimen

This can best be described as whimsical farce. Fortunately, it goes overboard in neither of these two dangerous departments. As a matter of fact, it's fast comedy and swell fun, with Errol Flynn in a role which should make audiences forgive him for his woefully bad "Another Dawn."

In the title role, Flynn plays a young heir to a $30,000,000. utilities fortune. A doting grandmother keeps him virtually locked up on his own estate, where she hopes to make him a mental and physical superman. Progress is rapid, and young Mr. Flynn is well on his way to become the dullest and most superior young gent in the world when Miss Joan Blondell crashes through a fence on his grounds and upsets the entire program. From there on Flynn pursues her, taking time out only to punch a truck driver in the nose, get a thirty-dollar-a-week oil station job, marry the girl and win a $25,000. reward for returning himself to grandma.

Flynn and Blondell play their lead roles to the hilt for comedy, and there are other swell performances by May Robson as grandma, Edward Everett Horton as grandma's fidgety secretary, Hugh Herbert as a crackpot poet and Harry Davenport as Miss Blondell's absent-mimnded father. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warner Brothers.*

More Reviews on Page 108

BOY MAKES GIRL MAKE FOOL OF NEW YORK



CAROLE
LOMBARD AND FREDRIC MARCH

In SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S Sensational TECHNICOLOR Comedy

NOTHING SACRED

WITH

CHARLES WINNINGER · WALTER CONNOLLY

by the producer and director of "A Star is Born"

DAVID O. SELZNICK *and* WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Screen play by BEN HECHT • *Released thru* UNITED ARTISTS

MANAGING MILTON

Bringing up Berle was more than a man-sized job, so his mother took it over

BY MACK HUGHES

Here is Milton with Harriet Hilliard, the de-lovely who supplied the romantic interest in "New Faces." Her top notes were good and blue, too, if you remember.

Milton Berle made a test for one movie company and was signed on it by another. His first picture, "New Faces," set him cinematically.



MANAGING MILTON, as you may imagine, has been no fool's job! In fact, it's been one person's life work. And it is one Sarah Berlenger (Berle these days) who has taken on the task, and very successfully, we might add.

It all began, Mr. B confesses, with his mother's illness. "You see, I was born in the hospital. Mom was there at the time, and I wanted to be near her." But seriously, it is impossible to keep Milton's mother out of his story for, she *is* his story.

Preceding the advent of young Milton, his mother worked in various New York department stores as a detective, thereby acquiring "eyes in the back of her head." All the better to later watch her youngster get the right breaks in his chosen profession—the theatre.

"My mother and I are inseparable," Milton explained. "You see, Mom has looked after and plugged for me all my life and deserves the credit for my success. Her real name is Sarah, I call her Queenie, but—and how do ya like it—she wants to be known as Sandra! Honest! As far back as when I was a punk kid too young to go to school, I wanted to act. I used to stand in front of the



mirror making faces and when Uncle Moe would try to stop me, Mom would say, 'Let him alone. He wants to learn making funny faces.' "

It seems that Mrs. B. had her own thwarted ambitions, insofar as the footlights went, and resolved that little Milton wouldn't suffer the same fate. And so, she aided and abetted him. She was pleased one afternoon to learn that her son had, in his own ingenious way, embarked on a career.

Milton, it seems, had borrowed pants, coat and derby from his father's wardrobe. A fur muff of Mom's supplied the makings of a mustache and a little paste secured it in place. Unknown to Uncle Moe, his cane and shoes were pressed into service by our hero and he shuffled off to enlighten the neighbors as to how Charlie Chaplin did his stuff. By chance a theatre manager was passing and asked to see Milton's mother. (*Continued on page 100*)

A KING'S RANSOM TO MAKE AMERICA LAUGH!



BILLY HOUSE · MISCHA AUER · JIMMY SAVO · BERT LAHR

Not since the days of Chaplin and Harold Lloyd has so much money, talent and creative effort been devoted to pure comedy —zestfully spiced with music, youthful allure and romance.

THE 4 HORSEMEN OF HILARITY



THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents

MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938

A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC



HIT SONGS! "You Is My Glory", "Music Comes To You", "You're My Dish", by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON "Who Gave You Whose Are You?"



ALICE BRADY

BARBARA READ

LOUISE FAZENDA

JOY HODGES and JOHN KING

DAVE APOLLON

with BERT LAHR · JIMMY SAVO · BILLY HOUSE
ALICE BRADY · MISCHA AUER · JOY HODGES
LOUISE FAZENDA · JOHN KING · BARBARA READ · DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

Screenplay by Monte Brice and A. Dorian Otvos
Directed by Irving Cummings
Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers

Produced by B. G. DeSYLVA

CHARLES R. ROGERS

Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production



GOOD NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Gay comings and goings-on behind the cinema scene

Above, a cast that would be a producer's dream, until he had to pay the salaries! Songbirds Gladys Swarthout, Jeanette MacDonald, Lily Pons and Grace Moore. Below, the newlyweds, Miriam Hopkins and Anton Litvak, snapped at the Basil Rathbone party.

A girl's best friend, according to song and story, is her mother. But the songs and the stories, for some reason or another, don't seem to have reached Hollywood. Consider, for instance, that in the past couple of months two brand-new marriages have allegedly been rent asunder by the machinations of the brides' mothers. June Lang and Martha Raye are both single gals now, but would they have been if their respective mammas had kept their distance? The hand that rocks the cradle also shakes hell out of holy wedlock.

■ ■ ■

Best gag of the month happens in that rollicking hit, "Stage Door." Katharine Hepburn and Eve Arden are exchanging unpleasantries when Katie starts to brag about the pioneer spirit of her grandfather, who came west in a covered wagon. "Why," says Hepburn, "when he came west there were Indians in Wichita!" Says Eve: "And who do you think is living there now?"

■ ■ ■

The papers were full of items about Wallace Beery's accidental shooting on the set of "Bad Man of Brimstone," but they weren't exactly correct as to the spot where the blank cartridge entered Mr. B. The only way to explain it is to say that if Wallace had been sitting down the accident never would have happened.

One of our more prominent comedians is risking his future because of his fondness for looking upon the wine when it is red. One day he got so gay on the set of a picture he was allegedly working on that the studio had to call his mother to quiet him down. Next time the studio threatens to call the wagon instead of mamma.

■ ■ ■

Clara Bow has made her comeback, but not to the screen. She's in the restaurant business. Across from the Hollywood Brown Derby, over what once was known as The Cinnabar, hangs a sign announcing "Clara Bow and Rex Bell's It Cafe." "It," if you will recall, was what Clara once possessed so much of, according to Madame Elinor Glyn. Those were the good old days, when "It" meant something pretty fancy, and no one dreamed of associating that intangible something with a restaurant. One hamburger, Clara, without onions. We don't want to cry.



Time Marches On Dept.: A few short years ago, according to the poets, if you wanted a blacksmith you had but to look under the nearest spreading chestnut tree. But the mighty men have disappeared, for Metro spent three days last month locating a smithy to work on the horses being used in "Bad Man of Brimstone." The report is that for the first two days they couldn't even find a chestnut tree.

■ ■ ■

A movie commentator who fills the air waves with his ravings and his rantings recently addressed a public rebuke to Garbo. According to the garrulous gent, two stars who knew Garbo were conversing on the Metro lot when the Great One ambled by without so much as a nod for either of them. This, said our friend to his millions of listeners, was very bad. And here's what really happened. It was the commentator, and not two stars, whom Garbo passed. The guy, who didn't know her, said hello. Garbo marched silently on. Later, when apprised of his radio blast, she said to a friend: "If I had known the little man, I would have said hello to him."

■ ■ ■

According to the script of "The Buccaneer," the most ferocious guy around is Jean LaFitte, the pirate king. But if you drop in on the set you'll find the person they really fear most is no pirate at all, it's Cecil B. DeMille. Always a master of the sharp retort and the stinging rebuke, C. B. is outdoing himself on his latest picture. Three script girls called it quits before the picture was half completed, and a lot of the extras, on whom most of the directorial wrath falls, wish they could afford to walk out. Why doncha pick on someone in your own income bracket, Mr. DeM?

■ ■ ■

All of which reminds us of a DeMille story which has been going the Hollywood rounds. On one of his recent pictures, he was directing a mob scene rehearsal when he heard someone talking. When he found the guilty gal he called her up on the platform in front of the crowd. "Now repeat," he said, "what you were saying down there." "Okay," said the girl. "I said 'I wonder when that soandso is going to call lunch.'" Said DeMille: "Lunch!"

■ ■ ■

Saw Carole Lombard and Una Merkel in jail the other day. It was all for their art, though, and a scene for their new picture, "True Confession." We watched several takes, until Wesley Ruggles got the scene the way he wanted it. Then they let Lombard and Merkel out of jail, and we went over to say hello. "Don't get me wrong," said Una, "I'm only visiting here. It's Carole who's really behind the bars." Una also told us she had been in pictures eight years and had never met Carole until she started work in "True Confession." She thinks Miss L. is swell. So we talked to Carole, and she told us La Merkel was one of the finest. What is this? Two nice people saying nice things about each other in Hollywood. It looks like the millennium to us!

■ ■ ■

On the "True Confession" set there's a pleasant looking chap who sits unobtrusively on the sidelines. When visitors crowd around he gets out of the way, and when prop boys drag furniture around him he moves quietly out of their line of fire. Only a few people on the set know who he is—the rest pay no attention. And the guy is Claude Binyon, who wrote the script of the picture, and whose hilarious dialogue was mainly responsible for the smashing success of "I Met Him In Paris."

■ ■ ■

Goofy Conversation: During the recent holidays, Fay Wray asked her maid to phone a certain producer. When the maid was unable to reach him Fay said, "Oh, I forgot all about Yom Kippur." "Yom Kippur?" said the maid. "He sure can sing, can't he?" The incident ended there for the moment, and it took Fay two days to discover the young lady was talking about Jan Kiepura.

■ ■ ■

Over at Columbia, a producer was highly displeased with a set of portrait photos of the studio's new importation, Luli Deste. Tearing out the few remaining hairs he keeps for such purposes, he rushed to the make-up department and cornered the head man. "What's the matter here?" he yelled. "Miss Deste looks bad." "Well," said the guy, "I worked all day on her. What else can I do?" "That's easy," said the producer, "Get *two* make-up men!"

■ ■ ■

Studios always frown when two stars run off to Yuma or points west and come back man and wife. They contend that the fans prefer to have their idols single, that no one can devote much time to a dream man or dream woman if he or she has a legal spouse in the offing. The whole contention was royally disproved at the opening of "Zola" at the Carthay Circle. With practically every star in town in attendance, do you know who got by far the biggest hand from the fans assembled in front of the theatre? Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. So maybe that proves something.

■ ■ ■

In the middle of the Hollywood heat wave, Sally Eilers and company were in the desert on location for "Highway to Hell." When the thermometer hit 113 Director Lew Landers said, "That title isn't fooling. This really feels like the highway to hell." "Highway nothing," responded Sally, "we're inside the city limits."



Just a couple of the girls having themselves a time. Benita Hume, who is Ronald Coleman's gal friend, and Maureen O'Sullivan stop off at the Waldorf for a snack prior to Maureen's sailing for London.



Kay Francis and Charles Boyer attend the opening of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. B.'s pretty wife, Pat Paterson, and Kay's boy-friend, obligingly stepped aside while the two stars were snapped.



More goes on than tennis playing at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, it would seem. Here we have Virginia Bruce and Johnny Green trying out "The Big Apple."



Carole Lombard and Tommy Kelly, the little boy from the Bronx who is making good in a big way, sit themselves down on the steps of Carole's dressing bungalow for a heart-to-heart chat.

Our Number One spy spent all last week disguised as the Trocadero and reports the following information on the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita marital status: Monday—Damita drops vase in midair and announces reconciliation; Tuesday—Flynn announces plans to swim to Cape Horn, carrying needed supplies, but not Damita, in his teeth; Wednesday—Flynn and Damita announce plans for new home in Bel-Air; Thursday—Bel-Air denies all; Friday—Flynn and Damita seen holding hands in Hollywood nitery; Saturday—Flynn and Damita seen clutching throats in Hollywood nitery; Sunday—Flynn and Damita leave for three weeks at Loggerheads, their mountain hideaway.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood Tragedy: Less than two years ago, Martha Raye was just a nice kid who could sing and clown around, and loved to do both. She had night club jobs which didn't pay her much, but she was having a swell time. Today she is one of the biggest box-office sensations in the country, and her weekly income runs close to two thousand dollars per week. But she's not having much fun any more. Like many who get famous in a hurry, she's having her troubles; family, relatives, lawsuits and everything. So the girl who used to sing for her supper now gets two thousand a week and cries herself to sleep every night.

Have you heard about Shirley Temple's Good Will Club? Everyone who belongs gets a badge resembling a policeman's shield. A Hollywood writer who has one was recently arrested in Mexico for speeding and tossed into the local bastille. He suddenly thought of the Good Will badge and whipped it out on the jailer, who was terribly impressed. He gave our friend a nicer cell.

■ ■ ■

Tony Martin dropped into a Beverly Hills shop the other day to buy some shirts. The place looked deserted, but he finally spied a man bending over a shelf behind one of the counters. "Hey," said Tony. "How about some service?" "Right away, sir," replied the gent, coming to attention. It was Don Ameche, who had gone into the shop a few minutes before, and finding no one around, proceeded to help himself. We still don't know whether or not Tony got his shirts.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "Bad Man of Brimstone" set, Joseph Calleia told us about the best advice he's ever had. It was from his brother, at the time Joe began his career. Said Brother: "If you get bad criticisms of your work, don't pay any attention to them. And if you get good criticisms, for Gosh sakes, don't pay any attention to them either."

■ ■ ■

Speaking of reading notices, Frances Farmer must have started a scrapbook when



Paulette Goddard, Modern Screen predicts, will get the much-coveted role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind." Now, don't contradict, we know!

the critics lauded her in "Come and Get It," her first big picture. Frances believed all the nice things they said about her, almost immediately assumed the role of a haughty star and entirely forgot the fact that she owed everything to a lucky break. So when critics panned her work in "Toast of New York," she couldn't understand their attitude. Finally it dawned on her that possibly she hadn't yet reached the stature of a Duse or a Bernhardt, so she set about to make repairs. She spent two months doing stock in the East, and now she's back in town a chastened gal. Or at least until her next big hit.

■ ■ ■

Embarrassing Moments Dept.: At the recent tennis matches, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard occupied one of the center boxes. Guess who had the box right next to theirs. It was Rhea Gable, and it can be reported that occupants of both boxes appeared intently interested in watching the tennis court.

■ ■ ■

Since the Orsatti-Lang break-up, the groom has been dividing his time between Virginia Field and Eleanore Whitney. The bride has been more consistent. She has devoted her time almost exclusively to Morrie Morrison, wealthy young local sportsman. On a good evening you can see Vic and Virginia at a table for two and June and Morrie holding hands at the same night spot. Incidentally, Morrie's hand is worth holding, for at the drop of a hat he can put it on two or three million bucks of his own money.

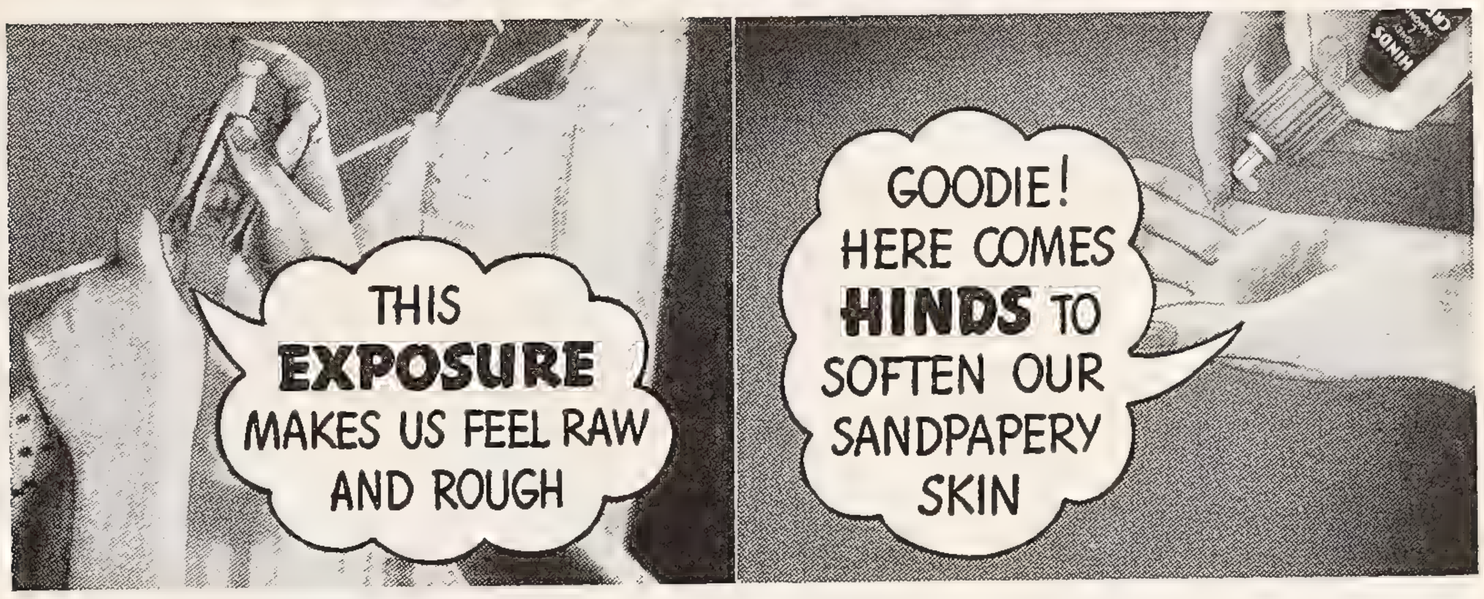
■ ■ ■

Here's a Hollywood arithmetic problem that's hard to figure out. Marlene Dietrich draws down something like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for making a picture, and her pictures seldom show a profit. Universal's "100 Men and a Girl" will make well over a million dollars, and its star, Deanna Durbin, receives two hundred and fifty dollars per week. How about dividing up some of the loot, Marlene?

(*Continued on page* 69)



SOOTHING CHAPPED HANDS— NO PROBLEM!



If your hands could talk, they'd tell how blustery weather roughens their tender skin and...

How Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soothes them...makes them smooth and dainty again!



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HANGNAILS. Rough, red skin. Chapped knuckles. Time for Hinds! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, with its extra-creamy ingredients and its "sunshine" Vitamin D, soon makes hands soft, smooth, dainty. Skin is soothed back to comfort. Dishwashing loses its reddening effect. Biting winds no longer leave that sore, chapped look. Turn to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—for Honeymoon Hands. $1, 50c, 25c, 10c. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use.





Hinds is used daily on their precious skin

The tender baby skin of the "quins"—protected by Hinds! Grand for *your* children too—for chapped, chafed skin.

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HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

THAT GIRL'S HERE AGAIN!



She gets what she goes after, does our Joan, because she won't take "No" for an answer.

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

IT'S THIS way," said the producer. "You've got the looks, Joan, but you can't dance!"

"Humph!" said Joan Fontaine and rumpled her bright hair and squinted those perfectly good hazel eyes of hers. "I thought Fred Astaire was to dance alone in 'Damsel In Distress.'"

"You've been reading the papers again," said the producer. "Fred is going to do a number or two with the girl selected to be his leading lady. So-ooo . . ."

"So I'll be back!" said Joan. That should have warned him, but producers are seldom warned. He went right on searching for a new partner for Astaire.

Then one fine morning the producer's secretary announced in no uncertain terms, "She's back." And there was Joan in a practice outfit going into her dance on his bearskin rug. Doing a symphonic tap that was tops almost on the animal's head. It was too much for the gentleman. He ordered a test made. He ordered a few explanations.

Joan chortled. "That's easy. I've been taking lessons during my noon hour and at night. Then I went to the dance director here at the studio and I've been working out with him." P.S. She got the part.

Until she was two years old, Joan was so ill they had to keep her wrapped in cotton wadding. Then, at three, Stanford University professors gave her the Terman Intelligence Test and rated her ten points higher than a genius. That's Joan Fontaine for you.

She is nineteen now—and beautiful. However, it's the flame of her you see first. There is something so young and eager and fearless about her, it's almost tangible. Once, on the way to Tokio, the ship she was on struck a typhoon. Instead of huddling in the main cabin with the other passengers, Joan strapped herself to a post on deck with her belt and watched in a fervor of excitement.

She was born in Japan—October 22, 1917, in the International Settlement in Tokio, the second daughter of an attractive young British couple. The elder daughter, aged three and affectionately known as "Ollie," asked Nikko for a baby sister. And Nikko, of course, could draw them from the sky. He was the estimable Oriental who divined your fortune in the sand for one yen and whose wisdom often startled even the older members of the interested community.

The first time he caught sight of Joan, he made an obeisance that swept the ground. His Nipponese calm crumpled surprisingly. "She will be great, this one. Among the famed of the earth," he said excitedly. But the mother only laughed gently. "You said that about our first baby!"

"That is well," Nikko nodded, unperturbed. "You are blessed."

She felt pretty much that way about it herself, even though the baby was so frail and strangely quiet. Finally the doctors gave their decision. If Joan were to live at all, she would have to live on the mainland. In America. Without further to-do the family left for San Francisco and settled in a small town near it, sprawling in a sunny valley, a town ready-made for healthy, robust kids. Ollie was one of them from the first. But not her sister.

It was enough to give anyone a man-sized inferiority complex. But it made Joan want to fight. She had to show them, she had to travel under her own steam without help from anyone. It became the ruling obsession of her life and it explains much that happened later.

"Joanie, stop! You'll kill yourself!" Terrified screams from the neighbors. But she paid no attention. She had never ridden a bicycle before. Now she was on Ollie's, coasting down the steepest hill in town. Loving it. By a miracle, coming to a safe stop five blocks away.

"Joanie, if anything had happened to you I would have died, too." Ollie's dark little head was against the golden one. They clung to each other. Sensitive, sweet kids. Worlds apart in temperament, closer than two little peas in a pod in devotion.

THE NIGHT they learned their parents were getting a divorce, they cried in one another's arms for hours. Then Joan suddenly turned and thumped her pillow. "Up," she said on a last half sob. It was a by-word between them. You had to keep your chin up no matter what happened.

After it was all over, Meg, as they adoringly called their mother, and the two girls drew more together than ever. Meg always was interested in the theatre and she had drilled them in Shakespeare (*Continued on page 97*)

Meet Joan Fontaine—Olivia De Havilland's determined kid sister

Presenting

"MODERN EYES"

A MARVELOUS NEW FORM OF CAKE MASCARA

Stays clean and lady-like until all used up



"A hole in the center of the cake"



Peep into the end of the sparkling metal case. See the round mascara cake hidden inside? And see the round hole that runs lengthwise through the cake? Well . . . you whisk the brush 'round inside this hole, and then proceed on your lashes in the regular way. Then is when you get your second surprise! Instantly, you make the thrilling discovery that this new style round brush goes between your lashes and colors them evenly all over instead of just on their bottom side. What a difference this makes! Lashes look more luxuriant . . . eyes look lovelier than ever before. And what a mascara this is! Newly smooth in texture. Oh! so smooth, and so quick to dry. Dries almost at once. Truly tear-proof, and actually curls the lashes. Non-smarting, and perfectly harmless of course. Then think! When you are all through making up your eyes, your Modern Eyes case is just as clean and neat as the day you purchased it. Black . . Brown . . Blue.

Modernize with **"MODERN EYES"...25¢ AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES**



Mrs. Whitney's guests climb aboard . . . light up Camels. . . . With a "Hard alee!" Mrs. Whitney puts the helm over . . . heads out to sea.

The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY Mae Fair
SOCIETY EDITOR



MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the *Chinook*, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her wedding was an outstanding social event. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. This year Mrs. Whitney's committee work had much to do with the success of the colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel—and get a 'lift'! I can smoke Camels steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." Which shows how mild Camels are! It's true that women find the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more enjoyable.

(above) Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, Long Island, at the helm of the *Chinook*. "I value healthy nerves," she says. "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia*
Miss Wendy Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore*
Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
Miss Peggy Stevenson, *New York*
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago*
Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., *Philadelphia*

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic



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GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL

Hold on to your Turbans, folks!

Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox now go to town together! *And it's a Cantornado of laughs!*



Eddie CANTOR

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

WITH ALL THESE MERRY-MAKING ENTERTAINERS

TONY MARTIN • ROLAND YOUNG
JUNE LANG • LOUISE HOVICK

JOHN CARRADINE — DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
VIRGINIA FIELD — RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
ALAN DINEHART — PETERS SISTERS • JENI LE GON

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

1001 SIGHTS!
1002 LAUGHS!

..as Eddie turns Bagdad into gag-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swingdom!

Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (*Whoopsie doops!*)

About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (*all after Eddie!*)

The Raymond Scott Quintet (*putting the heat in swing!*)

Countless kisses under the desert moon (*as Tony sings to June!*)

1938-model Magic Carpets (*with floating power!*)

A hundred or so other hide-highlights!

Gorgeous, spectacular, tuneful, surpriseful Cantortainment!

Yes! You've got something here!





NEW GORDON and REVEL SONG HITS!

"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"
"Vote For Honest Abe"
"Swing Is Here To Sway"
"I've Got My Heart Set On You"

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

FREDRIC MARCH

Freddie looks pretty serious here, but he shouldn't. Not after romping through "Nothing Sacred," with Carole Lombard for a playmate. Mr. M. is one of the most popular men in—and out of — pictures.

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Oh, my! And doesn't our Kate look too hoity-toity! But never mind, she's still the same madcap she always was, and this is all in the spirit of good clean "drahma." Don't tell us she isn't having fun!



She turned down "Cavalcade" because she didn't think it would be a success! However, "Prisoner of Zenda" with Ronald Colman sounded pretty good, so Madeleine made it.



THE MISTAKES OF MADELEINE

Never lead with your chin twice, advises Miss Carroll, who refuses to be defeated by an error

BY BENJAMIN MADDOX

SHE LOOKS like a dream on the loose. Her private life sounds as though she is the last of the Cinderellas. But when she talks to you, the vibrant flesh-and-blood woman who is the acclaimed Madeleine Carroll pops out from behind the glamor legend. You learn, then, of her errors, and it's a woman's mistakes and how she manages to overcome them that tell her true story after all.

I found that the reason we've never heard of the mistakes of Madeleine is simply because no one ever asked her about the dilemmas she's had to face down. She's never made the mistake of whining, so no one realized that she, too, has had troubled hours. Both professionally and romantically she's scored such bulls-eyes. She was Britain's reigning screen star when she came to Hollywood. Triumphantly she's combined her career with an exciting brand of matrimony. She even has extraordinary beauty and youth to boot. But all because of her mistakes and how she conquered them!

It was at the Brown Derby that I ran into her. She was lingering over a demi-tasse in one of the little booths against the wall. She'd chosen an afternoon dress of clinging black, green beads for a clash of color, and an absurdly feminine, wide-brimmed hat.

"Do join us and sit down on this side!" she called gayly. "With this hat on I can't see a thing on my right."

Beside her was Captain Philip Astley, her wealthy, fascinating husband. Then there were two studio girls who were spiritedly explaining why she should come to their respective studios on the morrow for portraits. Captain Astley was speaking on the telephone that had been whisked up. He handed it to Madeleine and she gesticulated frantically, "Who is it?" Before he could reply she was saying "Hello" in a composed tone. Then she listened simultaneously to his "It's the shop about that new luggage" and went on talking to the distant voice. She's quick like that.

She uses only lipstick for personal make-up. Her gray eyes don't have to be framed in mascara. It's her contagious sense of humor that is the surprising thing about her, though. She is quality with a kick, a cosmopolitan citizen of the world who admits that she'd laugh out loud if she ever caught herself behaving pompously.

Shortly the captain had to dash to a business appointment. "I'll see you later, darling," he told his wife.

"You'd better have tea and a snack," she thereupon vowed. "I can't eat a thing, for I've just been to an elegant luncheon and last night Myrna Loy entertained for us. There is a connoisseur of fine food!" She sighed appreciatively. She isn't one of those actresses who exist on a perpetual diet, yet she illustrated that she's wise enough not to go on an eating jag.

"You have so much," I said then. "You were an overnight hit and then you fell in love with a story-book fellow. He presented you with a swanky flat in Mayfair, a country castle outside of London, and that villa on an estate in Italy where you were married with all the peasants crowding around your private chapel. You're too perfect. Didn't you ever make any mistakes?"

She smiled. "Oh, yes indeed!"

"What were they?"

She picked up her gloves and began counting the fingers. "The major ones might be under ten. But at the time, when I was completely confused by what had happened, believe me they loomed like (*Continued on page 75*)

LAUGHING THE WHOLE

BY IDA ZEITLIN

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell settled themselves on the divan.

"What side of our life would you like to know?" asked Joan politely. "The rectangular lefthand corner?"

Dick interrupted. "You gave that away last week. To the little guy with the purple whiskers, who walked backwards. Remember?"

"So I did. Well, what have we got left?"

"How about that wedge at the side, painted green, with ramblers and ants creeping over it?"

"I thought we were keeping that for our old age." She gave him a bright smile, and her voice was edged with sweetness. "Look in your little book, darling. Maybe you've got it all written down there. You see," she went on to explain, "*he's* supposed to have the memory in this family. I used to follow him around wide-eyed, watching him remember things. Then I noticed a little book that kept slipping in and out of his pocket. So one day I stole it, just in a spirit of scientific investigation, you understand, and discovered the worst. My husband's memory was all in his book."

"Jot-it-down-or-it's-gone-with-the-wind Powell. That's what they used to call me in school," Dick informed me pleasantly.

Whether this was spontaneous combustion or just the effect of each on the other, I couldn't tell. Asking them throws no light on the subject.

"Dick's the cheerer-upper," says Joan. "I plunge into the depths of despair, prepared to spend the rest of my life there. He hooks me out."

"I'm the Grade A worrier," says Dick. "Or was, until this woman came into my life. They wouldn't give me better than a C now."

So toss up a coin, and take your choice. Not that it matters. The effect's too pleasant to bother about the cause.

JOAN AND Dick have plenty to laugh about. They're young. They're prosperous. They're in love. They have a baby in the house who would dissipate gloom from the face of Hamlet himself. On the other hand, they've also had their share of thorns in the flesh, more than their share, you're sometimes tempted to think, when you remember that the ways of publicity denied them even a honeymoon in peace.

It was when the New York newspapers decided to make a Roman holiday of their wedding trip that Joan and Dick sought deliberate refuge in laughter. Before that, they'd laughed for the fun of it. Through that period of nerve-strain, they learned to laugh so that Joan wouldn't weep, and Dick wouldn't clench his fists to keep from socking people.

Why did they go to New York at all, you may ask, if they wanted peace? They should have known better. Not at all. On previous visits, each had been allowed to go his way unmolested. Why should it occur to them that, because they were going together as man and wife life would be made a burden to them. They took the contrary for granted. That because it was a honeymoon, their privacy would be respected like that of any other newlywedded pair. They laugh at their naiveté now. Which is one up for them. The whole thing might have made them bitter.

"I wanted to go to New York," says Joan, "because it was my home town. I'd spent so many years there, with hardly one dime to rub against another. I'd been back just once since I'd made any money, for a week of personal appearances, and five shows a day didn't leave me much time for gadding. I thought it would be fun to drag Dick 'round to the places I'd known as a kid, and see plays from the orchestra instead of the gallery, and go really shopping instead of just window-shopping. Besides, my sister Gloria was rehearsing for a play. We wanted to attend the opening." She laughed briefly. "I still think all those things would have been fun. But I'll never know. Because they were just the things we didn't do."

Dick didn't care where he went, so long as Joan went with him. They knew they'd have to meet the ships' news reporters. They were prepared to attend a party for the press. The rest of the time would be their own.

On the morning of their arrival, the reporters clambered aboard at six-thirty. The Powells were ready for them. They'd had a happy trip. They'd be good sports about this. It would soon be over. "It's no more fun for them than for us," they told each other, and went out on deck.



MAYBE BECAUSE it wasn't fun for the reporters, they decided to inject their own brand of fun into it. Maybe news was slack, and they had to build up the story. At best, newlyweds are in a spot, even when they quietly board a train, even when they enter a hotel unattended, praying that no one will recognize them for what they are. It took humor and dignity to face the barrage that waited for Joan and Dick.

They fired questions, regardless. They clamored for leg art and, when Joan refused, they pretended not to hear her. The Powells remained patient throughout. They knew their press, and how easily its feelings are hurt. They clung to the thought that this would soon be over.

Suddenly, such a fearful din arose as drowned out even the noise on deck. Tugboats (*Continued on page 101*)

Nothing is as bad as it seems if you can take it with a grin

THING OFF



Joan Blondell—who is Mrs. Dick Powell.



Dick Powell—who is *not* Mr. Joan Blondell.



Norman Barnes with his famous mother.



The Dick Powells, look-in' elegant, dine out.

SINGING

Allan Jones practiced scales to the

BY FAITH SERVICE

THE CUSTOMARY crowd of fans stood outside the Four Star Theatre here in Hollywood the night "Firefly" was premiered and a new star was born. They stood on soap boxes, on camp stools brought from home. They shinnied up each others' backs, they crawled on each others' shoulders, the better to see the stars, my dear. They elbowed, shoved, jostled, waved autograph albums, made personal remarks such as one does about the supposedly non-comprehending animals in the Zoo. Voices hissed, whispered, rose to shrill splinters of screams.

"Boyohboyohboy, there's Joan Crawford, ain't she sumpin'. There's Loretta Young with Tyrone Power, thought he was goin' with Janet Gaynor now. Look, there's Warren William, he's in the pitcher, too. Say, where's Jeanette? Aw, she's on her honeymoon, don't you know anything? Say, is that Garbo or is it Shirley Temple?" So it went. And no one paid much heed to a quiet young man who went in with Irene Hervey on his arm. There were murmurs of, "Say, there's Irene Hervey. Who's she with? Oh, yeah, he was in 'A Day At The Races,' huh?" That was all.

Then the preview was over. The fans, more patient and persistent than the seven-day marathon dancers, still seethed and shoved. By the mysterious agency which seems to vibrate in the air waves and announce, without words, the rising of a new star, the word had passed. It was on the lips of the preview audience as they came out. It was on the elated faces of Producer Hunt Stromberg, Director Robert Leonard. It was in the congratulatory handshakes of his fellow players. For the quiet, almost unnoticed young man

STOIC

beat of a coal miner's pick!

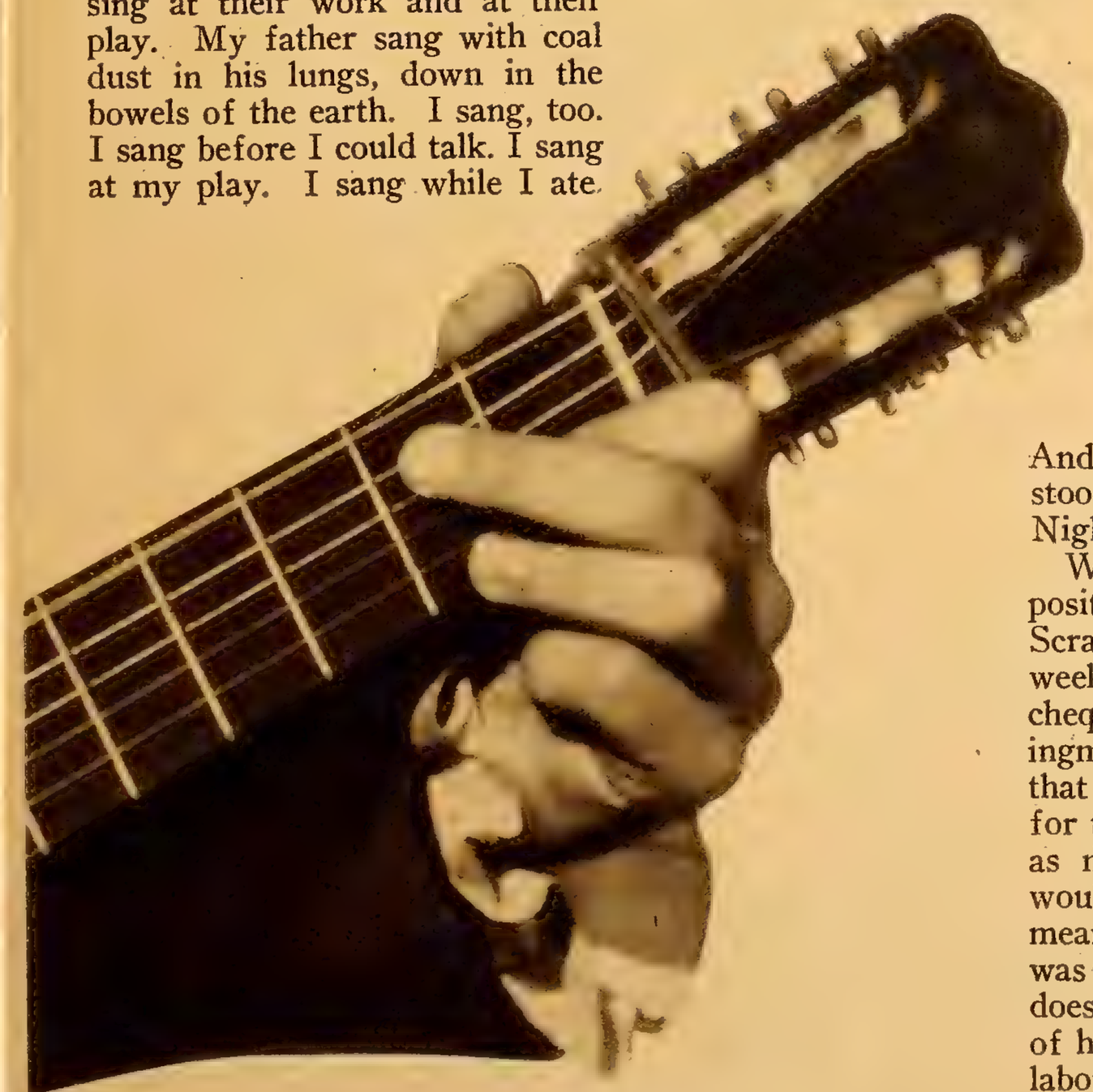
named Allan Jones would be quiet nevermore, would never again go unnoticed. Allan Jones came out of that theatre, figuratively if not literally, carried on the shoulders of his peers, besieged by the very fans who had passed him by as he went in, hosannaed by the audience who had applauded his songs to the last echo, cheered him in his final fade-out.

"Jeeze," bleated one of the crowd, one of the chronically envious for whom fame is always something to be envied, never to be earned, "jeeze, how's that for easy does it? One pitcher and the guy's in the Big Time. Jeeze!"

"Easy does it?" Ah, no, my friend.

Daniel Jones, father of Allan (an only child), was a slate picker in the coal mines of Pennsylvania when he was eight years old. His people had pulled the hardy fibres of their family tree out of the soil of Wales and transplanted the lusty shrub to the Land of Promise, America, Scranton, Pa. In Scranton, on October fourteenth, Allan was born.

Allan was four when Daniel realized that, a miner with neither stocks, bonds, annuities nor social position to bequeath his son, he had yet provided him with an "inherited income." For Daniel's fine tenor voice was born again in his son. "The Welsh," Allan told me, "are like the Italians in one thing, they sing as naturally as they breathe. They sing at their work and at their play. My father sang with coal dust in his lungs, down in the bowels of the earth. I sang, too. I sang before I could talk. I sang at my play. I sang while I ate. And when I was four I sang my first song in public. I stood up in church and gave them 'All Through the Night.'"



It took "The Firefly" to make movie moguls and fans realize what a gem they had in Allan Jones. Above, Allan with his wife, Irene Hervey, and her little girl, Gail.

When he was eight, young Allan had a regular church position, as boy soloist of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Scranton. He took lessons from a local teacher twice a week. He took a few piano lessons when the family exchequer allowed. And wise in the way the sons of workingmen are wise, he knew that a voice was not enough; that he could sing in the mines as his father before him for the rest of his life but that if he would sing in opera as men like Caruso, Scotti, Rubini had done, training would have to be superimposed on nature. And training meant money. And money, in young Allan's language, was something you earned. And so he did. The "easy does it" of Allan Jones is the sweat of his body, the strain of his heart and muscles, rigorous deprivations, strenuous labors, almost all work and no play.

At the age of eleven he was working in Silverberg's Clothing Store in Scranton, delivering suits. He worked, after school, from three-thirty in the afternoons to "any old time at night." He earned ten dollars a week and trolley tickets. Even at that (*Continued on page 89*)

A LETTER FROM

I'M WRITING this letter to everybody who reads it. I'm not really writing it with a pencil. I'm saying it, and the lady is putting it down. That's how my daddy and Mr. Zanuck and other gentlemen do when they have an office. I have no office, but I like it anyway. When you write, it takes longer, and the spelling isn't so good, but when you talk, the words just come out and the lady spells them.

I'm eight years old and my name is Shirley Temple, and I play in pictures for Mr. Zanuck at the studio. It's a nice studio, because everybody laughs and makes jokes with me. I like jokes.

I have a little house there and Mr. Revel has the house next door. Mr. Revel writes songs with Mr. Gordon and he plays with me. He puts a lampshade on his head, and he holds an electric light in his hand, and then I hide, and he makes believe he's a lamp and he's looking for me. My goodness, how I laugh! Because it's funny to see a lamp with a coat on, walking up and down.

HE SINGS rounds with me, too. Do you know rounds? You start, and then somebody else starts, and you're all singing different things at the same time, but you mustn't miss. There's one round, "Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream." Mr. Revel never misses, but sometimes he says, "We'll have to stop this boat, I'm getting seasick." Of course, there isn't any boat at all, so he couldn't get seasick. He just likes to pretend, so then I make believe I'm sorry for him, not to hurt his feelings.

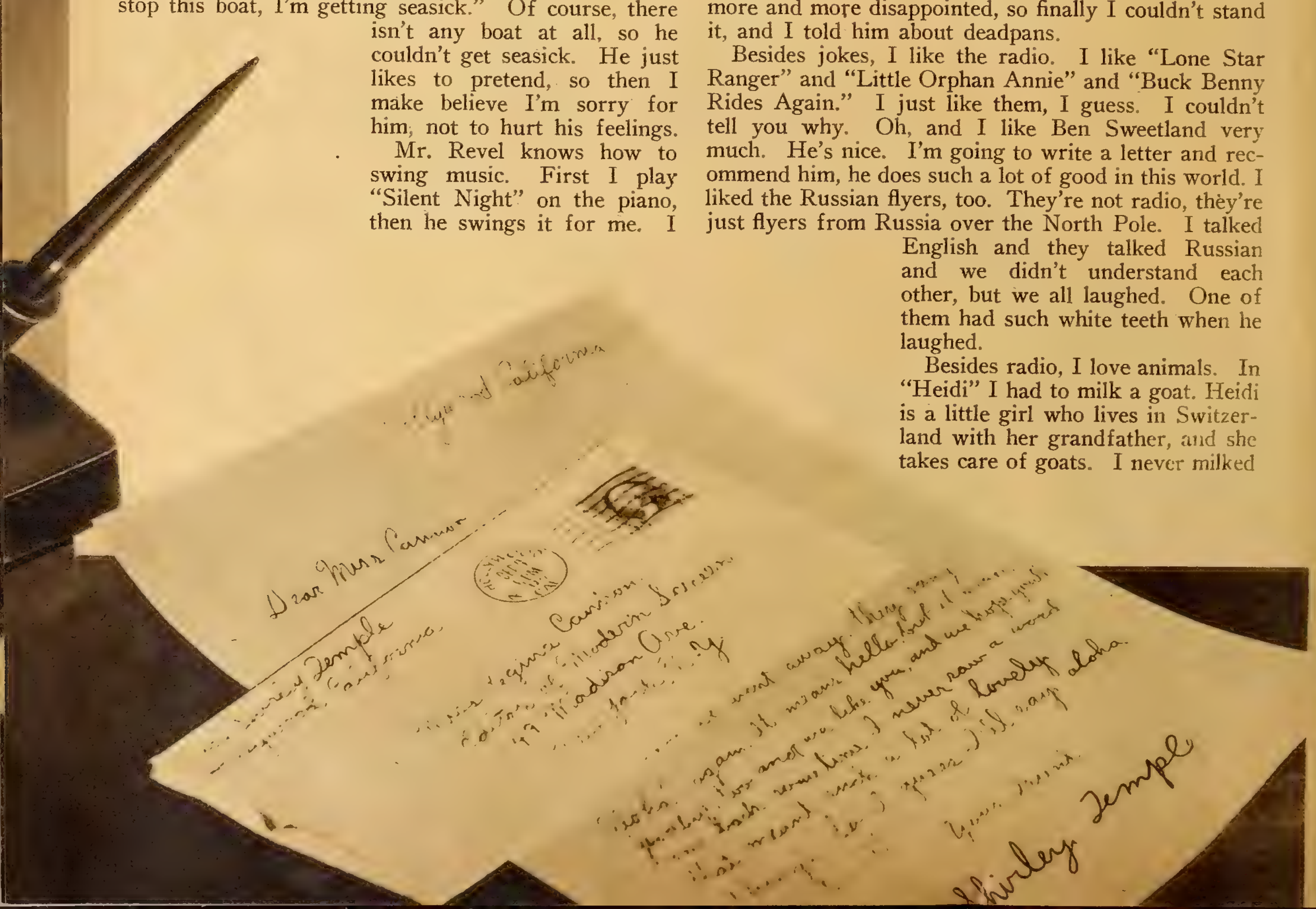
Mr. Revel knows how to swing music. First I play "Silent Night" on the piano, then he swings it for me. I take piano lessons from Miss Chaudet, but I don't think I'll ever play as good—I mean, as well—as Mr. Revel. When I know my lesson, I get a gold star, and when I have ten gold stars, I get a little statue of Wagner or Liszt. Pretty soon I'll have a whole list of them. That's a joke.

Would you like me to tell you another joke? Then you can tell it to somebody else. You say to them, "Spell two kinds of two," and they spell it. Then you say, "Spell the name of the man who wrote 'Tom Sawyer,'" and they spell it. Then you say, "Now say all those words," and they say, "Two two twain," as if they were a baby and didn't know how to pronounce choo choo train. Then you say, "When you grow up, I'll teach you how to say locomotive." It's funny, because they're mostly grown up already.

DO YOU know what a deadpan is? It's trying not to laugh when somebody tells you a joke. My daddy and I practiced it one day, and the next day somebody told me a joke. This is it. A girl who never saw a cow before saw one, and she said, "What are those things on his head?" And they said, "Horns." Well, pretty soon the cow mooed, and the girl said, "Which horn did it blow?" I wanted to laugh, but I didn't. I made my face straight, like Daddy showed me. The poor man looked so sad. He said, "Well, I thought it was funny, but I guess I'm wrong." His face kept looking more and more disappointed, so finally I couldn't stand it, and I told him about deadpans.

Besides jokes, I like the radio. I like "Lone Star Ranger" and "Little Orphan Annie" and "Buck Benny Rides Again." I just like them, I guess. I couldn't tell you why. Oh, and I like Ben Sweetland very much. He's nice. I'm going to write a letter and recommend him, he does such a lot of good in this world. I liked the Russian flyers, too. They're not radio, they're just flyers from Russia over the North Pole. I talked English and they talked Russian and we didn't understand each other, but we all laughed. One of them had such white teeth when he laughed.

Besides radio, I love animals. In "Heidi" I had to milk a goat. Heidi is a little girl who lives in Switzerland with her grandfather, and she takes care of goats. I never milked



SHIRLEY

BY

IDA ZEITLIN

Life is just one big joke after another to Shirley, so she seldom gets mad. But when she does, she does it in Chinese! You'll be seeing her in "Heidi."



a goat before. It wasn't quite easy, but finally I got some, and I had to laugh, because it came squirting out all over my hands, and the goat looked surprised. I wiped them off, and did it over again, because I was Heidi, you see, and Heidi wouldn't get it all over her hands.

There was something else I never did before, and that was yodeling. In the story Heidi goes for a drink of water, and she sees a man with a feather in his hat and he yodels, so she yodels, too. I tried to make it sound like the man with the feather, because he yodeled something beautiful, but it sounded pretty different, I can tell you. Well, anyway, Heidi wasn't experienced in yodeling, so I guess maybe it doesn't matter so much.

Oh, and there was the sweetest baby goat, his eyes were so blue. He was only four days old, just imagine that. Four days before he wasn't even born yet, and now he was working. He was Heidi's pet, and I had to hold him in my arms so he'd get used to me and wouldn't be frightened. I loved to hold him, he was so sweet and soft. And you know what? He got to like me. Really he did. Wasn't that wonderful? But, shucks, I guess the director didn't think so, because after a while he was supposed to run away from me, and he wouldn't run, he wanted to stay with me. So they had to get another one. I'm glad I didn't see him to say goodbye, because I might have cried.

I don't cry very much, just once in a while, like when Ching was run over. Ching is my dog, but they saved his life in the hospital, and he's fine now, thank you. He comes to the studio with me every day. Anyhow, I hope that little baby goat has a nice home, with plenty of grass.

Did you know some animals don't care so much for grass? F'rinstance, my rabbit, Blackie, eats pine needles. You'd think they'd (*Continued on page 71*)

Little Miss Temple speaks her piece while the lady puts it down



Rochelle claims you've got her wrong—and here proceeds to set you right

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

If her studio puts one more ruffly, girly-girly costume on Rochelle Hudson, she vows she's going to scuh-ream! How do you like this exotic get-up?

M'LADY— MINUS MAKE-UP



Rochelle started her career at fourteen and has been doing all right ever since. Here she is in "Look Out, Mr. Moto," with Robert Kent.

HOOKING RUGS my hobby?" Rochelle Hudson exhaled a derisive puff of smoke. Laughter filled her eyes. "Hooking *men* is my hobby!"

But her gray eyes darkened again as she leaned across the table and banged one small fist on it for emphasis. "You know, I'm fed up with this whole idea that people have of me—that I'm like all those be-ruffled, sweet young things I play on the screen. I think if one more ruffle comes into my life I'll scuh-*ream!*"

She drew a deep breath. "And I'm sick and tired of having people think I spend my evenings doing things like hooking rugs with the girls. In the first place, the only friends I have in this town are men. I've had only one close girl friend in my life—and we broke up at the age of seven over a boy."

Whew! Was this the Rochelle Hudson we had seen so often on the screen? This fascinating, self-assured young person? We hadn't exactly expected Rochelle to romp into the commissary in a playsuit, but certainly something more school-girlish than this sleekly fitted dress, knowing little hat and silver fox furs, seemed in order. Not only were they the *n*th degree of sophistication, but they suited their wearer to the same degree!

"Don't you like women?" we managed, groping for something to cover our surprise.

"They don't like me," said Rochelle bluntly. "As a matter of fact, women interest me so little that I can't even think of anything to say to them. Why, I've lived next door to Alice Faye for two years, and we've hardly said 'Hello' in that time. When I'm around girls I have to work every minute—around men I can barge right in and enjoy myself. Furthermore," she continued, "women don't trust me. They don't trust me because I prefer the company of men and don't make any bones about it.

"It's been my experience that men make more interesting and far more dependable friends than women. But most women can't understand how a member of their sex can be looking for friendship, not romance, in the opposite sex. Of course," and Rochelle's laughter bubbled out this time, "if romance follows, that's all right with me, too!"

"Perhaps women don't trust you because you might seem to prefer the company of *their* men?" we ventured.

"If you mean I go out gunning for their men—no, not by any means!" she said, decisively. "But," there was a mischievous gleam in her eyes, "if one comes within my line of vision, I certainly don't act like I'm seeing Hamlet's ghost. Besides, it seems to me that any woman not clever enough to hold her man should be a good sport when she loses him. And I speak with authority on that subject, having lost plenty in my day."

Now anyone who's been around Hollywood or even Podunk Center has heard or read enough in the movie columns to know that the Hudson girl rates ace-high with the gentlemen in this town, so the last remark left us dubious.

"Oh, it's true all right," Rochelle reassured. "Take the most recent case—that of Rochelle Hudson vs. Johnny Eldredge. We'd been having a simply swell time together until recently when Johnny decided that Olivia de Havilland was *the* nicest gal in town.

"And oh, yes!" she went on reminiscently, "that reminds me of another case. Just before Johnny went 'de Havilland,' he gave a dinner party at the Trocadero for some of his friends. I found myself sitting next to Ronald Burla. We were both surprised, to say the least, since it's the (*Continued on page 73*)

MONTGOMERY IN A MELLOW MOOD

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

SAID BOB, "If I should tell you what I'm really like, you'd be bored to death. If you should write what I tell you, your readers would be bored to death."

I said, "I'll gamble on myself and on my readers. Tell me."

"I'm just a man who wants to improve himself on his job," said Bob gravely. "I'm an actor who wants to become a better actor. I'm a business man who hopes for promotion. Meaning, in my case, better stories. I am no different from the banker who studies economics in order to 'raise' himself, no different from the doctor who studies his glandular systems and bio-chemistry, experiments and observes with the ambition of bettering his technique, his knowledge of his subject. I'm an actor who wants to develop into a better actor. And works at it. All of the time."

Which statement didn't bore me. Nor surprise me, either. I have always known that Bob is not, really, the casual, wise-cracking smart young sophisticate he has for so long and so consistently appeared to be on the screen. For Bob is a crusader at heart. He is a breaker of lances. He can turn a nifty phrase with the best of the cocktail bar sophisticates. He can also spit forth iron indignations. He can flirt. He can also fight. He is raw to any injustice, any wrongs of his people. He is, invariably if not always popularly, on the side of the oppressed, the put-upon. Much as is Jimmy Cagney, one of his good friends. Together, they've waged many a battle.

Make no mistakes about Bob. If you have been mistaken about him, let me help you rectify your misapprehension. Bob has a slick patter, off the screen as well as on, true. He even seems a "tech" mad now and again. He is debonair and sleek and suave. He loves to play, occasionally. On the surface. But his mind is like one of those powerful, intricate motors concealed beneath the streamlined, shining hood of a very expensive car. There is speed and a silken murmur. And you do not realize, at first, the power, the steel strength of the engine because of the "lines" and the paint job.

Bob wears a slick paint job. It's deceiving. The superficials are all gay and glib and in the mode moderne. But the powerful engine of the Montgomery brain, the hot strong motives of the Montgomery heart are all there. There is little of philosophy, psychology, matters politic or sociological, that Bob has not read and studied. He is Duco-ed with the drawing room manner. He might, superficially, seem to fit in with the Hemingways, the Noel Cowards, all the Bright Young People. But he can, also, hold his own with scientists, engineers, medical men, learned professors.

There is no family in the film colony more conservative, more decorously mannered, less exhibitionistic than the young Montgomerys. Unless it be the young Fred Astaires. There is a screen over the private life of the Montgomerys behind which neither public nor press ever peeks. Bob will not talk, for publication, about his wife or the babies. Their friends are the Chester Morrises, the Fred Astaires, the Fredric Marches, the Leslie Howards, others.

When they are at home on their farm in New York State, they live the quiet, unobtrusive lives of country gentlefolk. They ride to hounds. They go to football games. They wear old, tweedy clothes, sweaters a bit shapeless, ancient and honorable raccoon coats, walking boots. They sip a little sherry, dry, before dinner. The children go to Sunday school and are brought in, for dessert, after dinner.

Bob's interests, his real interests, are not vested in cocktail shakers, dizzy parties on the blue rim of Hollywood swimming pools (as so many of his pictures would indicate), nor yet in wise-cracks. I have talked with Bob for an hour, two, three hours and not a wise-crack flips off his lips.

Bob's real interests are in heavy matters. Such as Guild shops for actors and writers, the promotion of better working conditions for every member of his profession, beginning with extras. He advocates a home, a hospital, down Santa Monica way where the sea breezes blow, for indigent, ailing actors. He says, "The survivors of the well-known fittest should help the unfit to survive. This is the only humane law for all human beings."

He is interested in providing for old-timers in pictures, old-timers who want work and can't get it. He believes in keeping green (and well-fed) the memories of those who, in the past, have made us laugh and cry and forget. He would like, by publicity and persuasion, to build the loyalty of the American public for stars who have aged or faded.

He is against censorship of all kinds. And does things about it even though it might well be to his own interest to stop doing things about such things.

He cares about working hours for actors, the limitation of working hours. He would like to establish the fact that actors are not cans of soup nor automotive parts to be run through machines, neatly labelled and so ready for the ultimate consumer.

He believes that actors should be temperamental if their natures so dictate. "For the actor," said Bob, "should have temperament. It is what gives him phfft! It is the throb in the song. It is the color on the canvas. It is the stir in the blood. I would encourage temperament if I had anything to say about it. I believe that Oscar Wilde once said that women only take lovers for the scenes they make. Well, if I were a producer I

Man-about-town? That's what you think—but here's a surprising new slant on our fine friend Robert

would take actors for the off-scene scenes they make!"

He cares terribly about his work, does Bob Montgomery. He cares, not only and exclusively, about his own work, however, but he cares about the screen as a potent and powerful medium of ever bigger and better things.

He said, "There is no art form in the world today, neither stage, nor radio, nor literature, nor sculpture, which embraces the whole world and everything in it as pictures do, or could do. For the screen can command the earth and all of the arts and science, engineering, literature, great personalities, the past, the present, even the future are at the beck and call of the Great God Studio. I believe that we have been playing down to the public.

"When we previewed 'Night Must Fall' I asked that the first preview be shown at a little hick town here in California. A community of farmers, ranchers and their wives. The kind of people who cook a big family dinner, clear away, wash up, sigh and say, 'Let's go to the movies tonight.' They were the people who first saw 'Night Must Fall.' I was there with Dick Thorpe, the director. We were having the jitters. I said to Dick, 'This will decide it. We will know tonight whether we were right or wrong, whether we have succeeded or failed.' And you could have heard a pin drop there in that crowded little theatre. And when they came out they came up to me, men and women I'd never seen before and may never see again, and they shook hands with me and the words they didn't say made me know that they had 'got' it, that we *had* succeeded. It proved what I have always contended, that people do not go to the movies with their minds. They go with their emotions. And emotions are all and basically the same, whether they live in the heart of an illiterate farm-hand or the heart of a polished cosmopolite

(*Continued on page 76*)



What to do next? That's the problem Bob's trying to solve these days. So how will you have your Montgomery, gay and debonair or serious and dramatic? He wants to know.



DIETRICH GOES LIGHT-HEARTED?

Tch, tch, perish the thought, shudders sultry Marlene, who would rather be mysterious than Duchess of Windsor! Well, why not?

BY JAMES REID

IT'S ALL very well to speak of Miss Dietrich's legs. They are very beautiful. And they haven't been a detriment to her. Maybe they've even helped her a little bit, but . . .

"So far, too many of Miss Dietrich's roles have been too much alike. Exotic manners, enchanting smiles, dreamy eyes, and—the legs.

"She has something else, something we are going to show in her next picture: a talent for comedy which the public knows little about."

So said Ernst Lubitsch, firing the first gun in the publicity campaign for "Angel," starring Marlene Dietrich, directed by Mr. Lubitsch.

And his statement, which was much broader than it was long, started something. A rumor that Marlene was going light-hearted. A suspicion that she was weary of being an Exotic Enigma, sultry in a sombre way, or, if you prefer, sombre in a sultry way.

If Marlene, who has gone to so much trouble to change her personality, is now going in for an unexpected change, it is news. News worthy of explanation. And if she isn't wearying of the Exotic Enigma business, that, perhaps, is news.

Whichever is true, she should be willing to answer a few questions, to establish the truth. Even if she doesn't have much use for interviews any more.

It is difficult sometimes, but I still can remember when she was not always thus.

I can remember when she was a contradiction of practically everything that she seems to be today.

I can remember when she first arrived from Germany, the new-found discovery of Director Josef von Sternberg, and Paramount gave a huge party to introduce her to the Press.

The Press was more impressed with the party than by the guest of honor.

She was pretty, in a round-faced, wide-eyed way. But wasn't she a bit—er—plump? At least, the frills and ruffles that she wore gave that impression. If she had glamor, it was the glamor of youthful freshness, not of seductive sophistication and poise. She was nervously self-conscious. She was obviously awed by Hollywood. She was almost pathetically eager to be friendly.

The writers, that day, had a vague impression of a pretty German hausfrau, amazed to find herself in this strange new world.

Paramount publicized her as the last word in exoticism, and the writers wondered what Paramount was talking about. Until they saw "Morocco." Then it was their turn to be amazed.

Here was no pretty hausfrau, self-conscious and timid. Here was a dazzling, daring creature, exotically mysterious, impelling seductive, such an "attractress" that it didn't much matter whether or not she was a great actress.

Writers clamored for interviews. And Marlene, flattered by the clamoring, eagerly granted them. Grateful for friendliness from these strangers who could do her so much good, she was friendly in return.

But the writers, who were willing to admit that their first impression had been wrong, and were prepared to be startled now, came away with amazing stories. Not stories about a woman with an exotic, mysterious past. Not stories about the secrets of attracting men. But stories that painted her as still a hausfrau at heart. Stories (*Continued on page 82*)





No siren at home! Marlene and daughter, Maria, view a tennis match. But look at La Belle at the right, turning the old allure on Herb Marshall and Mel Douglas!



BY VIRGINIA WOOD

A tense moment from "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Gary, in the title role, bids farewell to his princess, played by Sigrid Gurie. But he promises he'll be back. And who could blame him, after taking one look at the beauteous Sigrid?



GETTING THE BREAKS

IF GARY COOPER hadn't been forced to spend a couple of years on his father's Montana ranch when he was a kid, if he had followed his father's law profession, if he had landed a job as cartoonist on a newspaper, he probably would never have become an actor.

Unlike most of the present-day stars, the idea of taking up acting had never occurred to Gary. When he came to Los Angeles, with his sketch-book under his arm, Gary wanted nothing more than to get a job as cartoonist on some newspaper. And even this ambition was not a driving passion. The only reason he thought of sketching was because he had a flair for drawing and had had a smattering of newspaper training back in Helena, Montana, after he left college.

Gary wasn't even interested in acquiring great wealth. All he really wanted out of life was a small car (hopped up for racing), enough money to eat on and possibly rent a horse to ride occasionally. Outside of that, the only thing he honestly longed for was a real handsome saddle.

At any rate, after a long, hard siege of looking for jobs, just doing anything, when he was finally called into the casting office to work in a western picture, which meant riding a horse and getting paid for it, Gary at first couldn't imagine what had happened. He was sure there was something phoney about a business which paid people for doing the things they thought were fun. But he had no choice in the matter. He'd spent too many days living on crackers and milk to ask questions.

And then, when those same crazy people chose him out of two hundred extras to play the role of Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," just because he was tall and lanky, Gary was convinced they were all nuts. A modest gent, to say the least.

"Why, any of those extras could have played the part as well as I," Gary remarked one day while we were chatting on the set of "Marco Polo." "Gosh, I couldn't act at all, still can't." Gary blushed a little and smiled that crooked smile of his.

"It was just the break I got that landed me in pictures, no matter what you say. The way I look at it is if I hadn't happened to be there at that particular moment, I probably wouldn't have been cast in the picture at all and some other guy would have been lucky instead."

To say that Gary is modest would be silly. Gary doesn't know what the word "modest" means, at least, as applied to himself. He's so darned humble and honest about himself he still, to this day, doesn't believe he has a thing any other guy hasn't. Screen personality? Gary thinks that's a lot of poppycock. To his mind, anyone could do any of the things he's accomplished on the screen and be successful if he's given the same breaks.

Yet in spite of this lack of confidence in his own knowledge and ability, Gary has an uncanny intuition about his roles and the pictures in which he appears. You never hear Gary express the opinion, as so many actors do, that a part isn't "right" for him or criticize a script because it doesn't suit his own ideas. But occasionally, at the most unexpected moments, possibly when he's half completed a film, Gary will pop out with some unexpected remark like, "Picture's no good," or "It'll be a hit." Outside of that, you'd never hear him complain. He just goes on, doing the best he can, without comment.

Gary isn't even what you might call a self-made man. If anyone was ever literally kicked up the ladder of success, that person is "Coop." Gary never even looked for a ladder, in the first place. (*Continued on page 98*)

Gary Cooper admits it's luck and not pluck that gets you there

THIRD BEGINNING



Anna May Wong is back again—er, pardon us—beginning again in a series of detective stories, the first of which is "Daughter of Shanghai."

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

It's an old Chinese custom for a talented girl to return to the scene of her success

ANNA MAY WONG is not staging a comeback, American style. She is beginning a movie career—for the third time. Yes, Anna May and her make-up box are parked on the Paramount lot, where she is playing in "Daughter of Shanghai," the first of a series in which she is to portray a lady detective.

Paramount is making the pictures, not due to the current conflict in the Orient, but because of the tremendous success of those Charlie Chan features. To begin at the beginning—which is just as good a place as any to start—the idea is new to the studio, if not to Anna May Wong. You see, she offered it to them three years ago, when they didn't think it worth while. However, recently our heroine was speaking to one of the Big Boys on the lot. She asked him which of two other companies would be better to handle the series.

"Hey, what about us?" he demanded.

"But, I didn't think you would be interested in anything exotic, with Miss Dietrich on the lot," replied the very modest Miss Wong.

It appears that they were, for Anna May is back, as we've said, in the throes of her—Third Beginning!

YOU SEE, my movie life has really been divided into three distinct parts," Anna May explained. "The first period was taken up with my struggle to win recognition. After that was accomplished I got into sort of a rut, neither progressing nor being retarded. You know, there are so few roles that I can play and at the time they seemed to be always small ones.

"The result was that I had to stretch my salary over the lean weeks when I had no assignments. Well, just at this time, along came an offer to go to Europe and I accepted promptly.

"In Germany, they wrote stories for me and I became a star. This achievement, I consider my Second Beginning, for I went from there to London and was successful in films as well as on the stage. After finishing there, I returned to America where my picture progress once again seemed at a standstill, until recently when my Third Beginning got under way."

There is no one more qualified to portray Chinese characters than Anna May Wong, even though she isn't Chinese. Just a moment, you incredulous, who take for granted that Anna May comes from the land of cherry blossoms and lotus flowers. When first this little "Oriental" saw light of day, she opened her eyes on nothing more exotic than the palm trees of our own California. What's more, she never set foot on Chinese soil until a year ago. Yep, Anna May is an American (*Continued on page 80*)

PERSONALITY BETTER THAN BEAUTY





Frances Farmer (left) is going places because she's different from the average good-looking blonde. Judy Garland (above) isn't a classic beauty, but listen to her sing and watch those black eyes!

Unhappy 'cause you're not

I'M off on a different tack this month. I hope you won't feel cheated if I do an article on personality and give the beauty hints the go-by to a great extent. I'll find space for a coupla beauty notions toward the end, so hush, and listen to what I have to say.

The title speaks the truth: Personality is better than beauty. Personality can get places where beauty finds locked doors. Personality plus beauty is, of course, an unbeatable combination and those who have it don't need my help. But personality with only moderate good looks —or personality, even, accompanied by downright physical plainness is far, far more to be desired, my fellow countrywomen, than Dumb Dora beauty alone. Personality—its development and expression—demands gray matter, chic, talent, perseverance and a good heaping cupful of courage. It often needs a little help to bring it out. I'd like to help.

You've heard people say of a girl you know, "Have you seen her lately? Why, she's a different person! So attractive, my dear. And remember what a mousey little thing she used to be?" Obviously, this enviable girl has the same set of features she's always had. She may have learned how to doll them up a little. She may have learned how to fix her

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Bette Davis
True Life Story—
A girl's rise to stardom through sheer determination

By Gladys Hall



Camera-wise even at the tender age of five months! Looking right at the birdie, no doubt, Bette poses informal like, with her Ma.



Papa Davis doesn't seem to share Bette's two-year-old enthusiasm over this one. That's little sister, Bobbie, on the left. Some hats, what?

A SMALL, fair-haired child of four years stood over her smaller sister, shears in hand. With grim deliberation she cut off every strand and curl of the little sister's pretty hair. Then, as her mother's horrified face appeared in the doorway, the four-year-old exclaimed triumphantly, "Now she isn't going to be pretty. She isn't going to be pretty any more!"

A problem child.

At the age of three this same infant would jump up and down, point to an infinitesimal wrinkle, a barely discernible spot on her clean gingham dress and cry, with rage and revulsion, "Take it off! Take it off!" Which her mother, feeling that this passion for cleanliness denoted feminine daintiness, encouraged.

Yes, a problem child, laughs the mother of Bette Davis today. But a problem only to those who were in intimate contact with her, who could watch her strange little habits and characteristics come out of their covets. So far as any outsider could tell, she was a plain, quiet little thing, with pale hair, pale eyes, pale skin, kinda skinny, with nothing to say for herself. She was, superficially, a most unexciting little girl. She gave no promise of any sort.

In the New England town of Lowell, Massachusetts, where Bette, christened Ruth Elizabeth, was born, not a person could have been made to believe that "the little Davis girl" would ever become an actress. An actress? Fantastic! Why the poor little thing was as plain as a pipestem, didn't say "boo" for herself, didn't even have that provocative thing called "personality," that promising thing called "precocity." She didn't even speak little pieces for company, like some little girls did. Besides, people like the Favors and the Davises didn't produce play-actresses. Such didoes were not in the staid New England blood. Yes, the good Lowellites would certainly have pooh-poohed any such preposterous prophecy, had any such been made. None was.

An hour or two after Ruth Elizabeth was born her young aunt, her mother's sister, made the first recorded comment ever made about Bette Davis. She stood looking down on the delicate, five and three-quarter-pound atom, whose hold on life seemed so thread-frail, and she murmured, "Too bad, too *bad.*"

Probably only Ruth Davis, the mother, with her gift of "second sight," suspected from the first that the pale, quiet surface of her first-born masked banked fires and hidden furies and forces, not frail at all.

For Mrs. Davis will tell you, "Bette never could control herself. Always, too, she had to be the center of everything or she wouldn't play. In small ways, she would give in pleasantly enough. Because she didn't care. But what she really cared about she fought for, from the first. For those who believe in astrology, Bette is an Aries child, born on the fifth of April. She was, as Aries people are supposed to be, always intolerant of criticism. She is still. Criticize anything she does, or plans to do, and she will seem to pay no attention at all, to shrug the criticism off, resentfully. In the end, she always accepts it and usually acts upon it.

"Her one outstanding trait, as a child, was her neatness, which was a positive passion. And it grew into a complex, a monomania, which Bette is, only now, beginning to outgrow. She will tell you that her house looks, always, as though she were just about to move! Rugs being cleaned, drapes being cleaned, bureau drawers turned out. When she has guests, she will watch them with eagle eyes, pounce upon an ash-tray the instant it has been used, and clean it out, plump up cushions even as guests are relaxing on them. She will go over things with a dust cloth and, five minutes later, go over the same surfaces again.

"But I think," laughed Bette's mother, "that she is in the process of being cured. Only the other night a guest in her house walked out of it, saying, 'You may keep your house spotless, Bette, but *I* am leaving.' She had cleaned an ash-tray, plumped up a cushion, straightened a rug under a guest's feet once too often."

BETTE'S maternal grandparents were French. They came to this country with the Huguenots during the Persecution and settled in New England, where, in one locale or another, all of Bette's forebears on both sides lived.

The family name, on the maternal side, was, originally, Le Fevre. Later it was Anglicized and became Favour; finally, in the present generation, plain Favor. Bette, when she first went on the stage, considered using her mother's maiden name. She rejected the idea because she felt that people would believe it a made-up name. Bette Favor. "Too literary," decided Bette, "too fictional."

On both sides of the family there were lawyers, ministers, doctors. Bette's maternal great-grandfather was an inventor. He invented, among other things, the first sewing machine. He did not, I believe, market this invention. But it was used by the women of his family. Bette's maternal grandfather was a civil engineer. Her paternal grandfather was the president of a Southern college, also

a minister. On both sides were the strains of the stern Calvinists, the Puritan tradition.

Ruth Elizabeth Favor and Harlow Morrell Davis met when, as children, they spent their summer vacations in Maine. They met every summer throughout their childhoods. Neither ever went with any other girl or boy. And while Harlow Davis, a graduate of Bates College in Maine, was still finishing his studies at Harvard Law, the young couple were married in Lowell, Massachusetts, in the home of Ruth Elizabeth's parents. And there, in the yellow clapboard house in which her mother had been born, on a chill April morning when the iron New England winter was giving way, grudgingly, to the first pastel pushings and prongs of spring, Ruth Elizabeth, and eighteen months later, her small sister, Barbara, were born.

THERE WAS little to distinguish Bette's first eight years from the first eight years of any proper little girl in a proper New England town. Bette and Bobbie were brought up to mind their manners, say their prayers, respect their elders, curtsey to guests. They went to the village school; they attended Sunday school wearing their "best dresses." They were taught the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. Grandmother Favor drilled them in the way things were done "when I was a girl."

Perhaps the only "different" element in the conventional



Demure was the word for Bette when this was taken. But even in those days she dreamed of becoming an actress and, with Bette, that meant it was as good as done.

pattern of their days was their mother. She was "ahead of the times." She loosed the girdle of the New England repressions wherever and as often as she could. Long before the little girls wore bloomers with their gingham dresses, Ruth Davis made bloomers for her small daughters. She knew that they would kick up their coltish legs; she even knew that they *had* legs (oh, pioneer!) and made allowance and provision for same. She was, also, frank with them. She was gay and humorous and casual and companionable. She became their friend almost in the same hour she became their mother. Bette was to be very grateful for this in the years to come.

Bette, as a child, never cared for dolls; never, so far as her mother can remember, played with a doll at all. She never had a "best girl friend." She had no hobbies. She did not collect stamps, press flowers, monograms, scraps for patchwork quilts. She ran with the pack or played by herself. And from the time she could hold a book in her hand, she read. She read everything. She read the books of Louisa M. Alcott. She read "The Five Little Peppers," the "Little Colonel" books. She read Grimm's Fairy Tales. And her mother read her the classics, Dickens, Scott, Bulwer-Lytton, Stevenson, Bret Harte.

When Bette was eight, her parents divorced. "We were sent to Florida that winter," Bette remembers. "When we came back, it was all over. There has been endless discussion, innumerable books and articles written about the 'children of divorce.' I can only know how it affected me. It didn't. Not at the time. That it affected all of my later life, there can be no doubt. For had my mother and father remained together I would never have gone on the stage. My father would not have approved. And by the time it would have been necessary for him to forbid it, I would have been beyond rebellion.

"The girdle of New England repression would have quite staved in my ribs. I would have grown up in New England, gone to college, married, no doubt, settled down and become an outwardly placid and contented housewife and mother, an inwardly frustrated and bitter woman. But at eight years of age I think I accepted the fact that it was better as it was.

"Bobbie, on the other hand, took it terribly to heart. She brooded over it and was miserable. Which certainly indicates that you can't hold blanket theories about how children of divorce are affected. It depends entirely on the individual child. I had been uncomfortable—I won't say unhappy, it wasn't as definite as that—by the sense that



Miss D. is growing up! And rather pleased about it, too. You'd never think to look at her, that she was a problem child, now would you? Just ask Mama sometime!



She might have been a second Pavlowa if she hadn't preferred dramatics. Bette studied dancing with Roshanara and this is the result.



Looks like the boy friend's leaving Bette, in spite of everything. Grover Burgess and La Belle in "The Earth Between," a Provincetown Players opus.

my mother was unhappy, that something was wrong. I didn't know what. That was part of my trouble. I always want to know what! When it was over, that was finality, and I always could, and still can, accept finality. We did not have to face the twisted problem of living part time with one parent, part time with the other. That's very bad. That's tearing and confusing. We didn't see our father again for many years.

"I do think that the children of divorced parents feel a little strange, a little different from other children. There must have been some self-consciousness about it in my mind, because I never once told anyone that my parents were divorced. I always evaded any talk about 'mama and papa.' I remember thinking, 'There *is* something funny about us.'"

WHEN THE children came back from Florida, the home in Lowell was dissolved and the former life was as though it had never been. Ruth Davis, always interested in photography, had decided to go to New York to study in order to make of her amateur ability a professional and money-making career. There would have been ample means, too. Harlow Davis provided sufficient alimony for his family to live quietly and with the ordinary comforts. But Ruth Davis wanted more than the ordinary comforts for her children. She wanted the extraordinary comforts and culture. She wanted travel and study and the best schools, all kinds of extra riches.

So, Ruth Davis went to New York. She placed Bette and Barbara in boarding school in the Berkshire Hills. And here Bette and Barbara lived and worked and studied until Bette was in her teens. It was a good life. The school was a farm and Bette learned to keep house, learned something of farm life, of growing things, of seasons, of the earth turning and the fruits it gives as it turns; learned the "facts of life" from the unabashed and so unsullied habits and matings of the animals.

"My childhood," Bette remembers, "was pretty much of a monotone. If I had any distinguishing emotion at all, it was that I was waiting for something. I didn't know at all what I was waiting for. I can't remember that I ever thought, much less said, that I would become an actress, a writer, an artist. I just sort of lived in a pleasant, static



If Bette'd done them instead of Donald Meek, the title of the play might not have been "Broken Dishes." Bette hit Broadway in this one and got raves.

mist, reading, doing what was expected of me, punctuating this placid pattern with occasional rages when something I wanted penetrated the coma, and I fought for it. Even there I stuck pretty much to my own last. I didn't have a roommate because I didn't want one. I was the type who preferred a room of my own. I didn't have any confidantes. I played hockey and tennis with the others as part of the school curriculum. I hadn't then, I haven't now, any flair for athletics. I was an apt enough student. I never plugged. I never gave any very brilliant scholastic performance. I liked history and languages. I detested mathematics and, later, chemistry. I was an A student, I'd say, until my last two years in high school. Then I decided to rest on the oars of my past record and have some fun. But that was later on."

Bette was ten when the accident occurred. It is still referred to in the family as "the accident." The dreadful accident which so nearly made of Bette a charred mass, unrecognizable as a human being, for all of her life.

It occurred at Christmas time. Ruth Davis was, then, hostess-house-mother at Miss Bennett's School for Girls, at Milbrook, New Jersey. She could not, because of her duties, be with her children that Christmas.

At Bette's school they were having their school Christmas tree. Bette, dressed as a small Santa Claus, with red flannel suit, cuffs and collars of cotton wadding, was playing near the tree. A candle snuffed out. The child struck a match and relit the candle. The flame caught the easily inflammable cotton stuff. And when the flames were extinguished there was nothing but a blistering jelly where the child's face had been.

Bette says, "I think I displayed my first instinct for the dramatic then. For as the flames were put out I heard horrified exclamations all around me. I heard one of the teachers wail, 'She is blind! Oh, God, she is blind!' I didn't know whether I was blind or not. But I do remember feeling, with thrills and chills of morbid pleasure, that this was my moment, my big dramatic moment. And I deliberately kept my eyes tight closed, groped helplessly about with my hands, until the full savor of that moment was extracted."

Then there occurred one of those circumstances which cannot be explained, which never has been explained, to



Don't look now, but that's Bette Davis! No wonder Leslie Howard got the jitters in "Of Human Bondage," with Miss D. in a mood like this.

this day. No medical aid was given the child. She was not rushed to the nearby hospital. No doctor was called in. The resident nurse applied a few home remedies, scented cold cream being one of them. And then, with a teacher weepingly in charge, with the weather sub-zero, Bette was sent to New York on the train with a group of children going home for the holidays. The freezing cold, the cinders from the train, worked further havoc with the ravaged small face. And it was this unrecognizable face which the mother, summoned by telegram to meet the train, knowing that something had happened but not knowing what, was called upon to meet.

Ruth Davis will tell you today that she swore, for the first time in her life, when she looked upon what seemed to be the remains of her child. She swore such oaths, she says, as she didn't know then, and doesn't know now, how she ever knew at all. That frightful burn, that exposure to zero weather less than an hour after the accident occurred, the lack of medical attention, the trip on the train, hundreds of cinders embedded in the raw flesh, the terrified, weeping young teacher, Ruth Davis cursed it all.

BETTE," her mother tells, "proved then, that she can meet the big things in life like a thoroughbred. Whatever her faults, they do not include flinching in the face of catastrophe. Nor welching. For the first words the child said to me were, 'It was my fault, Mother, really it was. Miss W—— told me not to go near the Christmas tree."

Ruth Davis rushed the child to the nearest doctor. She thought, "He may tell me that she will live, he will surely tell me that she is maimed for life."

Bette says now, "I was too young to be worried about the possible loss of future beauty. I was still not in acute pain, that came later, and was still enjoying, little monster that I was, my first undisputed spotlight."

The doctor told Ruth Davis that there was one way of saving the child from permanent and horrible disfigurement. But it was an impossible way unless there could be a succession of nurses on the case. For the one way was to keep the burned areas moist, constantly, unremittingly moist, for fourteen days and nights. Every fifteen minutes for a fortnight, pads saturated with a boric solution would have to be applied to the burns. "It means," he told the mother, every bit as grim as he, "that you will have to stay awake, day and night, for fourteen days and nights. If you can do this the burns will not heal and



Nothing demure about our Bette here! The Hollywood influence seems to have set in and we have a real dyed-in-the-wool glamor girl, no less.



Bette, Ruthie (her mother, to you) and the pup arrive in Hollywood.

form scar tissue, they will slough off and new skin will form. It is the only way. I don't believe you can do it."

Ruth Davis said, "I'll do it." And she did. She took Bette to Milbrook with her, at Miss Bennett's insistence. And there, keeping the child in her own bed, a bell tied to her wrist at night, the alarm clock set for every fifteen minutes, she swabbed those burns every fifteen minutes for fourteen days and fourteen nights. "I used," Mrs. Davis remembers now, "jars and jars of boric solution, barrels of bandages. Her hair was burned off, of course, and she wore wool caps with gauze underneath.

"Her suffering, after the first shock to the nerves, which anesthetized them, was horrible. For three months her eyes were red and inflamed. And this is curious, but it was after the burn that her eyes became large, as they are now. She never had eyes like that before the accident. I can't account for it, but there it is."

When, at long last, the burns were healed and the new, fair, unblemished skin had become a matter of miraculous fact, Ruth Davis did one of the most courageous and healthy things in a courageous career—she sent Bette back to the Berkshire Hills school. She felt that it was, psychologically, the sound thing to do. As there was to be no scar on the child's face, she wanted no scar on her memory; no place, no person who could, in the future, spell horror to her. The only way to efface a memory of horror was to build new memories over it, as new skin had been built over the burns. Bette went back to that school. And no scar tissue is left, either visible or invisible.

BETTE went, briefly, for one term, to the Northfield School. And then entered the Cushing Academy in Newton, Massachusetts. It was at Cushing that Bette was to fall in love. It was at Cushing that Bette first met Harmon Nelson. And it was at Cushing, too, that the formless dream which, like a hidden current, invisible even to her, but shaping the whole course of her life, began to take definite form and meaning. She was to find love, she was to find her career, she was to find herself.

It was not until Bette was between fourteen and fifteen that her looks changed. And little tendrils of beauty touched her pale hair with gold, her pale skin with richer cream and roses, her thin little body with delicate curves.

Bette tells you, "I was standing in front of a cheval mirror one evening while Mother tried on my first dinner dress. She had made it for me, daringly, with the neckline cut almost to the collar-bone! I also remember Grandmother Favor looking at me and saying, 'Ruth Elizabeth, you are not going to wear that where *gentlemen* can see you, are you?'

"Anyway, I remember looking at myself and wondering whether a stranger was standing there. I think it was the first time I ever really saw myself. Certainly it was the first time I was ever conscious of myself as a woman. I had been so plain. When I was around twelve or so I think even Mother gave me up. She used to braid my hair in two skin-tight braids as if she were saying that she just couldn't make any further effort to gild the limp lily, that there I was and what about it! I had skinny arms and legs, teeth every which-way, never knew what to say to people, couldn't get out a bleat when I was with a boy, oh, *awful!* But as I looked at myself in the mirror that night I exclaimed, 'My goodness, I think I'm quite pretty!' "

The miracle of the transfiguration must have been as obvious as flags flying, the gold and blue and white flags which were Bette's young beauty.

"For from the time Bette was fourteen," her mother told me, "boys were interested in her. We were boy-ridden. Wherever we were, wherever we lived, and we have lived in seventy-three houses, all told, boys swarmed in the living-room, in the garden, on all of the front porches! One despairing lad mooned about our house in Newton threatening the most ingenious methods of suicide for love of Bette."

But Ruth Davis was New England enough, perhaps with enough of the French prudence where *les jeunes filles* are concerned, to keep Bette pretty much a child until she was past sixteen. She was well past sixteen before ever she was allowed to go out with a boy alone.

It was on the occasion of one of Bette's dates that Ruth Davis gave her first demonstration of "second sight," a gift, if gift it be, she never suspected herself of possessing. Bette had gone, one night, to a dance at Pemaquid Point. It was summer and they were vacationing in Maine. Ruth Davis, knowing that she was with two boys, felt, she says, perfectly comfortable about her. But she always waited up until the girls came in, and it being a mild summer night, she thought she would take a walk, take in a movie while she waited.

She was watching the movie when, suddenly, as though a glass of iced water had deluged her, she broke out in an actual physical chill and felt the still more horrid chill of some formless but terrifying premonition. She cast a wild



Bette, John Boles and Raymond Hackett in a scene from "Seed."



Always somebody's sister, in her early picture days, Bette is Mae Clarke's in "Waterloo Bridge," with Douglas Montgomery.



Because he wanted dignity as well as youthful charm, George Arliss chose Bette for "The Man Who Played God."



Less dignity, but plenty of charm is displayed by Miss D. for Dick Barthelmess' benefit in "Cabin in the Cotton."



Meet Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Nelson. Bette calls him "Ham," so it's probably just as well he's not an actor!

look around the darkened theatre and, in the row behind her, recognized a boy she knew, another friend of Bette's. Ruth Davis beckoned the youth to follow her. Outside, her voice hoarse, she begged him to take his car and go for Bette at once, *at once*. The lad, nothing loath, though considerably perplexed, drove the twenty miles to Pemaquid, told Bette her mother was very ill and needed her—he had to say something strong enough to make her leave with him—and brought her home.

Bette, of course, finding her mother perfectly well and feeling, by this time, a little foolish, was indignant.

"What," she demanded, "is this all about?"

Ruth Davis said, "I don't know."

Two hours later the phone rang. Ruth Davis answered it. She hung up the receiver and waited a long cold moment. Then she woke Bette and said, "The boys, the two boys you went to the dance with. Their car skidded and went over a cliff on the way home. They were killed."

THE FIRST day Bette attended class at Cushing Academy she saw Harmon Nelson. She says, "I liked him immediately. I think I liked him, at first, because he had such curious eyes, cold eyes promising warmth. Then I liked him because he was such an indifferent louse. He never paid any attention to any of the girls. He didn't seem to know we were there. He didn't, certainly, pay the slightest attention to me. I went home and told Ruthie about him. I said, 'I'm going to get him if it's the last thing I ever do. You wait and see. I'm going to get him yet!'

"I don't suppose I was really in love with him. By this time I'd begun to realize that I wanted to be an actress more than I wanted anything else in the world. Yet it was something, something that must have gone on through all the time and all the things that happened in between, because, after all, I did marry him! But at the time I think my main interest was figuring how much fun it would be if he should be interested in me.

"Ham was in charge of the Music and Minstrel Show at Cushing that year. One day I met him in one of the halls. He beamed down at me and said, 'Miss Davis, would you be interested in singing in my show?' I said that I would be. We practiced and rehearsed together. And I had a lot of fun, skipping octaves on him and doing all kinds of cute little tricks. I remember I sang, 'Gee, I'm Blue For You' and wore a blue dress for the occasion, which seemed to me to be just too subtle for words. I guess it was. So subtle that neither Ham nor anyone else got the big idea!

"We did several theatricals together while we were at Cushing. We did Booth Tarkington's 'Seventeen,' Ham playing Uncle Georgimus to my Lola Pratt. We sang in the Glee Club together and I would pour forth my heart



A star is born. Bette and Gene Raymond get clubby in "Ex-Lady," her first starring picture.



A couple of smoothies, Bette and Bill Powell, try a little double-crossing in "Fashions of 1934." Nice outfit, Bette.

and soul in the more sentimental songs. But in vain. It was humiliatingly obvious that Ham's interest was in the music, not in me. On Saturday nights, from seven to nine, we attended the regulation academy dances and I must have harried my mother for new and fetching gowns to wear. I know I sirened all over the place. But Ham seemed to be as blind to my sirening as he was to deaf to my song. And there really wasn't much chance for me to be the seductress I fancied I could be, for the dances were so well chaperoned that the walls were perfect hedges of chaperones. And the gardens were picketed, a picket for every student!

"Sundays were made bright by what was known as the co-ed hour. During that hour the girls and boys were permitted to pair off and do a little sedate strolling about the grounds. I used to pray for rain. I figured that if it rained, an umbrella would be necessary and much might be accomplished under the privacy, so to speak, of an umbrella. But maybe one of our protectors had second sight, too, or had once been young or something. At any rate, it was suspicioned that perhaps kissing might go on underneath an umbrella and the privilege of the co-ed hour was taken away, 'unless the weather is fair.'

"It was while I was at Cushing, too, that Mother called a cute little turn on me. Ruthie was helping to pay for my tuition by taking photographs of the graduating classes and deducting them from the school fees. One day the principal of Cushing called me in and asked me if I wouldn't like to help my mother by waiting on table. I was extremely indignant. I didn't say anything, but I just knew that my mother wouldn't dream of allowing me to do anything so menial as being a waitress. However, I sat down and wrote Ruthie a sweet, filial little letter, telling her how I realized all she was doing, how hard she was working and couldn't I please help her out by waiting on table, thus helping to pay my own way. You may imagine my blank astonishment when I received, by return mail, a crisp and appropriately grateful little note from Mother saying, 'Very sweet of you, dear, go ahead!'

"I did, and after my first pangs of outrage and humiliation, learned one of the most valuable lessons I've ever learned in my life. For I found out that the girls and boys were fifty per cent nicer to me, seemed fonder of me, respected and admired me more than they ever had before. I've never been afraid of work since, however humble. Wise Ruthie, she knew.

"She knew, too, I think, that I was beginning to entertain a few delusions of grandeur. Perhaps, with her second sight, she knew what was ahead for me and how much a wedge of humble pie would help my digestion! I don't know, I try," Bette laughs, "never to ask Mother anything about the future. She would tell me! Anyway, I had begun to think of myself as quite the actress. I never had any trouble with the school plays. I learned the lines easily. I loved rehearsing. I never suffered from stage fright. I felt no self-consciousness. All of my quietness and shyness and dullness and inability to talk to people seemed to drop away from me, once I got a taste of acting, even as an amateur. I've never been shy since, heaven knows!"

Ruth Davis had been wise. For it was during those two years at Cushing, that the pace of Bette's life which, so soon, was to place the little New England girl, a star, on Broadway, began to accelerate at appreciable speed. Things began to happen.

THERE WAS a summer at Camp Mudjkeewis in Maine where Bette played in the camp production of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and received such an ovation that the very pine trees shivered under the sign of Aries. And shortly after the performance, at a game of fortune telling, Bette drew a card on which was written, "You are destined to become a great actress."

At the end of two years, Bette graduated from Cushing, and the principal said to her, "You can become a fine actress, Ruth Elizabeth. But I hope you won't."

It was during the summer vacation preceding her last year at Cushing that Bette and Bobbie and their mother spent the summer at Peterborough, New Hampshire, where Mrs. Davis had a house and a studio and Bette studied dancing under Roshanara. It was Ruth Davis' skilful manoeuvering which made that possible. For the Mariarden School of Dancing, where Roshanara was teaching, was expensive. Four hundred and fifty dollars for the two-month term. And that was beyond Ruth Davis, who had Bobbie's college tuition facing her, the expenses facing Bette when she should embark on her career, whatever it was to be. Perhaps dancing? For Roshanara had talked with Bette and wanted her for a pupil.

Ruth Davis enrolled Bette in a small, relatively unimportant school of dancing next door to the Mariarden. She then asked Roshanara if she would be good enough to come over and watch the child dance. Roshanara, already intrigued by a quality she felt but couldn't name, went over. Bette danced and the famed dancer said, "I want the Davis child." And so it was arranged.

Bette worked eight hours a day. She took the leading parts in all the pageants. She felt, for the first time, the definite knowledge that her personality was "getting over," that audiences "felt" her, were aware of her. At Cushing they had been her friends, her schoolmates; that was different. Here they were all strangers, there were many



Look out, Leslie, she's not as sweet as she looks! Bette and Mr. Howard in a sentimental mood from "Of Human Bondage."

professionals. And they knew that she was there, oh, they knew! Roshanara wanted Bette to become her protege, to continue her studies with her in the fall. But before any such arrangement could be made, Roshanara died and, with her, Bette's dream of becoming a dancer.

It was at Mariarden that Frank Conroy first saw Bette. And he said to Ruth Davis, gravely, "She is something you can't buy and can't imitate. When she is on the stage you will never see anybody else, even if she never says a word."

And it was during her last year at Cushing that Bette saw Peg Entwhistle (later to die, so tragically, in Hollywood) do Hedvig in "The Wild Duck," with Blanche Yurka. "Then I really knew," Bette tells you. "Then everything focused to one pin-point of burning ambition. I remember saying to Mother, 'If I can live to play that part I shall die happy.' And Mother answered, with a flash of that second sight of hers, I suppose, 'You will.'

"The year after I graduated from Cushing we spent in Newton, Massachusetts. Mother took a house there, had her work. She said to Bobbie and me, 'We'll take this year to do some catching up, financially. In the fall you will be going to college, Bobbie. In the meantime it won't do you girls any harm to have a year at home being capable housekeepers. You can cook and clean and darn and mend and do the things every woman should know how to do.'

"We did. I've always had the suspicion that Mother insisted upon that year of domesticity with the idea of testing me, trying me out, waiting to see whether my desire to go on the stage was real, or would dwindle away. It didn't dwindle. I wasn't happy. I was champing at the bit. I saw Ham occasionally. I still threatened to 'get him'! But I was too obsessed by my desire to get to New York, to get on the stage, to have much time or emotion for anything else."

THE YEAR passed. Bobbie was safely enrolled at Dennison College, in Granville, Ohio. Bette and her mother closed the Newton house, packed bags, entrained for New York. Bette's heart was set on studying under Eva Le Gallienne, being admitted to her stock company. "My whole heart was set on it," Bette will tell you now. "It seemed to me that the very blood in my veins coursed in that direction, that my feet pointed that way, that *I* pointed Le Gallienne-wards, like a setter."

Dr. Favour was discouraging. The family frowned upon the fantastic pilgrimage. No good, they said, would come of it.

In New York, Bette and her mother took a room. A very modest room. What did the room matter? They were on the brink of the great adventure. They were launching a career. "When you are living," says Bette, "what does it matter where you live?"

Bette set forth, alone, for her interview with Eva Le Gallienne. Every day, every week, every month, every year of her life had, she knew, been but steps to this climax.

Bette says, "I had my interview. Eva Le Gallienne sat there. She asked me to read the part of an old Dutch woman. I did. She told me (how could she have known?) that I did not take the theatre seriously. She told me, in



Thinking up a little verbal dynamite. Bette was a newspaper gal in "Front Page Woman" and maybe she didn't prove some competition!

effect, to go to hell. It was as brutal as it was unexpected.

"That was the first and almost the last time, until we came to Hollywood, that we ever hit rock bottom. Under Eva Le Gallienne's coldly critical eye I seemed to see myself as—as the family saw me. That little Davis girl, without beauty, without personality, without promise. So cold and complete was this expulsion from my hope, my dream, my very life that even Mother faltered. We decided to give it all up as it had, so effortlessly, so curtly, given me up before ever I began.

"Ruthie took a house in Norwalk, Connecticut, got a job in a photographic studio again and I went mad. I walked the streets. I talked to myself. I really was out of my mind. I had to be an actress. I wasn't an actress. I had to be an actress. I wasn't an actress, like a crazy pendulum, my mind swung from nauseating discouragement to furious rebellion. I would end it all, I would show the world, show Eva Le Gallienne, Ruthie, the whole family. I would stun, startle, astound; give performances that would ring through the very hierarchies of histrionics and become history: I would do nothing, be nothing, succumb, surrender. So it went. So I went almost crazy.

"There was a Yale boy. I'd go for long rides with him, grim, silent. He wanted me to marry him, to give up my crazy idea about being an actress. He said, I believe, that I'd have to give it up or not marry him. I laughed like a maniac.

"Four months of this, or was it five, or ten, or forever and a day? I don't know. Then, one morning, I woke to find Mother standing over me, shaking me, all but pinching and scratching me. 'Get up!' she commanded loudly, 'get up! We're going to New York. You're going on the stage.' I thought, for an instant, that insanity was infectious and that she had gone off the deep end, too.

She got my best dress. I put it on. She told me how to fix my hair. I fixed it. Then, looking, Ruthie often says, like Lillian Gish in one of her most wistful, wild moments, we entrained for New York, bag and baggage. This time, I think I knew there would be no turning back. There wasn't.

MOTHER STEERED me straight to the John Murray Anderson School of Dramatics. She managed to barge right into the presence of Mr. Anderson himself. She said, 'My daughter wants to be an actress. You've got to make her one. I can't afford to pay your tuition fee all at once. I'll have to do it on the installment plan, a little at a time.'

"Mr. Anderson asked to see me. His instinct of self-preservation doubtless dictated that request. Ruthie, I feel sure, looked quite wild. As she looked when she saw me getting off the train after I was burned. She's often said that my face, during those months in Norwalk, was more terrible than it was after the accident. Mother walked into the outer office where I sat waiting, nipped me by the sleeve and, quite literally speaking, commended me to Mr. Anderson's professional care. He took a look at me (looking my best at the time. Mother had seen to that) and said, "I'll take her."

"Mother got a position at St. Mary's School. There were three scholarships given at the John Murray Anderson School. I managed to win one of them.

"Also, for the first time, I was on my own. I entered the school late, you see. There was only one girl who hadn't paired off with some other girl by the time I arrived. A girl named Virginia C——. We took a room together in an old brownstone front house. And I had my first taste of eating in cafeterias, doing my own wash, drying my handkerchiefs on the window panes, doing a



Miss D. seems to have drunk a hearty meal in this scene from "Dangerous," while Franchot Tone keeps up his spirits with a glass of water.

little light cooking over the gas-jets. Good for me, all very good for me. Virginia was good for me, too. She was the first girl I'd ever known who used lipstick and much too much of it. She was the first girl I'd ever known who had had to fight life with her own hands and wits and did. She was uneducated academically speaking. But she was a Phi Beta Kappa in most of the subjects worth knowing. She was all wool and several yards wide. I not only became very fond of her, I also felt a wholesome respect for her.

"We had a lot of fun those months. When Ruthie came to stay with us we had a time rigging up a bed for her. She wouldn't share our bed with us or let us take pot-luck, because we were both working hard and, she insisted, needed our sleep. So she'd tote herself up on two chairs with a suitcase wedged between them to make a 'bed.' Every now and again during the night there would be strange earthquakish sounds and they would be caused by Ruthie falling into the suitcase, onto the floor, or following one of the chairs around the room when it parted company with the other chair. Then we'd wake up and laugh like three fools."

Bette didn't graduate from the John Murray Anderson School. She didn't want to. She had got some confidence. She had got over the chill dealt her by Eva Le Gallienne. She wanted to get going. She felt that she needed practical experience. And coincidentally with this decision came a chance to go to Rochester, to play a bit in "Broadway" with George Cukor's stock company there.

At the train as Bette was leaving, Ruth Davis said to her, "I want you to learn the two major girls' parts in this play, Bette." Bette said, "What for? I'm not going to play 'em." Ruth Davis smiled. "Oh, yes, you are," she said, "for on the opening night the girl who plays the lead is going to break her leg." The train started and with the shriek of the engine was mingled Bette's shriek, "Whyyy, Mooother!"

Bette learned the parts. To this day she can't explain why she learned them, why she obeyed her mother who was just being amusing, of course. Still, she remembered Pemaquid. On the opening night the girl who played one of the two leads tripped on the narrow circular staircase coming down from the dressing rooms and—broke her leg!

Bette said, "I thought, 'Ohmigod, Mother has done this to this girl!' "

But Bette played the part. And it was on the strength of her having saved "Broadway" for George Cukor that she became, shortly thereafter, a regular member of his stock company in Rochester.

BEFORE LEAVING for Rochester, Bette had chance to do a play, "The Earth Between," with the Provincetown Players, that cradle of so much dramatic talent. James Light, who was directing, had seen her work in "Broadway," and been sufficiently impressed to offer her the part. But Bette turned it down, then. She felt that she needed a great deal more working experience before she "came into New York," as it were.

And so, Bette and her mother set up housekeeping in



The winnah! Bette captured the Academy Award for her performance in "Dangerous." Vic MacLaglen was another Academy winner.





One false move will fix Bette and Leslie Howard. At least that's how Humphrey Bogart feels in "Petrified Forest."

"You see, it was like this . . ." or words to that effect. Wayne Morris and Bette in "Kid Galahad," above.



And here we have Bette Davis just being herself. When she first hit Hollywood they called her a "little brown wren." Not much resemblance here, d'you think?

Rochester, about which there are amusing anecdotes. Ruth Davis will tell you, "Bette was earning fifty dollars a week. I decided to give up my job to be with her. We took an apartment in Rochester and after we had been there a day or two, Bette hated it. She has always been abnormally sensitive to her surroundings. And she would wake up there and have the blue jitters. She said she couldn't stand it, it was murky. We had a lease. Well, we'd have to get out of that lease. But how?

"I finally devised a scheme. I took a shoe, a man's shoe, and made tracks in the soft mud all around our windows. Then I went to the landlady, told her my daughter was extremely nervous, that a man had tried to break into our apartment the night before and that if we were forced to remain there my daughter would not be able to work, the rent would not be paid, and what to do? Then I went back home. A little later, as I had expected, the landlady came sniffing around. She knew the ground was muddy, that, if I had been telling the truth, which she more than suspicioned I had not, there would be the marks of a man's feet. There were. And we were released."

It was in Rochester that Bette fell in love. And one of the most poignant dramas in her dramatic life began. For it was the old, old fictional angle of the young business man of good family falling in love with the actress. The old story of prejudice and parental opposition and cross purposes and broken young hearts and tears. They were very much in love, Bette and the young business man. They became engaged. They planned to be married. Bette met the family. They admired her, admitted her charm, her gentle birth but deplored and rejected her profession. Especially the father, who held the mid-Victorian axiom that, married to an actress, his son were better dead. It was as bad as that, and in the twentieth century.

And so, when you say to Bette, "And what happened?" she answers, "He threw me over. Shortly after George Cukor fired me, for he did, I had a letter from him. Rather a cruel letter. He told me simply that it was all over. It sort of broke my heart. I didn't understand how love could be 'all over' when it wasn't. I remember so well the day that letter came. A scorching hot day. I

was in Newark, New Jersey, rehearsing for 'The Wild Duck.' I was about to play Hedvig and I had said that if I could live to play that part I would die happy. How young and green I seemed to myself remembering, the letter in my hand, that now I could never be happy until I died. I thought, 'This has killed me.' I even put my mutilated little rag of pride into my pocket and wrote to him and told him that I understood (I didn't), that I would wait. He never answered. I never heard from him again, not for several years."

Bette knew heartbreak then. For five months, Ruth Davis tells me, she went about like a wounded little animal. Then came the day when she cried out, "I'll make him sorry!" And Ruth Davis knew that convalescence had set in.

ONLY A few years ago, in Hollywood, Bette had a letter from that boy she had loved. He had never married. He wrote that he was flying West to see her. Bette and her mother entertained him. Bette swam with him, danced with him, dined with him, laughed with him, at him, at herself, at that old pain he had caused her, at her recovery from pain. And then he went away again and Bette's hurt was vindicated. Not that she cared any more, not even for vindication. She remembered that she had loved him and did not find it hard to believe. But the wound was healed. And Ham had come into her life and her heart again; love that was honest and humble and strong and sure.

Bette never quite knew, doesn't know now, just why George Cukor fired her from the Rochester Stock Company. Ruth Davis suspects that she may have been a little bit to blame. Because she would never allow Bette to go out with the company after the evening performances, nor any other time. Bette left the theatre with her mother, went home with her mother. She was not, perhaps, the kind of a person who put her fellow players at their ease. Whatever the reason, she was fired. And felt, again, that it was all over. Her first real job, and fired. But Ruth Davis had learned a lesson from those four months in Norwalk. Never again would she allow Bette to suffer as she had suffered then. Action was the only remedy. She said, "You telegraph James Light at the Provincetown Players. Tell him you will play the part in 'The Earth Between.' No, of course he hasn't cast it yet. I know that he hasn't. He wanted you then. He will want you now."

Bette played in "The Earth Between." She didn't, she says now, have the least idea what the play, which dealt with certain perversities of human nature, nor her part were all about. Which is why, no doubt, she gave to the character the young bewilderment, the sense of moving in a mist. The play went to New York and all that night, that opening night, Ruth Davis sat up, unable to sleep, afraid, when morning came, to see the papers. Friends brought the papers in, read the reviews aloud, sang them. The most eminent and caustic of the critics told the world, not only that "that little Davis girl" had promise, but that she had kept her promise.

Ruth Davis said to the new young star, "If you let this go to your head, you're through." And Bette answered, "I can't let it go to my head, I think I'm terrible." Bette has never, she will tell you, believed in her own success. It is, still, the will o' the wisp which evades her.

She had a chance to understudy one of the Gishes. Again Ruth Davis advised her. "Never be an understudy, or you will never have an understudy."

There came, one day, a call on the telephone. Bette was never to be sure just what the voice said. She managed to pick up "Cecil Clavelli—Ibsen Repertory . . . Hedvig . . . "The Wild Duck" . . . *you* . . ."

So, she was to play in "The Wild Duck." She got her heart broken. She came down with the measles. She remembers, "One of the most ebb-tide moments of my life was when, with my heart in tatters, the part I wanted to play more than anything in the world put right in my lap, I had to call and say, 'I can't do it. I—I've got the measles!' "

The company waited for Bette. She learned three Ibsen plays while in bed waiting for the more noticeable of the spots to disappear. Then, still ill and feverish and "miserably measley" she went on and played Hedvig. She says now, "I'll never know how I got through that first night. A more wretched, sick at heart, sick of body creature never walked the boards. I thought, as I went in, 'I don't know the lines. I don't remember one of them. I don't know what I am supposed to say, or do, or be. Somehow, I got through. Fools and children, I suppose . . . and afterwards I went on tour with 'Wild Duck.'

THE FOLLOWING summer, deciding that I needed more experience in stock, and having met a plausible young man in New York, who told me that he was the manager of the Cape Players and that I would be a too, too welcome addition to the company, Ruthie and I bought an antiquated Ford, piled into it every stick and ribbon we possessed and chugged up to the Cape. We arrived, having rented a cottage, by mail, in advance.

"We found that one Mr. Raymond Moore was the real manager. I said to him, 'I am Bette Davis.' He looked politely blank, more blank than polite. I said, 'Your Mr.—told me I would be engaged.' He said, 'Mr. —— has no authority.' I said, 'But here I am. What can I do?' He said, 'You can usher.' And I did.

"All summer long I was head usher at the theatre where the Cape Players gave their plays. And a very efficient usher, if I do say so. Then, just at the end of the season, Laura Hope Crews, who was coaching and producing the Cape Players, needed someone to warble, 'I Pass By Your Window,' in 'Mr. Pim.' I rendered the number. And the question was, was I an usher who had become an actress or an actress who had become an usher?

"The question was never resolved to anyone's satisfaction, but I didn't care. I didn't care much about anything that summer because I had found Ham again! He was playing in the Amherst Band, across the Cape, in the Old Mill Tavern.

"I remember well the first night I saw him. Ruthie and I had gone to the movies. I even remember the picture we were seeing. Norma Shearer in 'A Free Soul.' I happened to look around and there was Ham! I let out a blood-curdling yell and got a good kick from Mother.

"All that summer, whenever I wasn't ushering and Ham wasn't playing with the band, we went around together. We tore around the Cape in the old Ford. We went swimming. We lay long hours on the beach and talked and talked and talked and grew to know, I think, even though no words were said, that this was somehow very right, that we belonged together.

"In the fall we went back to New York, Ham went back to Amherst. Now and then, during the year, I'd go up to Amherst to see him. He never saw me on the stage. Never. He had a feeling about it. He said, 'I'd always think I was annoying you.' "

In the fall of the year after "The Wild Duck" closed, Bette tramped the streets, made the rounds of casting offices, had what was really her first and was to be her last taste of the experience of job-hunting. She and a girl friend took a room on Fifty-third Street, another of the old brownstone fronts, and the interlude of laundry-done-in-the-basin, gas-jet meals, Ruthie sleeping on two chairs with a suitcase wedged between.

And then, again the pace accelerated. Bette played the part of Elaine Bumpstead in Marion Gering's production of "Broken Dishes." Twice, Producer Gering had postponed rehearsals because he could not find the right Elaine. Instantly Bette entered his line of vision he hailed Elaine. And the critics hailed her, too.

During this winter Bette went out on dates for the first time in her life. She remembers the first big date. She says, "A girl I knew asked me if I would go on a double date with her. She said, 'Could you manage a man of forty, do you think, dear? You'll have to drink, my dear.' I said I thought I could manage. We went to the Ritz-Carlton for dinner. I was so excited. It was the first time I had ever been to the Ritz. Cocktails were served. I played with my glass, hoping to escape detection. Later, we went on to a night-club, my first night-club. And I was twenty-one! And when we started home, the 'man of forty' said to me, 'It's so wonderful to meet a girl smart enough not to drink!' I couldn't resist a triumphant and distinctly malicious wink in the direction of my friend."

IT WAS while Bette was playing in "The Solid South," starring Richard Bennett, that Sam Goldwyn asked her, through Arthur Hornblow, to take her first movie test. Bette had never even thought of the movies for herself. The test was for "Raffles." And it was, she says, horrible. It was a silent test but it spoke, Bette recalls, with the tongues of scorpions. From the test she found out, among other things, that her teeth had to be straightened. Nothing came of the test but a bill from the orthodontist. And she did the last weeks of "Solid South" "with my mouth bristling with bands."

The second movie test was for Universal. It was a cold, cold day. She had to go to the extreme edge of New York. Her nerves were on edge. And as the lights went on and the director called "Action!" she gave him action he had never expected. She went out, cold. When she came to, she said, "Don't mind, I do this quite often."

"I was 'invited' to go to Hollywood, to Universal on a three months' contract. I tried to get a new play before leaving for the Coast, hoping that I might be able to stall the inevitable. I didn't want to go to Hollywood. But I didn't get the play and we did go to the Coast.

"We landed in Hollywood December 13th, 1930. The meeting out here, I must tell you! No one met us. We didn't know a soul, didn't know where to go, what to do. I might not have minded so much if I had never done anything in New York. I had been, indeed, rather spoiled and pampered. And here we were, finally checked in at the Hollywood-Plaza Hotel. I called the studio and said, 'My name is Bette Davis. I am here. I just came in on the train. What am I to do now?' There was an ominous pause on the wire before a voice, very pallid, said, 'Oh, we were at the station when your train came in, we didn't see anyone who looked like an actress!'

"That stopped me. In the next few days I took a good look-see about Hollywood. I should like to have died. Those were the days when the movie girls were all too damned flamboyant. Chromium blondes, clothes consisting mainly of feathers, white fox, sequins and a very little of those. And here was I, guiltless of so much as a lipstick. I had never used a lipstick in my life, except on the stage. I had never been to a hairdresser's. My eyebrows were as God had made them. I wore my hair long, a nice neat bun at the nape of my neck. I smiled, a crooked little smile because I was still remembering the brace recently removed from my teeth. There wasn't an artificial thing about me. I looked like Alice wondering about Wonderland!

"I must say this for Hollywood, whatever it may do for people mentally, it does force women to make the most of themselves, physically. You have only to look at the pictures of any of us then and now to know how true this is.

"But then, the terrible then! I hadn't been here very long before it was borne in upon me that they weren't going to do anything very great with me. Everything they did do made me squirm. They bobbed my hair, which broke me up, my 'crowning glory' and all that. They took stills of me that were horrible. They gave me my first part, the 'good sister,' in 'The Bad Sister,' with Sidney Fox.

"I did a picture for Columbia, on loan, called 'The Menace.' People fell out of closets and things. I don't know what I did, not that it mattered. I felt a ray of hope when I did 'Way Back Home' with the Philips Lord gang. I did 'Seed' and 'Waterloo Bridge.' The hope didn't last long. I was petrified of the camera. I always played somebody's sister. And at the end of the year Universal told me I could go. Where, they didn't say, nor, I can guarantee, care.

MY LITTLE screening spirit was all but broken. I knew that they had called me 'the little brown wren' and that lamed my little ego which had been so pleasantly propped up on Broadway. But I was really crucified when I was told that one of the top producers at Universal had said of me, 'I know she's a good actress, but you've got to be careful about casting her, same as you have to be careful about Slim Summerville!' I died forty dusty deaths when I heard that. Nor was I exactly resurrected when my informant went on to quote the producer as saying, 'She has no sex appeal. No one will believe that a fellow would walk to the corner to get her!' "

Bette and Ruth Davis had just about dragged out the suitcases when there came a surprise call from Warner Brothers studio. The message was, "Mr. Arliss wants to see Miss Davis."

Mr. Arliss wanted to see Bette for the part opposite him in "The Man Who Played God." He wanted someone with dignity, someone who would make it believable that he would fall in love with her. Bette, with exciting memories of the great Mr. Arliss on Broadway, Mr. Arliss in "The Devil," Mr. Arliss in "The Green Goddess," felt that a miracle had befallen her. And she remembers, "He scared me to death. His first words were, 'You look very young, my dear. How much experience?' I said, 'Three years,' and he smiled and answered, 'Enough to rub the edges off.'

"I got the part and went into screaming hysterics. But I must have managed the required dignity. For at the end of the picture I signed my Warner Brothers contract, a facsimile of the contract I had had with Universal, one of the old, original Hollywood contracts, the very same contract I have today!

"So, then I was a movie actress. Ruthie and I took a small rented house. Bobbie, college over, joined us out here. I began my endless chain. 'The Rich Are Always With Us,' with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, 'So Big,' 'The Cabin in the Cotton,' with Richard Barthelmess, which was a step forward, 'Three on a Match,' '20,000 Years in Sing Sing' with Spencer Tracy, and what an actor *he* is! Nobody on God's green earth has any idea



how great he is, so great that no one knows he is acting! I told Ham," Bette laughs, "that it's just as well we were married just before I did '20,000 Years,' because after I met Spencer it might have been just too bad!

"It was in 1932, during my first year at Warners, that Ham came out. And we knew that we wanted to be married. But I felt, then, that the very worst thing Ham could do would be to stay out here. I felt that it would handicap him, wouldn't be fair to him. We didn't have much time to talk it over, however, because one minute after he arrived, Warner Brothers sent me East on a personal appearance tour. Ham waited for me. And for want of anything better to do he picked up his trumpet and played in the Olympic Band at the Olympic Games. I've always regretted that I didn't see him in his sash and

Here's something pretty nice which we wouldn't mind having around the house! Hollywood brings out the best in a girl's looks, according to Bette and judging from this, she's right!



Together again. Bette and Leslie Howard seem to be pretty engrossed in each other in "It's Love I'm After," Miss D.'s current picture.

turban! He must have cut a dashing figure!

"I was away for two months and when I came back on the first of August, well, we were married on the eighteenth. I knew then what I had always known, I think. That Ham and I belonged together. I had just been afraid for Ham, afraid of what Hollywood might do to his career, afraid of putting him in the position of being a star's husband. I've said before that women with careers should be shot, that the instant a girl-child shows any talent for anything other than minding the baby or making fudge she should be shot on sight. And I still say it. The things that women with careers do to their men is murder. Now, Ham is all right. He is with Rockwell O'Keefe, agents. He is on his way, his own way. And he is so generous of spirit, so considerate, so completely without mean rancors or jealousies that we are all right. We've no worries now.

BUT THE wedding! That story must be told! When Ham first came out, in 1932, it all started as a rib, one of those wholly in earnest and partly in fun ribs. He'd say to me, over a soda fountain at Hollywood and Vine or wherever we happened to be, 'I think we ought to be married while I'm here,' and I'd say, 'Oh, I think that would be sort of silly!'

"We had a cottage at Zuma Beach that summer, Ruthie and Bobbie and I. Ham stayed with us and the day would be punctuated with our dotty dialogue. Ham: 'I think we should be married.' Bette: 'If you get a job here I'll think about it.' One bright morning Ham said, 'I think we'll get married today.' And I said, 'Don't be ridiculous.'

Mother took me upstairs that morning and told me I'd better stop my nonsense, that if I didn't marry Ham the chances were that he'd go away, feel too discouraged and not come back again. And then I'd be sorry. I knew how sorry. I knew how right she was. Characteristically, I didn't admit it, then.

"That night Ham drove us back to the Hollywood house. He said, 'You're going to marry me tonight.' I said, 'I am not!' He'd repeat, 'tonight' and I'd say, 'Weelll . . .' My young cousin, who was staying with us, told me that when I'd say, 'Weelll,' he'd get up and dress and when I said, 'I am not,' he'd undress and go back to bed again and that he kept that up for hours.

"Finally, close to midnight I said, 'Well' for the last time. And, with the endurance of all concerned at the breaking point, we set out for Yuma, Arizona, two carloads of us. Mother, my aunt and cousin, Bobbie, two dogs, Ham and I. Quite a nice little group!

"Came dawn and we were still a hundred miles from Yuma, which was hundreds of miles more than we had thought. The thermometer registered 107 in the shade! Ham and I hadn't spoken one word the whole way. It was on the tip of my tongue to say, 'This is horrible, I won't go on.' Ruthie stopped me. She sensed the furies boiling and said, 'Let's not go on.' Which was, of course, the one divinely inspired thing to say. For the mule in me immediately gave a back-kick of the heels and told Ham to step on the gas.

"We arrived in Yuma. Everyone was soaked to the skin. We managed to get three hotel rooms. We all took baths and sat around draped in the counterpanes while our wet rags dried. Ham had to go out and get a new shirt and a wedding ring. I kept muttering, 'This is *so* awful it's funny!'

"When I was asked whether this was my first marriage, I said, 'My third.' That got back to the studio!

"We were married in the house of a Methodist minister. The two poodles washed themselves all through the ceremony. I wore a beige two-piece street dress which resembled the sands of the Arizona desert after the rain it never gets, brown accessories, and two limp gardenias. I kept thinking of the picture I'd always had of myself as a bride, dewy and divine in white satin and orange blossoms, coming up a white ribboned aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn, looking too divine.

"We then drove back to Hollywood. The next day I had to be at the Santa Barbara fiesta, a promise to the studio. We spent a hot, exhausted day fiesta-ing while I kept up a running monologue to myself of 'This isn't the way a wedding should be, this is revolting, this is perfectly horrible.'

"In October I had an appendectomy. We stayed at the beach for a time and Ham would drive me to the studio every morning, starting at five A. M. And would sit in my dressing room all day long, waiting to drive me home again. And I had plenty of qualms and fears that my first fears for him would come true. Now, it's all right. It's all adjusted, beautifully."

Bette went on with her "endless chain." She made "Bureau of Missing Persons," "Fashion Follies of 1934," "Fog Over Frisco," "Housewife." In 1934 she was loaned to RKO-Radio and made "Of Human Bondage" with Leslie Howard. "That picture," Bette says, "was the first honest-to-God rung." She had high hopes of what that picture would mean to her, the difference it would make. The hopes faltered. The difference didn't come true. She made "Bordertown" and "The Girl from 10th Avenue," "Front Page Woman," "Special Agent." She made "Dangerous" and won the Academy Award, but the Award was, actually, for "Bondage." It was righting a wrong which, because of politics and deferred judgments, was done her when the Award did not go to her for "Bondage." She made "Petrified Forest" and "Satan Met a Lady" and "Golden Arrow" and others. And she was tired and tense and discouraged.



She works a good racquet, does Bette, but only on the tennis court. Here she is, all set for a fast game on the court at her Hollywood home.

And then she went away. She went abroad, for the first time in her life. She travelled. And, in England, she brought suit against Warner Brothers, seeking freedom from what she felt to be the bondage of her old, original Hollywood contract.

Bette lost the case, a case so headlined as to be familiar to everyone. But she is not sorry that she did what she did. She said, "I was in such a state of mind that I couldn't be a good sport about it any longer."

Bette did not make money an issue. The issues were the parts she played. She wanted the right to be loaned out once a year when, and as, particularly fine parts were offered her. She wanted time between pictures, a chance to rest, to travel, to refresh and refuel her used-up emotions and energies.

She lost. But she had, perhaps, the satisfaction which comes from striking out, even though the blows hit blank, unyielding walls. It was so much out of her pent-up system. It was relief from tension. And she felt better that she'd done it.

She came back and made "Marked Woman," "Kid Galahad," "That Certain Woman," "It's Love I'm After." She enjoyed the last two especially. She was pleased to be playing again with Leslie Howard. She was pleased that the studio got Henry Fonda to play opposite her in "That Certain Woman," a concession and a generous gesture since they don't customarily, borrow players. She was pleased because the two pictures offered a balanced diversity of characterization.

She is now, at least, content. She has made up her disciplined mind to be content. The Powers That Be have been, she says, completely charming to her since she came back. The victors are generous in their victory as the loser is gallant in defeat.

Bette, who, from the days of her childhood, has always been able to accept finality, accepts finality now.

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"It keeps skin faults away more surely"
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It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."

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For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!



Eleanor K. Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."



Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.



(*Right*) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

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FOODS TO THE

By

MARJORIE

DEEN



Cocosticks built into a little house are an interesting Thanksgiving table decoration. They're simple to make and delicious to eat.

Courtesy Borden's

THERE IS no doubt that, from a culinary point of view, the most interesting day of the entire year is Thanksgiving—when foods come to the fore to receive a greater degree of interest than is accorded them at any other time.

So I was naturally delighted when Spring Byington—that attractive screen player, who so charmingly enacts the mother in pictures about The Jones Family—discussed her Thanksgiving plans with me and gave me some of her favorite recipes.

First, we went into the subject of table decorations for this occasion. And I found that, in Miss Byington's opinion, no table decorations could possibly be more attractive than the foods themselves, particularly the turkey surrounded by other delicacies in colorful array!

In describing the dishes she suggested, we'll omit the first course and start right off with the main event. "Let's talk turkey immediately," was the way she put it.

Both of us favored a light, dry bread stuffing rather than a solid, moist one. In outlining the rest of her menu, Miss Byington suggested many unusual ideas, several of which are given here in recipe form. Not too unusual, mind you, for there are certain traditional features which none would wish to omit. But a new dish is always good.

The bird and the stuffing we have already mentioned, and a giblet gravy accompaniment can also be taken for granted by us all. Cranberries are also sure to be included on every menu. This year why not try Cranberry Sherbet, for a welcome change? Its novelty will carry the day and it will make a particular hit with the younger fry who like ices of all sorts.

FEW youngsters should go in for rich pies and puddings. So why not make them up a batch of Cocosticks, which you see illustrated here? You'll find the recipe easy to follow and the results will delight old and young alike.

Maple Marshmallow Sweet Potatoes came up next for discussion. But, why discuss them? Nothing I can tell you could do full justice to this dressy dish, so I'll just give you the recipe.

Many people like squash served as a vegetable on Thanksgiving. Others who use squash for their pie, prefer to omit it as a main course feature. Here is a healthful and simple recipe, and also recipes for several other members of the supporting cast of tempting foods that appear on the same feature program with this popular poultry star. Read them carefully and if you try them out we'll be willing to wager you won't be disappointed.

BAKED SQUASH

Scrub a three- to four-pound winter squash. Place whole on a rack and bake in moderate oven until it is soft and can be easily pricked with a fork. Cut in half, peel and remove seeds and strings. Mash the pulp and for each cup of squash add 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and a light dash of ginger. Moisten with cream to the desired consistency, beating until light. Place in hot serving dish and sprinkle generously with seedless raisins and a few chopped nuts.

CRANBERRY SHERBET

3 cups cranberries
2 cups boiling water
2 cups sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons gelatin
½ cup cold water

Pick over and wash cranberries. Drain, add boiling water and cook until berries are soft. Force through a sieve or food mill. Add sugar, lemon juice and salt. Bring to a boil, remove from heat and add gelatin which has soaked for 5 minutes in the cold water. Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator and freeze quickly. Or pack in ice and salt in ice cream freezer for several hours. Stirring is not necessary.

FORE!

COCOSTICKS

⅔ cup sweetened condensed milk
1 tablespoon cocoa
7 slices day old bread
½ cup finely shredded cocoanut

Thoroughly blend sweetened condensed milk and cocoa. Remove crusts from 1-inch thick slices of bread and cut each slice crosswise into 1-inch strips. Cover bread sticks on all sides with cocoanut mixture, then roll in cocoanut. Place on greased cookie sheet and brown lightly.

These sticks taste like cocoanut-frosted chocolate angel cake. As a Thanksgiving table decoration, they can be built into a little house, as shown in the illustration.

MAPLE MARSHMALLOW SWEET POTATOES

2 cups mashed sweet potatoes
2 tablespoons evaporated milk
¼ cup melted butter
⅓ cup maple flavored syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
10 marshmallows

Mash cooked, peeled sweet potatoes until free of all lumps. Putting them through a ricer makes it easier. Add evaporated milk, butter, syrup and salt. Beat together thoroughly. Pile lightly into buttered casserole. Cut marshmallows in halves and place on top of potatoes, cut side down. Cook in moderate oven (375°F.) until marshmallows are brown.

TURKEY STUFFING

(10 pound turkey)
1½ small loaves day old bread
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
2 small white onions, minced fine
1 cup butter
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon minced parsley

Pick bread, crusts and all, into small pieces. Add salt, pepper, poultry seasoning and minced onions. Melt butter in large frying pan. Add bread mixture and cook gently until thoroughly blended and a very light golden brown. Add water gradually, blending well. Remove from heat, add minced parsley.



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*WORRIED ABOUT RISING FOOD COSTS?

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You can't fool friend husband! He knows Franco-American the minute he tastes it. So do the children. In two mouthfuls, *they* can tell the difference between Franco-American and *any* other ready-cooked spaghetti. And they never seem to get tired of that marvelous Franco-American flavor!

Use it as a delicious main dish—it's packed with nourishment. Or combine it with leftovers to make the third day on a leg of lamb, for example, taste like the prize creation of a French chef. Send for that helpful free recipe book that gives *thirty* appetizing ways in which to use Franco-American. And stock up at your grocer's today. It usually costs only 10¢ a can—less than 3¢ a portion.

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Please send me your free recipe book:
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Germs just scram when I get my Mennen Oil Rub!

"Boy, do I feel grand and SAFE after my daily body-rub with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. You bet I do! 'Cause germs just hate it. When I was born my doctor said, 'I want this future president kept safe . . . so rub him daily with Mennen Antiseptic Oil.' That's just what they've done. And you ought to see my skin; I don't know when I've had a rash or sore spot on it. What's that? You want to keep *your* baby's skin safe from germs, too? Then take a tip from me—rub him every day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil!"

Nine-tenths of all the hospitals important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies every day. Your baby deserves it, too!

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL

Most hospitals rub their babies with it daily





Wayne Morris (First printing. Number of requests 370.) Here is a boy who has gotten the breaks, and he's made the most of them. Born right in the heart of Los Angeles, he attended school and junior college in California, then joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse School. He appeared in numerous plays, the most successful of which was "Yellowjack." In this a Warner Brothers talent scout saw him and he was given a contract with that studio. His present ambition is to become a successful screen star, and if that doesn't work out then he'd just as soon be a salesman. At the present writing he is gaining in popularity by the day, but as yet he has no business manager and no secretary. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs a hundred and ninety pounds, has blue eyes and blond hair and is an all-around he-man. His first really big movie role was the prize-fighter in "Kid Galahad." He owns a pet police dog, hopes some day to have a stable of horses and a beach house, and his hobby is keeping a scrapbook.

Jeanette MacDonald (Last printed May, 1937. Total number of requests since then 653.) It's hard to believe that the breathtakingly beautiful Jeanette of today was ever scrawny and freckled, with teeth too wide apart and legs like pipestems. But it's true. In addition to these very definite handicaps, however, the young MacDonald girl possessed a will of iron, indomitable courage and an heroic ambition to succeed. At the tender age of three she stood all alone in a large Presbyterian church in Philadelphia and sang the difficult hymn, "There Will Be Glory for Me." As she grew older, girls made fun of her and mocked her for this defect or that one. Jeanette took it on the chin. And she fought back. She exercised with spartan endurance. Followed a rigid diet and before anyone realized it there developed from the fourteen-year-old ugly duckling of 1914 the beautiful, golden Jeanette of today. While still little more than a child, she danced with Ann Pennington and others in Philadelphia theatres and then entered the lists of Ned Wayburn's chorus girls. It was her vivacious interpretation of the title role of "Yes, Yes, Yvette" that won her her first important recognition. After that, her career shot upwards like a rocket, carrying her to the very pinnacle of success in Hollywood. Her most outstanding pictures have been made with Nelson Eddy, but Mr. Eddy did not win her heart in real life. It was Gene Raymond who, this past June, marched Jeanette down the aisle in one of Hollywood's most spectacular wedding ceremonies. Her current picture is "The Firefly," with Allan Jones.



Robert Kent (Last printed January, 1937. Total number of requests since then 377.) One of Hollywood's rising young men, of whom big things are expected during the coming year, Robert Kent has been an able seaman, a prizefighter, a farm hand, a bank messenger, a riding master and a professional model during the course of his career. His father died when he was six years old, leaving his mother the sole responsibility of fitting her son for the years to come. She managed to make enough money to send him through a Brooklyn high school. After that he was on his own and moved from job to job, not as a drifter, but as a seeker. It was his modelling job, acquired because of his six-foot-out-of-door physique, that really began his theatrical career. He became acquainted with a group of players who called themselves the Brooklyn Neighborhood Theatre and they gave Kent a role in "King Lear." Right then and there he knew where his future lay and he went after it hammer and tongs. From one small stage role to another, he finally landed himself a contract with Paramount. He found, however, that a contract didn't necessarily mean you worked in pictures, so he tore it up and went back to the stage to appear in "Kind Lady," with May Robson. Darryl Zanuck saw him in this one and he was signed by 20th Century-Fox, where he has made a number of successful pictures and where he still hangs his hat. Rest assured you'll be seeing a lot of Mr. K. during the coming picture season.



If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or, if that seems too much trouble, just write. Your request will be recorded whether you bother with the coupon or not, as that is the only gauge we have in rating the stars each month. Try to save yourself two cents by using postcards whenever possible.

We answer general questions, too, in these columns, so if you want to know anything at all about anything at all pertaining to the movies, fire away, we're listening. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Put your favorite movie star at the top of the barometer—send your requests today!

Josephine Mazur, New Kensington, Pa. You lose. Jack Haley did not sing in "Wake Up and Live." The vocalizing was done by Buddy Clark. Alice Faye's latest picture is "In Old Chicago," with Tyrone Power and Don Ameche.

N. Gaddis Heller, Rumson, N. J. Errol Flynn's latest picture is "The Perfect Specimen." Joan Blondell plays opposite him.

A. Rothenberger, Orchard Park, N. Y. Tyrone Power is the son of the late Tyrone Sr., and was not adopted. He has one sister.

R. W. Marshall, Excelsior Springs, Mo. Address your request for pictures of the Mauch twins to Warner Brothers, Burbank, California. Enclose twenty-five cents for each photograph desired. Address Freddie Bartholomew, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California.

Rhoda Newman, Brooklyn, N. Y. Judy Garland is thirteen years old, is four feet eleven inches tall and weighs ninety-five pounds. Ray Milland is married to a non-professional.

Willette Stasik, Duquesne, Pa. The young man you refer to, who played the role of Dick Grovernor in "Stella Dallas," is Tim Holt. He is the son of Jack Holt and has just been signed to a contract by Walter Wanger. Address him Walter Wanger Productions, United Artists, Hollywood, California.

Ida Blanche Stage, Chattanooga, Tenn. At this writing Sonja Henie is still number one girl with Tyrone Power, so don't believe those rumors about Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, etc.

Jane Snow, New Rochelle, N. Y. Errol Flynn is twenty-eight years old.

Janet Vermillion, Washington, D. C. Write Nelson Eddy care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California.

Mrs. L. Anderson, Milwaukee, Wis. Carol Hughes is the girl who played opposite Joe E. Brown in "The Earthworm Tractor."

Sylvia Plachinski, Cudahy, Wis. It would seem you like Myrna Loy! Well, here goes: She has dark red hair, has a stand-in and is now settled in her new home in Cold Water Canyon. She married Arthur Hornblow in 1936. The question as to salary we are unable to answer.

(*Continued on page 98*)

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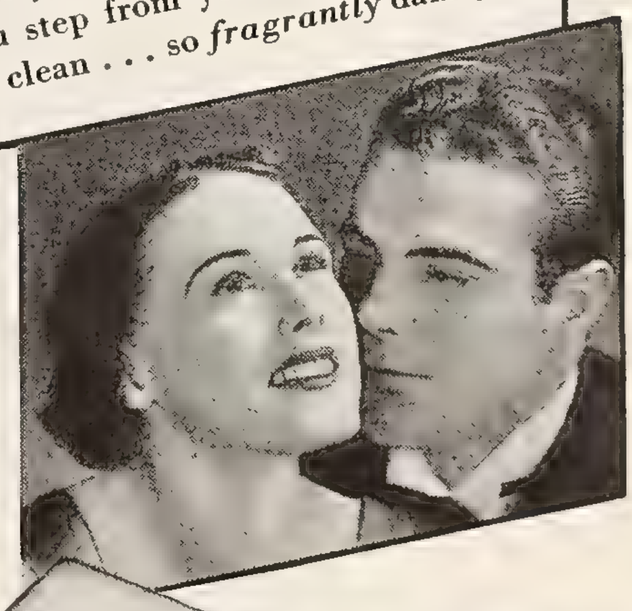


BE FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

That's the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes so completely every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so *fragrantly* dainty!

HOW GLAMOROUS YOU ARE!

And how much more *alluring*—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet's subtle perfume lingers for hours . . . gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!



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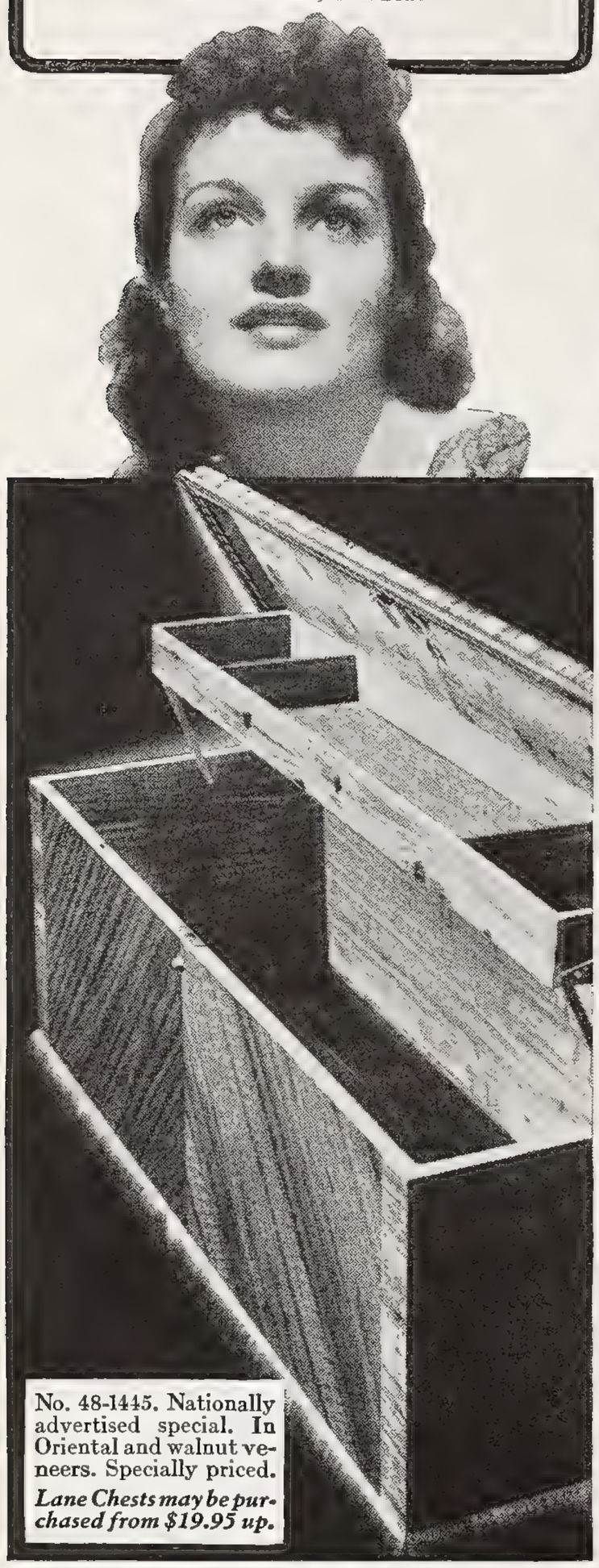
Use this pure, creamy-white soap for both your face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets down into each pore—removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Your skin grows clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!



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Fans, have your say—and win cash prizes for your letters. Try your luck!



If Ginger Rogers wants to go dramatic or stand on her head, her fans will back her up.

$5.00 Prize Letter

G—W—T—W—

They're having trouble casting Miss Mitchell's famous hit—
I'll have to take my pen in hand and help them out a bit.
Now, first there's Walter Connolly—I choose him for O'Hara—
Who so right as Walter for the bouncing Squire of Tara?
I'd have the little Allan girl for Ashley's gentle wife;
Poor Ashley couldn't be miscast more than he was in life.
And Ronald Colman I would cast to play the part of Rhett;
Of course, he's not a Southerner—he's English born—and yet
How eloquent his silences—his speech, oh, how laconic,
And, oh, this Englishman can be so terribly sardonic!
But Scarlett, no, I can't cast her—the soulless little harlot;
I hope no woman ever lived who fits the part of Scarlett!
—Caroline Lawson, Oshkosh, Wis.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Chastising the Chatterers

Somebody invariably shrieks, "Look out, Bob!" when some new, cute-looking youth crashes the local theatre's screen. Any minute you'd expect Robert Taylor to be shoved right off the screen for keeps. The endless stream of chatterers who are willing to bet most anything that Bob's downfall will be greater and much more rapid than his quick rise, must expect more than a million admirers to suddenly forget that there ever was a Robert Taylor and start ranting about a new rising star whose career is anything but stable at present.

I can't find anything anywhere that gives definite proof that Bob is waning in box office or fan mail pull. Yes, new boys are headed for the top at a steady pace, but they have done that ever since Adam.

The screen needs a variety of new personalities. The new ones will eventually take their places, but just as Fredric March said in "A Star Is Born," they will be ready for their curtain when the time comes. Until that happens, my guess is that Taylor won't grow grey hair over "threatening" males.—Gordon Blackwell, Orlando, Fla.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Battle Royal

Back in seventeen seventy-six,
This country was in a terrible fix,
The Red-coats and farmers were having their fights,
But now look at the Taylor and Tyroneites.

Across the country is raging a battle,
That can be heard from Savannah to Seattle.
From the young school girl to the old schoolmarm
Pour indignant letters filled with alarm
Over some snippy, uncultured flirt
Who had actually dared to assert
That handsome, sparkling Tyrone Power
Made Taylor look like a wilted flower,
And ardent fans had better not go
When Taylor was advertised at the show.

**WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE**

Make your letter or poem brief, and say your little say. This is an open forum, written by the fans, and for them.

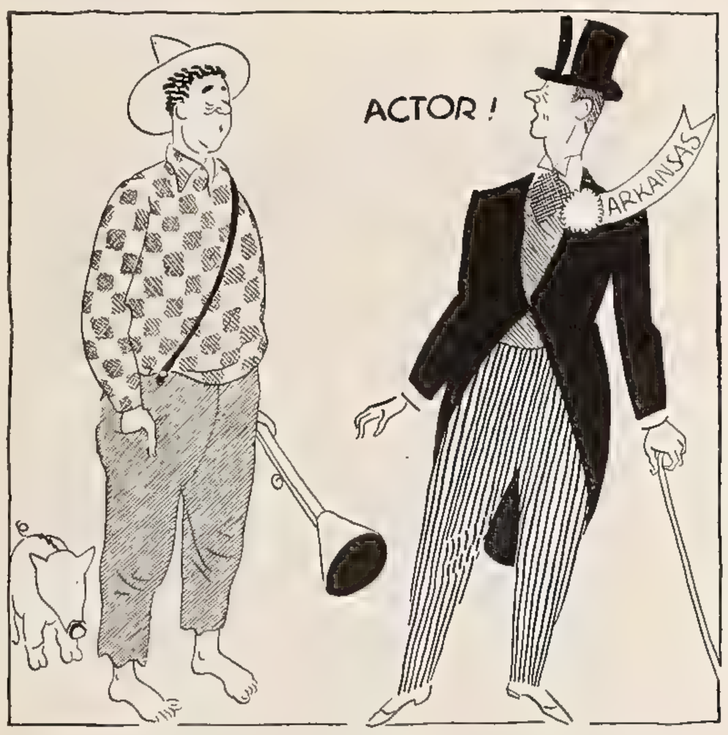
These letters must be absolutely original! Don't copy or adapt letters from those already published. This constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Until now, it hasn't been necessary for Modern Screen to bring this to your attention, but recently two of our contributors have been guilty of plagiarism. We hope this warning will put an end to any further unpleasantness.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

'N' ME

For it simply couldn't be a wow
With an actor (?) like S. Arlington
Brugh.

Oh, Robert is handsome and full of wit,
All this and more I'm compelled to admit,



An Arkansan's candid opinion of Bob Burns is more bitter than 'tis sweet.

But what wouldn't I give for one measly
hour
With a charming chap by the name of
Power!

—Jeanne L. Stark, St. Louis, Mo.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Patriotism or Temper

You may call this a letter of patriotism, criticism, or an outburst of temper. I call it another Arkansawyer's candid opinion of Bob Burns!

It seems as if Arkansas is one of the most ridiculed states in the Union, and I fail to see why, as would anyone who would care to investigate our state's history.

I think vigorously, savagely and furiously that the antics and so-called witticisms of Mr. Burns are nothing short of treason to our state. That anyone would poke fun at and make his state the goat of so many ignorant jibes is unthinkable. To become famous by making humorous films about the hospitable, loyal and intelligent people who claim Arkansas as their beloved home is not only very unjust but also dishonorable.

Bob Burns may be world-famous, but a few more pictures similar to "Mountain Music" will only increase the hostile feelings of his native friends. I'm from Arkansas and proud of it, and I don't see why Bob Burns shouldn't be, too.—Grayce Higginbotham, Nettleton, Ark.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Backing Up Ginger

If Ginger Rogers wants to go dramatic, I'm here to back her up. I would very much like to see her in some more non-musical roles again. Remember that splendid detective film, "Star of Midnight," that she made with William Powell and those hilarious comedy sequences? And, too, that film she whipped up with Lyle Talbot called "A Shriek in the Night?" It mightn't have been an epic, but it had what every film needs—entertainment. I'm waiting for "Stage Door," for I have faith that Ginger will outshine Katharine Hepburn.

Now, don't get me wrong. My liking for the Astaire and Rogers team hasn't chilled. But I would like to see Ginger a versatile actress. Look at Irene Dunne. She switched from a musical, "Showboat," to comedy, "Theodora Goes Wild," and did a swell dramatic job in "Magnificent Obsession." So why can't Ginger Rogers? Please let her strut her stuff with Mr. Astaire and without him. Ginger's fans will back her up!—Josephine Crutcher, So. Boca Grande, Fla.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Those Misplaced Eyebrows

Something ought to be done about those slim-looking mustaches appearing on the upper lips of such movie personages as Errol Flynn, Clark Gable and Don Ameche. A real honest-to-goodness mustache lends quite an air to a certain sophisticated type of face or can (so I'm told) cover a defective mouth or a weak one. But these misplaced eyebrows do nothing but annoy.

As far as good looks go, the Messrs. Flynn, Gable and Ameche have nothing to hide, so why in Heaven's name they have affected these awful things is a mystery to me. What are they trying to do—look like Jack Oakie?—Dorothy Reilly, Pelham, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 92*)



No Fumble...
No Jumble...
No Grumble!



200 sheet KLEENEX now 2 for 25c
. . . The handy size for every room
KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

FOR BED AND BRIDGE

Smart knits for day or night



2476—This is called the Tab Dress, and it isn't difficult to see why.

THE trend in hand knits has definitely turned to one-piece dresses, particularly in designs as chic as the Tab Dress. You will always feel at your best in the smooth, smart lines of this dress, which will give you that new "poured in" look. And it's as easy to make as it is smart.

Plan to make two or three cozy bed sacques for Christmas gifts, besides the several you'll want for yourself. This stunning coatee is made with a new gadget on which innumerable charming shapes, in eight different sizes, can be woven simply by winding the yarn around two metal disks that are adjustable. The coupon below will bring you free instructions for both garments.



1309—New and flattering are the flower-shaped designs of this bed jacket. A grand Christmas gift, incidentally.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me,

Knitting directions for 2476.....

Crocheting directions for 1309.....

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name

Street

City.....State.....

(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)



Loretta Young may look cute from here, but that hat didn't set well a-tall with the customers who sat back of it at the tennis matches. However, L. Y. serenely enjoyed the game with lid clamped firmly on dome.

Good News

(*Continued from page 17*)

Don't be surprised if Carole Lombard changes her name to Mrs. Clark Gable shortly after the Gable divorce becomes final. There has been no particular evidence of forthcoming wedding bells until the other day. We ran into a chap who just sold them a lot, which they bought jointly, out in Brentwood Highlands.

■ ■ ■

Joan Fontaine, blonde sister of Olivia De Havilland, got a break when she was given the role opposite Fred Astaire in "Damsel in Distress." And so did a little extra girl on the lot, although the studio hasn't publicized it. The extra gal doubled for Joan in all the dances. Doubles don't get much credit, but this one drew down a hundred dollars a week for floating about in the arms of Astaire.

■ ■ ■

One of the tragedies of Hollywood is that a star can't afford much publicity of the wrong type. Often, when a player is being maligned in the public prints, there are other angles to the case which the reader never knows about. Such, according to those close to it, is the situation with George Brent. Since he lost his recent suit for annulment of his marriage to Constance Worth, Brent has been stamped as a villain by thousands of letters to the studio. Yet, people who know the couple say that if the whole truth could be aired, Mr. B. would appear in an entirely different light.

■ ■ ■

Know who's sleeping in Garbo's bed these days? Jack Oakie, of all people. The Oakies recently moved into Garbo's most recently vacated home, and Oakie is enjoy-

(*Continued on page* 101)

Chapped Rough Hands soon Girlishly Soft and Smooth



ARE YOUR HANDS losing their softness, their look of youth—because water, wind and cold have dried out the skin? Don't let this happen. Jergens quickly replaces moisture, because it *goes into the skin*—and goes in *more effectively* than other lotions tested.



then Happiness for TWO

YOUNG HANDS are adorable! Soft and smooth! How much older your hands look when you let the skin get rough and dry.

Simple exposure to wind or cold—or even the use of water—will take away youth-giving moisture from your hand skin. Then it's like old skin—harsh, likely to crack—not nice to touch.

Turn to Jergens Lotion for help. Jergens restores moisture to your skin because it *soaks in*. Of all lotions tested, Jergens proved to go in the best. You remember—it never feels sticky. Those two famous ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to smooth and whiten rough, chapped skin. Even one application softens amazingly!

Romance usually comes to girls with charming hands. So don't delay. Get Jergens Lotion today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 for the big economy size—at any drug, department, or 10¢ store.

• WALTER WINCHELL broadcasts every Sunday night—NBC Blue Network—Coast-to-Coast. Listen in!

JERGENS LOTION



FREE! Purse-Size Bottle of Jergens

Convince yourself—entirely free—how quickly Jergens *goes in*—softens rough harsh hands.

MAIL THIS COUPON, NOW

Andrew Jergens Co., 1636 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada, Perth, Ontario.)

I do want to try Jergens Lotion. Please send my purse-size—*free*.

Name _____

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WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

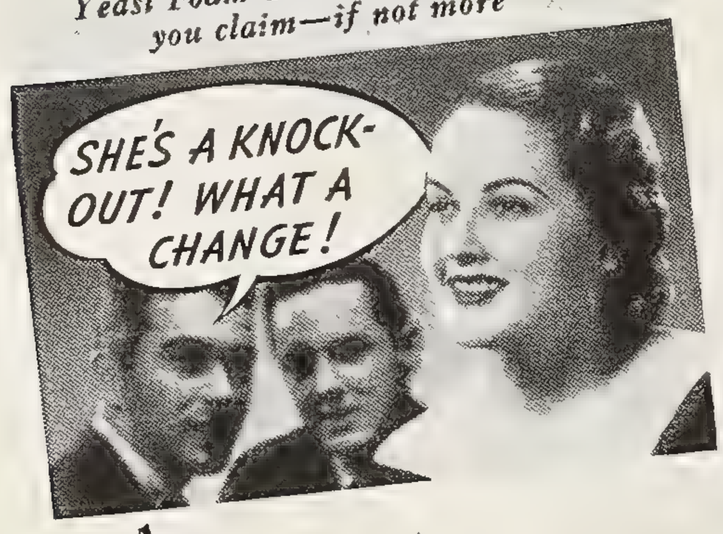
"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"



"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them, and soon began to see results."



"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more"



ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then heed this story! It's the actual experience of a grateful user of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
*Angel (Paramount)	2★
Angel's Holiday (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Armored Car (Universal)	1★
Artists and Models (Paramount)	3★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star Is Born (United Artists)	4★
Back in Circulation (Warners)	2★
Bad Guy (M-G-M)	2★
Bank Alarm (Grand National)	2½★
Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
Between Two Women (M-G-M)	2★
Big Business (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Big City (M-G-M)	2½★
The Big Shot (RKO)	1★
Blonde Trouble (Paramount)	2½★
Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Born Reckless (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*The Bride Wore Red (M-G-M)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1938 (M-G-M)	3★
Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (Paramount)	1★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan on Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Confession (Warners)	2★
Crusade Against Rackets (Principal)	2★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
*Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Day at the Races (M-G-M)	3½★
The Devil Is Driving (Columbia)	2½★
Dangerous Holiday (Republic)	1½★
Dark Journey (United Artists)	3★
Dead End (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Double or Nothing (Paramount)	2★
*Double Wedding (M-G-M)	3★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Easy Living (Paramount)	2½★
*Ebb-Tide (Paramount)	2★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
The Emperor's Candlesticks (M-G-M)	3★
Exclusive (Paramount)	2½★
Ever Since Eve (Warners)	1★
*Fight For Your Lady (RKO)	2★
A Fight to the Finish (Columbia)	1★
The Firefly (M-G-M)	3★
*First Lady (Warners)	3★
Flight from Glory (RKO)	2★
Fly-Away Baby (Warners)	2½★
Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Forty Naughty Girls (RKO)	2★
Frame-Up (Columbia)	2★
Gangway (GB)	2½★
The Girl from Scotland Yard (Paramount)	2★
The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
The Gold Racket (Grand National)	2★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Soak (M-G-M)	2½★
The Great Gambini (Paramount)	1★
*The Great Garrick (Warners)	3★
The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
High, Wide and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
*Hot Water (20th Century-Fox)	1★
I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	3½★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
It Can't Last Forever (Columbia)	1½★
It Could Happen to You (Republic)	1★
*It's All Yours (Columbia)	2★
*It's Love I'm After (Warners)	3★
Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
Kid Galahad (Warners)	3½★
King of Gamblers (Paramount)	2★
King Solomon's Mines (GB)	2★
Knight Without Armor (United Artists)	3½★
The Last Train from Madrid (Paramount)	2½★
The League of Frightened Men (Columbia)	2★
Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
The Life of Emile Zola (Warners)	4★
The Life of the Party (RKO)	1★
London by Night (M-G-M)	2★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
*Love Is on the Air (Warners)	1★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love in a Bungalow (Universal)	2★
Love Under Fire (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Make a Wish (RKO)	2½★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	2½★
Marry the Girl (Warners)	1½★
Mayerling (Nero)	4★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★
Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Madonna (Paramount)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Mr. Dodd Takes the Air (Warners)	2★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★
Mountain Music (Paramount)	2★
*Music for Madame (RKO)	2★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	2★
Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1½★
One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
On Again—Off Again (RKO)	1★
100 Men and a Girl (Universal)	4★
On Such a Night (Paramount)	1★
Ourselves Alone (GB)	2½★
Outcasts of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Parnell (M-G-M)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
*The Perfect Specimen (Warners)	3★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
Prisoner of Zenda (Selznick-International)	4★
Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Reported Missing (Universal)	2★
Riding on Air	2½★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Roaring Timber (Columbia)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
San Quentin (Warners)	2½★
Saratoga (M-G-M)	3★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance (RKO)	3★
*The Sheik Steps Out (Republic)	1★
She's No Lady (Paramount)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing and Be Happy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Singing Marine (Warners)	3★
Slave Ship (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Slim (Warners)	3★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
Something to Sing About (Grand National)	2½★
Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Sophie Lang Goes West (Paramount)	2½★
Souls at Sea (Paramount)	3★
*Stage Door (RKO)	4★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO)	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Sweetheart of the Navy (Grand National)	1★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
Talent Scout (Warners)	1★
That Certain Woman (Warners)	2★
That I May Live (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
*This Way, Please (Paramount)	1★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Toast of New York (RKO)	3★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Topper (Hal Roach)	3★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Under the Red Robe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
*Victoria the Great (RKO)	3★
Vogues of 1938 (Walter Wanger)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
When Love is Young (Universal)	3★
When Thief Meets Thief (United Artists)	2★
White Bondage (Warners)	1★
*Wife, Doctor and Nurse (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wildcatter (Universal)	2★
Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wings Over Honolulu (Universal)	2½★
Woman Chases Man (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
You Can't Beat Love (RKO)	1★
You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

A Letter from Shirley

(*Continued from page* 33)

stick him in his little tummy, but he never says a word and he feels all right, so I guess they don't. Maybe he chews the points off before he swallows them. I certainly hope so.

THEN Spunky, my Shetland pony, he eats dog biscuits. Did you ever hear of a pony eating dog biscuits? D'you suppose he thinks he's a dog? It's just terrible because, no matter how many biscuits you give him, he always wants more, and he steals them away from the poor little dogs. And then Red, he's the parrot, he tries to steal his meat. Red is just a crazy bird. He's always having arguments with my dogs, he tries to chase them away from the pans when they have their dinner, and he squawks and squawks and they bark and bark, and there's plenty of racket, I can tell you. Red just argues with anybody. I guess he's a born arguer, he walks up and down the wall and talks to the horses. And when the horses don't pay attention, he drops his bowl of food with an awful bang and he yells, "Fire, fire, shut the door." He thinks he's scaring somebody, but shucks, we all know Red, we just let him yell.

I wish you could see Spunky, though. He's the darlingest pony, he knows all kinds of tricks. He can bow, and he can kneel, and he can roll over and lie down. I mean, if he wants to, he can, but Spunky likes to tease you. Sometimes I want to show people how cute he is, and I say "Bow, Spunky," and he just kind of squats down and looks at me. And he won't even budge, no matter how many times you ask him, and you can give him sugar and everything, and he just looks at you. Then if you go quietly away and peek around the corner, there's Spunky bowing and kneeling and rolling over all by himself, and kind of laughing out of the corner of his eye. I guess he likes jokes, too.

I don't know if it's more fun at home or the studio. At home I have a red and white playroom, because red is my favorite color. I wanted my bedroom to be red, too, but Mommy said blue is more restfuler, so I said all right, because I like blue, too. But red is my favorite. What's yours? I read in my playroom, and at night Mommy reads to me in bed. She's just reading me "Tom Sawyer." Isn't that a beautiful book? I love the Bible stories, too, especially the one about Lazarus. I don't know why, I just like it best.

ONCE in a while I do something I think is fun, but Mommy doesn't. Like one day I thought I'd have a pie factory, so I baked some pies out of sawdust and mud and I made a sign, "Shirley's Pie Factory," and I stood outside the gate and I yelled, "Wanta buy a pie? Wanta buy a pie?" And all the cars stopped and bought my pies. One lady wanted to send it back to where she lived, Cincinutti or something, but I told her it wouldn't keep, so she said she'd put it in a bottle. I made twenty-seven cents, that's quite a lot for mudpies, but then Mommy found me and thought I better stop.

The lady says I can tell anything I like, so I'd like to tell about Honolulu. I was just there not long ago, when I had my vacation When you have your vacation I hope you go there, too, because they have beautiful flowers and a nice long ride on a boat and little brown babies and flying fish. At first you think they're birds, but they're



Consult a Doctor *instead of a* Lawyer

The simple "Lysol" method of feminine hygiene has ended many a "misunderstanding"

MANY a neglected wife would get a happier solution of her problem, if she consulted a doctor instead of a lawyer. For very often, a husband's neglect arises from a wife's failure to keep herself immaculately, *intimately* clean.

Are *you* sure you haven't been guilty of carelessness in your own personal hygiene? You may not be aware of this offense. Yet it may be intolerable to others; particularly to your husband. Better learn about "Lysol".

Too many women fail in this matter of personal daintiness. If the truth were known, "incompatibility" often means *ignorance of correct feminine hygienic measures for cleanliness.*

Ask *your* doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years "Lysol" has been recommended by many doctors, and used by countless women, for antiseptic feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is widely used by the medical and nursing professions, for exacting antiseptic needs. There are many valuable personal and household uses for "Lysol", and every druggist carries it.

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC..."Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions ...effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.



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FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

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Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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"A dash and a lilt—a fresh, wake-you-up taste that's deliciously smooth and lasting. Beeman's flavor exactly suits me! And that ingenious airtight package keeps it right at the high pitch of fresh perfection."



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Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION

not birds at all. They come right out of the waves with their little silver stomachs, and then bing! they go in again, and they don't even make the teeniest splash.

The first time you go to Honolulu, you're *malahini*—that means stranger, because you never were there before. If you go again, you're *kamaaina*—that means you stopped being a stranger and belong there. This time I was *kamaaina.* They have nice words in Honolulu, but I'm certainly glad I don't have to spell them.

All the people came on the boat and they sang *Aloha.* It means, "How are you, we're glad to see you, welcome." And they sang "The Good Ship Lollypop," too. That was a song in a picture with my friend, Jimmy Dunn. And oh my! the leis. Everybody gives you leis. Mine were mostly *pikaki* leis, they look like popcorn but they smell even nicer. I had so many, they stuck off my arms and shoulders, and the only thing was I didn't have room to carry my boy doll, Jimmy. It was all right, except he'd rather have me carry him. But when I saw him in the hotel, what do you think? He had a lei, too, so I guess he didn't mind, because on account of the lei he knew they were glad to see him. That's what it means, you know.

SOME of my friends I met the last time came on the boat. One was Captain Wilson, he belongs to the American Navy. And one was Tai Sing Loo, he takes pictures and he has two little girls my size. One little girl didn't like her name, but she likes Shirley, so now her name is Shirley. I think that's pretty funny. She just said, "I don't like my name, so now I'm Shirley." I guess it's a pretty good thing I like Shirley, because if I said, "I don't like my name, so now I'm Barbara," I don't know if they'd let me change it.

My friend Duke Kahanamoku came, but I call him Duke, because the rest is too long. He's very strong. He's so strong, he carried me down to the dock on his shoulders. I'm pretty heavy all by myself, but being full of leis made me good and heavy, so you can imagine how strong he is. He didn't seem to care any more than if I was a fly, and it was nice riding way up high like that. Then we rode to the hotel, and it was an open car, and people threw leis at us. One hit me right in the nose. I had to laugh, because it was so awfully soft and smelled so very good.

We used to go swimming in a pool, and there was a little girl named June and a little girl named Martha, and a little dog named Bozo. Bozo was a white little dog with black ears and a black tail, and oh my! how he did love to go swimming in the water. He'd just plunk right in and go swimming round and round, with his black ears sticking up. And if you called him, he wouldn't listen. You'd think he was in a race or something, he'd swim so hard. Then he'd jump out and shake all the water off and look around as if he was proud of himself, and we'd say, "Hooray, Bozo, you're almost as good as Duke." He wasn't really, of course, because Duke is a champion, but I guess if there were dog champions, Bozo would certainly be one.

There was an octopus in the aquarium who didn't like me. I don't know why, I never did anything to him. I just put my hands on the glass to see him better, but other people put their hands on the glass, too, and he didn't seem to care, he just floated around. Only when I did it, he ran clear to the back of the tank and he turned white. Honestly he did. He was a gray octopus, and he just turned white, and some ink came running out of him, and then he flew at me. My goodness, I was scared. I forgot about the glass being there and I jumped way back, and then when he didn't see me any more, he turned gray again.

The man who takes care of the aquarium told me to go back, and I did, on account of the glass being there. That's what made me brave. I went back and I said to that old octopus, *"Ni men shih yin' shih shu ni?"* That means in Chinese, "Are we mice or men?" I learned it in "Stowaway," and I say it when anything tries to scare me. But I guess that octopus didn't understand Chinese, because the minute he saw me, he started bouncing round and turning white again. The man said he was frightened, because I didn't have a hat on, and he doesn't like the shine the sun makes on yellow hair. So if you have yellow hair, you better wear a hat when you go to see the octopus in Honolulu. That's all I can tell you. If it's black, you don't have to bother.

WE went across the Pali to see David, my friend I met when I was there two years ago. He has a grass shack to live in and a mat he sleeps on, and a wife and a little baby. He had the shack and the mat before, but the baby is new.

The Pali is a mountain where a king used to throw his enemies over the cliff. Goodness, that's a high cliff. I'm certainly glad I wasn't that king's enemy. There's a nice thing up there, too, it's the Aloha rock. It just looks like a rock, but if you say Aloha to it, you have good luck. Some of the people didn't want to bother getting out of the car, so I had to make them. I didn't want to be a nuisance, but I wanted them to have good luck.

There were some jokes in Honolulu, too. You can find jokes almost everywhere, I guess. F'rinstance, they have an outrigger canoe, and the man said, "It's a Samoan canoe." So I asked him if he was going to canoe some more. I knew it wasn't a some-more-an canoe, I was just pretending, because I thought it was a good joke. I like to laugh. The man laughed, too.

But I wasn't pretending about the night-blooming cereus. It's a flower and it only blooms at night, in the daytime it's all closed up. We went out to see it bloom. When you put your hand inside, it feels so nice and cool. I thought it was a serious kind of flower, but Mommy said no, it was a different kind of cereus, and just a name. That wasn't a joke, it was just not knowing the difference.

Daddy bought me a ukelele, and I learned to play on it a little. I used to say u-kelele, but now I say oo-kelele, because that's how they say it in Honolulu, and it's their word, so they ought to know. I asked the man who gave me lessons what it meant, and it means jumping flea, because your fingers jump around like fleas when you play on it. I learned how to play "My Little Red Opoo"——that's a very funny song, because "opoo" means stomach, and it's all about a *malahini* who doesn't know how hot the sun is in Honolulu, so he lies on the beach and gets his poor little stomach all red and sunburned. I guess it wouldn't be so funny if it really happened, but it's only a song.

When we went away, they sang *Aloha* again. It means hello, but it means goodbye, too, and we like you, and we hope you'll come back some time. I never saw a word that meant such a lot of lovely things. So I guess I'll say *aloha* now to all.

Your friend,
SHIRLEY TEMPLE.

You'll talk about the Anita Louise story—in January Modern Screen

M'Lady Minus Makeup

(*Continued from page 35*)

first time we've met since the days when we were that way about each other. I used to run around with a whole crowd of newspapermen and Ronald was one of them. And we were so-o-o enamored of one another—until I introduced him to Una Merkel at a party. Well," and Rochelle shrugged a shoulder, "they liked each other just too well and were married in less than a month.

"When such crises arise in my life, I just remind myself fast of some tried-and-true statements. You know, check it up to profit and loss and call it experience; all's fair in love and war; men are like street cars with another along in a minute; it was a lot of fun while it lasted. Oh, there's any number you can whip up for variation!"

"But isn't it possible that you can be a good sport about such situations because you haven't cared deeply? You've probably never been really in love."

Rochelle suddenly looked up. "In love?" she said quietly. "I doubt if any girl was ever more in love with a man than I, or ever had a heart so completely shattered by it." She fitted a cigarette with great care, into a paper holder before continuing. "But I could take that, too. I even learned to be grateful for it. You see, it taught me how to be happy."

"The secret," she continued thoughtfully, "is to never put your whole faith in any one person. Have enough in yourself so that life can never leave you in the lurch."

"Does that mean that you aren't going to fall in love again?"

"Certainly not! That was three years ago and since then I've been in love plenty of times and will be plenty more, no doubt. But I'm not kidding myself that any of these men have been ideal, or that I'll ever meet up with an ideal man. There's just no such thing. And that's not cynicism—just common sense."

WHAT about marriage? Don't you expect to find someone with whom you can settle down and be happy?"

"Marriage? Oh, certainly, some day. But it won't be any of this little cottage with roses 'round the door and babies on the floor stuff. Uh uh!" She shook her head. "Not for Rochelle! As for happiness, I don't expect to find any! Then I'll be pleasantly surprised if it should come and not a bit disappointed if it doesn't.

"As a matter of fact, I'd marry in a second if I thought I had even a fighting chance of being a little happier than I am right now. But I'd know it was just a chance. Marriage is undoubtedly the biggest gamble in the world. And for me it has to be a strictly fifty-fifty proposition. I wouldn't take any more than I could dish out. Any man whom I marry will have to recognize the fact that I'm an individual and expect to stay that way—as I would expect him to stay. None of this melting into one business for me. It seems to me that two people should try to profit from one another's personalities, not try to absorb them."

"Just what are you looking for in a man you could marry?"

"First of all, a sense of humor. The ability to see how darned funny I look most of the time has been my saving grace. Since I'm not expecting perfection in a man, it's pretty important that he should be able to see how darned funny he looks most of the time.



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"Secondly, I'd have to have a man who was a do-er, with plenty of interests outside of the little wife. Because I couldn't center my life around home and husband—and I wouldn't have children for love or money—it would bore me to death to have anyone around not equally independent. Of course, if I were like most girls, who could be contented with entertaining eight of the girls at the Assistance League or could get a kick out of the Wednesday afternoon bridge club, where talk concerns the latest news in garbage grinders, or the best way to strain the spinach for Junior, it would be different. But none of this settling down to a narrower mind and a broader derriere for me!

"You see," said Rochelle slowly, "I've been close to a lot of break-ups in my day, and I've profited from all of them. I've come to the conclusion that no matter how much two people are in love with each other, they should have such engrossing interests of their own that they'll never be dependent on one another to the point of boredom. Then, too, they'll always have something to fall back on if the marriage goes on the rocks. By an engrossing interest I don't mean, necessarily, a career.

"In my case, I could give up the picture business and still have a hundred ways in which to keep myself interested every minute—music, dancing, painting, any number of things. And I'd have to marry a man as self-sufficient. Love is like fried chicken, it seems to me. Very nice, of course, but served up for breakfast, lunch and dinner, it's apt to pall.

ANOTHER thing is that he would have to understand that I will have other men in my life. I couldn't give them up, you see, since I'd be giving up my only friends. He'd have to have enough trust in me to know that should I happen to lunch with a producer, I wasn't taking a short-cut to a contract."

"What about marrying a man in the motion picture business? Do you think you'd have as good a chance to make a go of that?"

"Probably much better," Rochelle said. "In the first place, we have a language all our own here in Hollywood. I've certainly found that out after going with a good many men not in the movie game. For instance, mention a grip and they think your thoughts are not of the highest. On the other hand, stocks and bonds, insurance and other businesses have often proved so much Greek to me. Then, too, people in this business realize the odds they're up against and work harder to save their marriages. Though compared to a good many other places in this country, Hollywood is in the Sunday-school class if the truth were known," she added.

"You evidently bet on Hollywood."

"Hollywood? Well, maybe I'm wrong, but I think it's a grand town. And working in pictures is a grand job. But it isn't my whole life by any means. The picture business can't make me forget that there are a great many other things older in the world than the invention of celluloid. I'm not the kind that eats, drinks and sleeps movies. Unless something unforeseen happens, I'm through work at six o'clock, like any other girl in any other job, and ready to take off for some extra-curricular activities.

"A round of every cocktail bar in town, maybe, or just playing ping-pong in someone's rumpus-room, or dancing all night at some swank spot or racing a boat by moonlight in the Santa Monica harbor—doing any number of things that are fun. I'm always ready for anything, which accounts more than anything else, I know, for my popularity with men. For instance, this evening I'm flying to Yuma with Lee Bowman." Lee Bowman, you know, is that attractive young movie newcomer.

"Oh, no Yumatrimonial intentions!" she laughed. "Just for the ride! I like to do crazy things like that. It's nine-tenths of the fun of living."

Life must always have been a lark, we reflected, for anyone like this girl—so lovely looking, so vivacious.

"Don't you ever believe it!" and there was a note of bitterness in Rochelle's voice. "True, I'm a successful actress at twenty-two, I have a substantial income, a beautiful home, cars, clothes and more opportunities for good times than I can find hours in the day to cram in. But any girl who envies my present position should take into consideration some of the gruelling years behind me. Take my high-school days. That's the time when most girls have the happiest years of their lives—parties, clubs, close friends and all that. Well, I missed out on that.

"I was too busy taking dancing lessons and all the other necessary lessons when I wasn't actually at the studio. Then the rest of the time I had to go to regular school, which was just as well," she added, "for the girls at high-school snubbed me beautifully and the boys couldn't see me for dirt.

"The trouble, of course, with any girl who is set for a career, is that she associates so much with older people that she becomes far more advanced mentally than girls and boys of her own age. And she's still too young to really enjoy the company of older people. There's probably no misery in this world greater than that of a girl who's completely left out of all the fun which she sees around her during these adolescent years. Of course, now," said Rochelle, "I can see that it was worth it; that I was building for a future. But there are definitely two sides to this career business, and any girl considering it should have it pretty clear in her own mind whether the end will justify the means."

ROCHELLE, you know, started her picture career at fourteen, when she was given a leading role in "Are These Our Children?" But she had started rigorous training for it by the time she was three. Her mother, who had always wanted to be an actress herself, brought her small daughter to Hollywood from Oklahoma and began then to give her the necessary training—posture, diction, voice, dramatic lessons from the best teachers she could afford. That all this was good ground-work was proved by Rochelle's steady progress when she once was started in the business. To this day she has never had to ask for a role, for producers and directors know that Rochelle has two invaluable traits which they have frequent need of—ability and dependability.

"They know, you see," Rochelle said, "that I've never given a performance that frankly smelled. They know that I've built up a reputation to the extent that I can go into a picture and carry it. And that is the very thing that's proving my undoing. For they figure that all they have to do is put a yard of ruffles around my neck and send me in."

Her eyes flashed as she said, "All these lilies and blue birds are getting in my hair—all these namby-pamby roles, and all the publicity that's dished out to go with them. I'm sick of waving the Janet Gaynor banner when there are plenty of others to do that. I know that I can handle dramatic roles which not only interpret, but require, a deep understanding of life. After all, sophistication is simply intelligence. And I want the chance to prove that the real Rochelle Hudson *is* sophisticated!"

The Mistakes of Madeleine

(*Continued from page 27*)

veritable Alps. I'd wonder furiously how on earth I'd ever stumbled into such a mess, and why it had been inflicted on me.

"I had to begin my acting by touring the provincial theatres, of course, so when I got my first chance at a play in London, I was ecstatic. My supreme victory was only around the corner! My father, you see, hadn't liked my going on the stage at all, but my mother had stood up for me and this vindication was to be spectacular.

"However, I met a clever agent who insisted that I go to a picture studio and try out for the lead in the most important film then being cast. I'd never seen the inside of a studio. Many established actresses had already been tested for this part. Somehow they rushed a print of my test through and before I departed that evening I was offered a contract for the picture at what was a fabulous sum to me. I remember sitting up until three a.m. debating with myself. Here was the miraculous sudden fame I'd dreamed about, guaranteed!

"The film proposition was too tempting. I deserted the stage and I was an overnight hit on the screen. Yes, but do you know what's liable to be the follow-up to such luck? What happened to me afterwards was nothing! Actually, I couldn't get a job acting on either screen or stage. I was dazed when finally I realized my predicament. Furthermore, I was totally unprepared for possible failure. My first major mistake was becoming conceited. I believed my own publicity. They'd taken me after considering so many others, they'd starred me and sent out reams of flattering words. Then, although I was all right in my performance, they had nothing else for me.

"That lull that inevitably catches up with you sometimes, caught me when I'd blithely spent all my big salary with lavish ease. I was a star, and no longer need I quibble about small change. So I'd moved from my boarding-house to a flat that was a proper setting. And not until the memory of my performance began to fade, not until there was no more money rolling in, did I recognize how silly I'd been. Spectacular vindication? I had to fold my feathers and creep out of my grandeur. I was walking again to save carfare. I was glad I'd invested in some clothes. Eventually I secured another role.

"My next mistake came after I was fairly well set in pictures. I hungered for greater versatility. I wasn't content with scoring in my particular line. When, in a story that was written for me, the other woman turned out to be more interesting, I determined that I could be equally effective in an unsympathetic role, as a 'heavy.'

"I mangled my make-up in my zeal. I threw overboard all my own carefully-acquired personality. And what thanks did I get? Absolutely none. The picture was a magnificent flop because I was a disappointment to everyone who'd begun to like me. The public resented my switch. I discovered then that on the screen you can't attempt to be radically different from your natural type. Perhaps this is casually put, but it was no casual lesson. I was a very sad 'heavy' and the sad fact was apparent to everybody. It took time to make people forget that mistake. I had to work harder

"Men are such BABIES!"



"...especially about colds...I have to look out for Jack's just the same as Junior's..."

"You know how men are. Careless about bad weather. Hate umbrellas and overshoes. When they start sneezing, can't be bothered with doing anything about it. Then, when a cold gets 'em down—what a fuss!



"Jack used to get one cold after another. Honest, he wasn't fit to live with half the winter. But this fall I decided I wasn't going to put up with it. So I started giving my *big* baby the sort of care I'd been giving my little one.

"The very next time Jack came home sneezing, he got Vicks *Va-tro-nol*—quick!—3 or 4 drops right up each nostril. 'Lot o' good that'll do me,' he grumbled. But an hour or so later I caught him using Va-tro-nol all by himself. And, fortunately, that's all there was to *that* cold.



"He still takes some watching, but he admits that Va-tro-nol has helped him dodge a lot of those nasty head colds he used to get. 'Course, some colds get by in spite of all you can do. But they don't get by *for long* in our house any more.

"When Jack gets a cold I give his chest—and back, too—a good massage with Vicks *VapoRub*. He growls some, but I *know* he likes it. Junior gets the same treatment. I like it especially for him because the doctor doesn't want me 'dosing' him a lot, for fear of upsetting his little tummy.

"I get Jack to treat me the same way, too. The rubbing feels *so* good when your chest is all tight and achy with a cold. And, all the time, you're breathing in those VapoRub vapors!



"Pretty soon, you feel relaxed and comfortable again and can usually sleep as sound as if you'd never had a cold at all."

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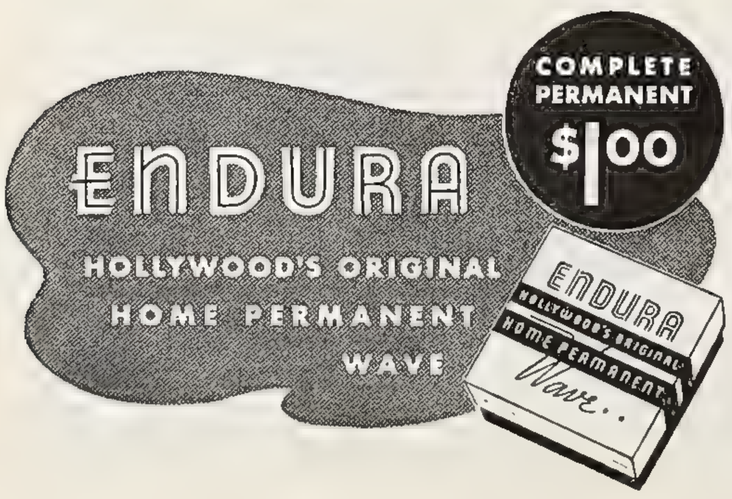
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than ever before to prove that I wasn't merely a gaga ingenue after that debacle. I had to work against the conviction that I wasn't much of an actress for I'd been so unconvincing in that one film."

She was being so candid that I was seeing, at last, the human person behind the familiar star personality.

"A producer asked me recently if I'd care to do an unsympathetic role. 'It would win you praise from the critics,' he pointed out. 'They'd say how brave you'd been to essay it.' My answer was no, and I related to him exactly this experience I've told you about. A woman, be she actress or small-town girl, cannot repeat her mistakes. Not if she wishes to escape inevitable penalties for stupidity. It's too dangerous to risk a blunder if you think you foresee disaster. So far as the critics' praises go, I love them. But they don't matter compared to whether the audience approves or shakes its head. I know.

"My subsequent boner," she adores American slang, "was in being highbrow toward pictures. I preferred the stage emphatically. Movies weren't arty enough for me. I resolved, therefore, to use them just as a weapon against the world. I'd accumulate fifteen thousand dollars and then I'd have no more to do with them. I'd concentrate on the theatre and I'd always be certain of eating. I'd never have to go crawling back to papa. But after alternating screen and stage, after coming to Hollywood and learning how well pictures can be made, I climbed off my high horse. I discovered that there is true artistry in pictures. Now I love acting in them, and to think I might have cut off all this for a mistaken whim!

"What rescued me for this most enjoyable future was my marriage. I'd almost amassed my secret fortune when Philip and I had to confess to one another that life without love was pretty dull. He taught me to relax, to view acting with a better perspective.

"I didn't guess where our friendship would lead us, though, and so I made quite a mistake about love. I thought I was the woman who could do nicely without it. I contended it couldn't mix with a career. Why, I gave out terrific quotes on why a career woman could never make a success of matrimony. I blush to recall that I even wrote an article myself, painstakingly expounding on why I'd avoid the wedding ring. I blush because Philip and I eloped while that article was fresh on the newsstands! I overestimated my one-track career mind, and underestimated my common sense. For it's as simple as this: if a man can work and still be a good husband, so can a woman!

"The worst mistakes we stumble into are usually unconscious ones, don't you think? You found me here, dawdling over a cup of coffee. But I finished 'It's All Yours' for Columbia recently, and I don't work all the time. I learned not to. I had to learn this. For after I married Philip I had a nervous breakdown to teach me. A nervous breakdown on a grand honeymoon! That was being taught, believe me.

"But I'd made seven pictures and played leads in four plays in London, all within one year. I was too ambitious. I was wound up without realizing it, and I nearly wrecked myself. It got so I couldn't relax. Philip had to show me how. I'd gone about acting so doggedly. He had to say, 'You're not a person anymore, you're an automaton!' He had to beguile me into resting, into fighting for my health once more. Yes, I knew exhaustion and what a mistake it is to deliberately let yourself in for that!"

She couldn't be profound any longer. With a flip of her finger she dismissed the gloves that had roused such memories.

"There are a couple of minor mistakes lurking in my past," she declared with her customary gaiety. "I turned down 'Cavalcade' because, imagine, I fancied it would be a failure! I figured they'd have to Americanize the play to make it appealing, but they didn't and still, I'm not sorry! That offer came within a year after I was married and certainly that was far too soon to consider parting from Philip for any distant glory.

"Once upon a time, only once, I made that blunder known as letting your temper go haywire. It was back in England and I'd worked late. I was tired and asked for a studio car to take me home. They didn't seem to be obliging and so I stamped my feet and screamed. P.S.: I didn't get the car and I am positive I made a perfect fool of myself!"

Such a lucky lady? Yes, and such a smart one. Madeleine Carroll has everything a woman could want now, because she refused to be defeated by her mistakes and because she never leads with her chin twice.

Montgomery in a Mellow Mood

(*Continued from page 37*)

draped with Phi Beta Kappa keys.

"I believe in what we can do in pictures. I know it. The camera can all but call the dead back to life again. It can disinter a story from the darkest archives of time. It can take down the front walls of hospitals and palaces where history is being made, research laboratories and planetariums, the dens of gangsters, prisons and drawing rooms and expose the life that goes on within all of these places. I would like to do my part in taking down these walls until, from the beginning, from the amoeba up to the present day, all life would be revealed upon the screen for those who cannot read as well as for the literate and learned.

"I would like to see history made so stirring, so pulse-shaking that every man, woman and child in the land would come into possession of his country's history for the first time, really, through the medium of the eyes and ears.

"Why, don't you see, for the first time in all the world we have it within our power to make education and entertainment one and the same thing? For the first time we have the ability to educate the people without their knowing what is happening to them. Until, one day, the many millions would be literate, would be speaking with many tongues of many things. Would come, at long last, into their rightful heritage of the rich stores of knowledge, into an understanding of their fellow men, such men, as, say, Rhodes, the Empire Builder, Louis Pasteur and, such fellows, warped, as Danny. It could be, it is, a tremendous adventure. It should be a magnificent obsession. I share with Rhodes his feeling when, dying, he said 'So much to do, so little done.'

"I work at being a better actor," Bob continued earnestly (we were lunching to-

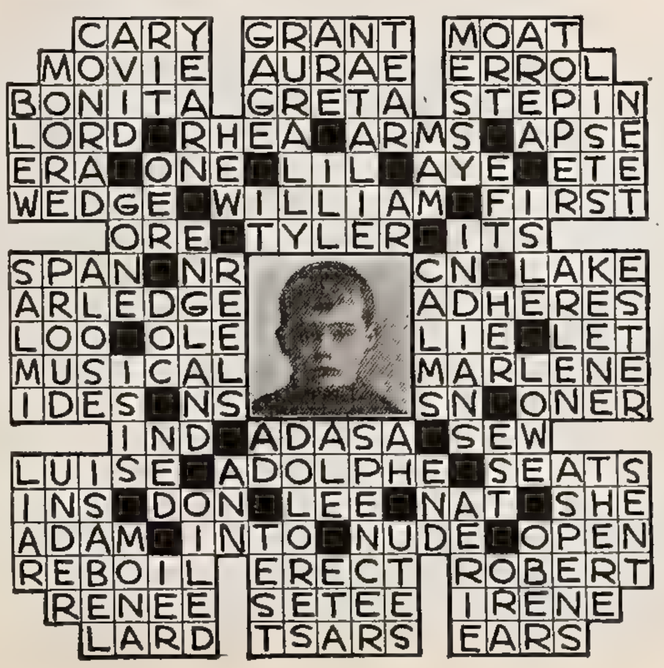
gether in the studio commissary at the time Bob was making "Live, Love and Learn," with Rosalind Russell). And yet I don't know that I can define, very intelligently, just what it is I do. It's an intangible sort of thing, an actor's off-screen work. It consists, largely, in reading. I spend most of my leisure time reading plays, plays, more plays. I read biographies, the better novels, memoirs. I watch people constantly, everywhere. I almost sleep with one eye open, lest some member of my family walk in his sleep and I be enabled to make a mental note of his expression. I never go to a football game that I don't study the faces of the players, and the crowd. I may not know the final score but I do know how the players looked when they scored or missed.

"I went, recently, to a championship golf match. I followed the contender around the course all day. With one objective. I knew that he was nervous, must have been nervous. I wanted to find out how he revealed his nervousness. And not until the end of the day did I find out. A nerve in his thumb joint was twitching. That was all. I watch a man with a gun, the way he always stands with his feet far apart, braced. You may hand a man a gun in a living room, in a field, anywhere, and he will, instantly, spread his legs apart and take a stance. I may never consciously, or at all, copy any of these mannerisms, these reactions. But all such observation is the homework of an actor and enrichens his perceptions, his basic knowledge of the way human nature reacts under given conditions and stimuli.

THERE are parts of my work I detest. I am abominably lazy, physically. I am not an 'outdoor' type. We have a farm in New York State, as you know. I am a farmer, so-called. A gentleman-farmer, we hope. But I remain indoors as much as possible. I am not at home among the rows of growing corn, the onions and the leeks. The sky is not my natural canopy nor yet the earth my bed. Similarly, and for much the same reasons, I detest location trips. I am an actor, Madam, and accustomed to darkened pits, gloomy wings, the dust-laden air, the kliegs. God's sunshine and the sage-sweet air offends the nostrils of this one of God's troupers. Am I a beagle that I should work out of doors?

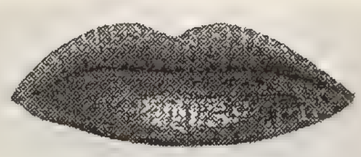
"And now," said Bob, as we finished Bob's favorite and daily luncheon of chicken salad, rye-bread toast and milk, "and now, I want to ask my public, my fans, if any, a question. I want them to tell me what they want me to do next. I want them to tell me, honestly, whether they prefer me to do, not other 'Night Must Falls,' too many murders would be as deplorable as too many monkeyshines, but other more serious, more thoughtful roles. I hope they will tell me. Will you ask them to? I would count it a favor."

Solution to Puzzle on Page 6





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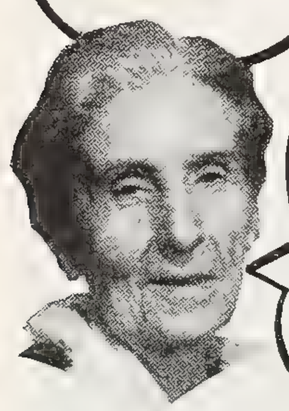
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Third Beginning

(Continued from page 41)

citizen, combining the wisdom of the East with the practicality of the West.

If you think you are confused about all this East and West business, you're right in the same boat with Miss Wong. For, it was in order to straighten herself out on it that she finally went to China for her first real vacation. Of course, she had planned to go for years, but whenever she had the money she didn't have the time, or vice versa. Then Metro began casting "The Good Earth." They summoned Anna May to take a test for the important role of Lotus.

"I'll be glad to take the test, but I won't play the part," said Miss Wong. "If you let me play O-lan, I'll be very glad. But you're asking me—with Chinese blood—to do the only unsympathetic role in a picture featuring an all-American cast portraying Chinese characters."

The test was made and the studio most insistent, but Anna May was firm in her refusal and decided that this was the time to see China.

"You know," she commented, "I had to be sure whether I was really playing a Chinese or merely giving an American interpretation of one. So—I saw China. Much to my surprise, I needed a dialect interpreter, for I spoke Cantonese and so in Shanghai was at a total loss, with Shanghai-ese being spoken on all sides.

I'M afraid that I'm a woman without a country," lamented Miss Wong, "because when I was in China everyone asked, 'Who is that Chinese girl in foreign dress?' I had only my American clothes and so decided to have some Eastern costumes made. I summoned a tailor in Shanghai and he came with a long piece of string and took my measurements. With the string, he measured my neck and tied a knot, then my arm length and tied another, then my waist, and another on to the end. I asked how in the world he ever remembered which was which, but he didn't seem confused and I later discovered that over there it seems you simply can't make a mistake.

"Once I changed to Oriental dress, I thought I might recede into the background and just enjoy being in China. But, no. Everyone who saw me now asked, 'Who is that foreign girl in Chinese dress?' So what is there to do? It all seems equivalent to that Great Chinatown Trunk Mystery you hear so much about, but never see!"

In answer to our query about the life in Shanghai, Anna May explained, "The night life there is so hectic that Paris or New York gaiety is child's play by comparison. Why, if you go to bed before four in the morning, you're a sissy. No adult with a mind of his own ever turns in before five or six. They can do more after sundown and before dawn than we do in America in a week-end.

"While abroad, I was visited by the gentlemen of the press. During an interview they asked about my private life. 'What about romance, Miss Wong? You know the people of Japan and China are interested in this side of your life, too.'

"I was so tired of being asked that question that I told them I was going to wed my art. Of course, I thought that that bromide had reached the East years ago, but to my surprise, it had not. Next day I was amazed to see headlines stating, 'Miss Anna May Wong to wed wealthy Cantonese merchant named Art!' Would you believe it?"

During her ten months in China, Miss Wong thrilled to the beauty and charm of old customs. She didn't care too much for the modern metropolis of Shanghai, but really began to love China once she was in Peiping. Here she felt that she really began to live again. Most of her time was spent in the country and visiting old ruins, which seemed more alive than many of the newer sections. This she explained was due to the fact, that, even though they are in a state of dilapidation, they are still lived in.

CHINA is becoming more and more current-event conscious. Not only are the people interested in what goes on in and outside of their country, but they are particularly interested in Hollywood's idea of Chinese characters. They are so interested in these, in fact, that they ban most of our pictures. This isn't due to narrow-mindedness or prejudice, but simply to the fact that they have seldom beheld a celluloid Chinaman who possesses a particle of decency, sincerity, honesty or any quality that might be termed a virtue. Movieland Chinese are invariably presented as skulking, stoical, villainous characters who "kidnap the papers and tear up the child!"

We are wont to believe that turn about is fair play. And so, perhaps Anna May, as the Chinese lady detective, can pin some dirty deeds on a few American characters for a change. And we proceeded to tell her as much.

"But I wouldn't do it," she returned, with a glint of humor in her dark eyes. "That is, not unless the script called for it. Seriously though, many have an entirely wrong conception of the Chinese as a race. For the most part, they are a very happy-go-lucky people. They are too lazy to be up to mischief. They know what to do about things, but it's just too much trouble to go about it. They are a philosophical lot and take for granted that things will come out anyway, so why bother so much? Not twice in all the months I spent there did I see stoical individuals lurking around. My people have animated faces just as have Americans; in fact, it's only recently that they have become serious about things concerning them at home.

"The difficulty is that in a Chinese family there is a unit within a unit and no one real head of the house to take the initiative and lead. Each unit, from father to son, feels about things in an entirely different manner, and so there is a constant waste of time and energy trying to compromise. You know, with the birth of the Republic has come a new trend of thought and only in the last few years have the people begun to adjust themselves.

"Now, they look upon things with much the same viewpoint as an American would. There is more coöperation and certainly more singleness of purpose. No longer does the family group go their separate ways.

"For this reason," continued Anna May, "I feel that the real Chinese should be shown to the audiences of the world, if only to correct false impressions of the past. And so, with this thought in mind, I was happy to appear in 'Daughter of Shanghai.' Besides, this opportunity enables me to start my Third Beginning in the most unpredictable game in the world—the movies."

Going to a Party?

(Continued from page 8)

important evening date when there will be just the two of you and you're not sure of what you're going to do.

But how about those formal evening parties and dances that you know about and plan for weeks ahead of time? I know you've been itching to get on to June's soft-lights-and-sweet-music gowns, and I don't blame you, for they certainly are lovely. Like so many stars, June was a dancer before she made her success on the screen, and ballroom dancing is one of her favorite hobbies. She loves the cool swish of the billowing skirt of her iridescent moire taffeta waltz frock. Demure and youthful are the wide, pointed front lapels and shirred waistline. The bodice with the three tiny velvet bows continues in a straight panel down the front, leaving the fullness to the back. Note the new hemline on the skirt, ankle-length in front and leading out to the graceful train in back. The delicate blue-and-green lights of the taffeta set off her deep blue eyes and blonde hair, and enhance the clarity and beauty of June's faultless complexion. Accent is given to the color of her gown by the gold formal sandals inset with multicolored stones. A practical note is sounded here, because they have no definite color, but are a combination of many. These sandals and a bag to match can be worn with other evening ensembles.

For very formal engagements, for those state occasions when she wants to look her very best, June wears a stunning black velvet frock, which is her pride and joy. Ideal for the young girl who wants to look sophisticated without adding about fifteen years to her age, is this paradoxical gown. For, from the heart-shaped bodice, peep dainty, feminine, flesh-colored mousseline ruffles that lend an air of little-girl demureness to relieve the sophistication of the black velvet. The Empire decolletage drops off the shoulders and is held up by the triple narrow shoulder-straps, and the skirt is built on graceful circular lines, full and flowing, that go with the winds of movement.

Beneath her full skirt, June's dancing feet will trip the light fantastic shod in comfortable open-toed, open-heeled black sandals, trimmed with silk braid. Her only ornament is a handsome gold clip at the



Rochelle Hudson probably has a date, for she's opened up the cedar chest to get out that little ermine number.



This smart girl needed lots of wardrobe variety for the winter whirl. She got it, too, and was more fashionably dressed than ever! But spent $40 less than she planned — and put it towards a winter cruise. Here's how it was done . . . She changed a light blue evening dress to Cerise (brilliant pink); dyed a rust afternoon dress Forest Green; changed three faded blouses to Powder Blue, Jade Green, Wine; changed a scarf and a clever evening jacket to Ruby Red and Gold, pale hose left over from summer to the new purply brown tones; dyed white hankies to match blouses and scarfs and give dash to her black dress. You, too, can use Tintex to be fashionable and yet save *dollars* And remember that Tintex works this same color-magic with home decorations. Buy Tintex today! Select your favorite colors from the 47 on the Tintex Color Card. At drug, notion and toilet-goods counters.

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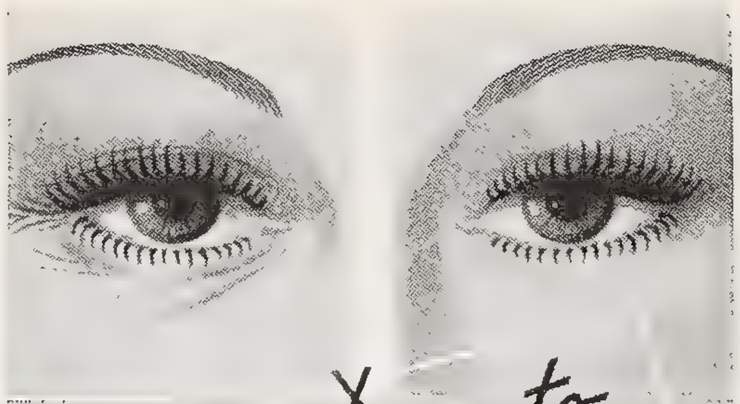


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bodice. You will note that this young star wears only very plain jewelry or none at all, for she realizes that heavy jewelry is not appropriate for a young girl, and also that unless you can afford the real McCoy, it is in very poor taste to load yourself down with cheap, flashy jewelry. Instead, she prefers to wear a very plain ornament or a bright flower. If orchids are not on your best beau's budget, don't let that worry you or him either. For the flower manufacturers are doing a wonderful job these days, and you can get artificial posies that, sprayed with a touch of scent, will fool even yourself!

The off-the-shoulder line, as shown in this dress, is very important this year and this means that we must pay attention to our hair styles for evening. June's blonde tresses are lovely, framing her face in soft waves. Frances Dee, a vivacious brunette, has designed a hairdress which is very becoming to the gown which drops off the shoulders. It is a charming and quaint coiffure which is created by parting the hair in the center with a nice sleek flatness brushed in on each side. Corkscrew curls complete the picture, arranged in graduated layers. Against the face on each side, two small gardenias are pinned with the most flattering effect imaginable.

So much for the glamor of the frocks, the fabrics, the accessories, and the coiffure. But don't forget that the good old prosaic girdle plays an important part in sustaining the glamorous effect. For a sloppy figure is just *not* romantic! And this is especially true this year, when so much emphasis is being placed on the feminine silhouette. If you don't need a foundation garment to pull you in some place, you'll want it to push you out, for the formula works both ways, believe it or not! Like exercises, a foundation tends to slenderize the plump, and fill out the slender.

With the proper foundation underneath it all, your frocks will fit you well, and you'll be comfortable in them. And that is most important. June Lang has shown you three of her costumes as suggestions for your party frocks. But be sure that yours will be suitable for your own individual type, that you'll feel well-dressed and comfortable in them. Choose your party frocks carefully, for if you're wearing a dress that takes on your personality, that looks as though it were made for you alone, then you'll have a good time at the party!

Dietrich Goes Light-Hearted?

(Continued from page 39)

that revealed her loneliness in Hollywood, her longing for her husband and her little girl, back in Germany.

The press-agents shuddered. They tried to persuade Marlene not to talk about her Maria. She was supposed to be exotic, unusual, unconventional, unpredictable. Not a typical young mother.

Marlene, at first, did not get the point. Why should anyone expect her to be, off-screen, what she was on the screen? She did not comprehend when they told her, "That's Hollywood." Off the screen, she was a mother. Surely, it was understandable that she should want to talk about her baby. She flatly refused to stop.

But the press-agents did not want her to be understandable. That was just the point. It was to her advantage, as far as publicity went, to be a baffling personality, a woman of mystery. To preserve the illusion it was trying to create, the studio suddenly made it difficult for writers to interview Marlene.

The writers, not suspecting the studio, blared forth that Marlene was "trying to pull a Garbo." She couldn't have liked that. She probably resented it. But she finished what the studio started. She made herself inaccessible.

Soon, she began to acquire a reputation for being elusive off-screen. A reputation for being exotic, unconventional, unpredictable, difficult to understand.

With her husband far away, her constant companion was sombre Josef von Sternberg, an association that gave Marlene a reputation for being sombre, too. And when her husband, Rudolf Sieber, did visit her, taking time off from his own directorial work at the Paramount Studios in Paris, he and Marlene and von Sternberg made a bafflingly congenial threesome.

AGAIN, for a time, Marlene was seen everywhere with Maurice Chevalier, who had just been divorced and was, supposedly, an eligible romantic. Yet Marlene still denied divorce rumors about herself. Hollywood was properly bewildered.

Then she did the most unexpected thing of all. She had been the one top-notch star who did not mind posing for leg art. Now, suddenly, she sheathed her famous legs, appearing everywhere in public in tailored trousered suits. A startled Press gave her a million dollars' worth of publicity. And she calmly denied that her trouser-wearing was a bit of shrewd showmanship.

"I never do anything to attract attention," she said, without once touching her tongue to her cheek. "I just happen to like the comfort of men's clothes. They are sensible. They never go out of style. They save time. And I like that, because I am lazy."

The spectacle of Hollywood's most feminine star preferring mannish clothes was the clinching proof that Marlene was an exotic.

In one respect, she made no compromise with her publicity. She brought her little girl over from Europe to be with her. She did not attempt to conceal the child, or her love for the child. They were inseparable. Marlene was patently proud of her motherhood.

That one exception to the general impression of Marlene's exoticism only made her the more baffling.

Then, last fall, Ernst Lubitsch, perhaps innocently, started the rumor and the suspicion that we were about to see a new Dietrich. A Dietrich less concerned with being exotic. A gayer, light-hearted Dietrich.

And events tended to confirm the rumor, the suspicion.

Marlene, in London, was going out to gay parties, and gay clubs, far more than she ever had in Hollywood. She was in the thick of the social whirl. And her constant escort was no sombre sophisticate, but a gay young man named Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

In America, she had always avoided crowds, remaining a woman withdrawn. In London, she was constantly going places where police reserves had to be called, to control the mobs.

Then, an incident happened during the

filming of "Knight Without Armor" in England that indicated an amazing good humor on Marlene's part. In a bathtub scene, she slipped, sprawling naked before the camera crew. They were unspeakably flustered. Not so Marlene. She laughed, picked herself up, climbed back in the tub, went on with the scene.

Then she returned to America, and one of the first things she did was to visit the Chief Naturalization Clerk in Los Angeles. All these years, America had had the impression that she was not particularly fond of America. Now, light-heartedly, she was declaring her intention of becoming an American, herself.

Soon afterward, for the first time within recent years, Hollywood was conscious of Marlene's going to parties, big, gay parties.

Then Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., arrived in town. And the London association continued in Hollywood. Once again, Marlene denied divorce rumors.

This time she said: "A woman approached me in London recently, asking what my husband could possibly mean to me when we were separated most of the time. I told her to consider the possibility that love might have something to do with it.

"I consider Mr. Sieber the perfect husband and father. After saying that, it's unnecessary to add that these persistent rumors are very, very wild."

Those who had doubted Marlene's interest in comedy, even Lubitsch comedy, saw her start "Angel," and saw her apparently enjoying it. They were able to see her because the "No Visitors" signs, once a fixture on Dietrich sets, had been taken down and put away. Apparently, the Dietrich temperament had been put away, too.

Hollywood remembered the von Sternberg days, the violent disagreements between star and director about how a scene should be filmed, the countless delays while they went over to the side of the set and argued the point in German.



Can this be romance? Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, all dressed up and with plenty of places to go, you can bet. They don't only step out together, but they work together, too, their next picture being "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry."

Hollywood remembered, and marvelled at the change. For now Hollywood saw a good-humored star who went through a scene an indefinite number of times, docilely, until the director was satisfied.

I can vouch for this personally. I was there during most of the picture.

Marlene intimated, when the picture started, that she didn't want any interviews. She didn't say, however, that she wouldn't give *one*—if someone waited long enough for her to be in the mood. So I waited. Hopefully, at the beginning; patiently, at the middle; doggedly, near the end. She gave the interview between the next-to-last shot and the last.

THIS picture is probably in the lightest mood of any that Marlene has ever made. Yet in it, oddly enough, she is not a light woman. She plays the respected wife of a high British diplomat. As such, she has a new dignity, rather than a new light-heartedness. She is not an enchantress, but an enchanting woman. There is a difference.

As the diplomat's wife, she isn't supposed to be intentionally exotic. She has to be *un*intentionally so. But that doesn't mean that, between scenes, Marlene was joining the joking and laughter on the set, unconcerned with glamor. She was more concerned than ever before.

Constantly, between "takes," she was in front of a mirror, studying herself, looking in her own eyes, smiling at herself, touching up her make-up or her hair, making sure of the effect. Whether she deserved it or not, her incessant mirror-gaz-

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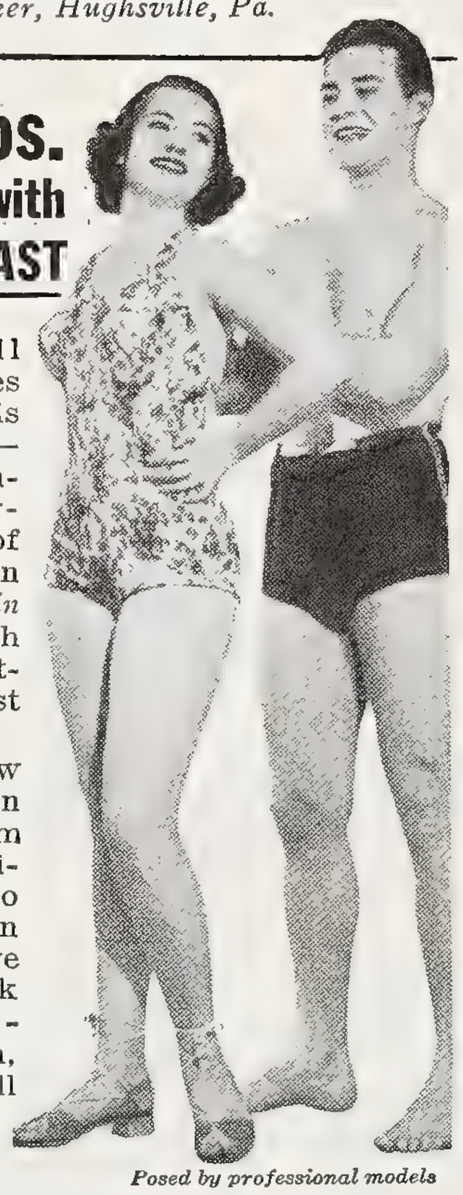
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Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix at the tennis matches. Still a favorite with the fans, Mr. D.'s latest fil-lum is "It Happened in Hollywood."

ing gave her a new nickname on the set: Narcissus Dietrich.

The mirror-gazing was so habitual, by the end of the picture, that even while we were talking, Marlene watched herself in a mirror. I saw her profile, mostly a very alluring profile, but disconcerting, to talk to.

I asked her if there was any truth to the rumor that Marlene Dietrich had gone light-hearted.

Marlene patted a lock of hair, and smiled to herself. "Is there such a rumor?" she asked, in faint surprise.

I told her some of the grounds for the impression.

"So?" she asked, pursing her lips. "I do not think it is a rumor that will live long." She smiled. "I hope not, after these years of creating the opposite impression."

"You seriously mean that?"

She nodded. "Seriously, and frankly."

"The fact that you are making a comedy, and apparently enjoying it, indicates no new Dietrich?"

She patted another lock of hair. "I did not want to make a comedy, particularly."

"Don't you have story selection on your pictures?"

"Yes. But what I mean to say is, I wanted to do a picture with Lubitsch. He has genius. It merely happens that Lubitsch specializes in comedy."

She turned toward me, with a half-smile, and asked, "Why do people insist on thinking comedy is something new for me? I have made a comedy before. 'Desire,' have they forgotten, already?" She returned to mirror-gazing. "That was more comedy, really, than this is. That had no delicate problem of human relationships such as 'Angel' has."

"The fact that you have done two comedies isn't a symptom that you want to do more?"

"Two are enough," she said with smiling certainty. "If I did any more, people might actually think I crave comedy, and expect me to do it. I don't want that."

"What do you want?"

"Drama. I feel more at home in it. It is what Mr. von Sternberg trained me to do, and what I have trained myself to do. It is what I like best. And it is more memorable than comedy."

"Do you have any definite plans about your screen future?"

"My next picture will be my last on my present Paramount contract. I don't know yet what it will be, but it will be a drama. There is a rumor that, after that, I shall do three pictures for Mr. von Sternberg. The rumor is true. I don't know where they will be made. Perhaps here, perhaps in England. Wherever Mr. von Sternberg says. But that should dispose of all other rumors about what I am going to do on the screen for some time to come."

"*On* the screen, perhaps. But, *off* the screen, what of these rumors that you are going light-hearted? Were the English reporters all wrong? Isn't there anything to the impression of a new, party-going Dietrich?"

"Everyone is gay on vacation," she said, cryptically. "And I had an unexpected vacation in England. I had just finished a long, arduous picture, 'The Garden of Allah.' I had rushed over to England to start 'Knight Without Armor.' Robert Donat was ill. The starting date was postponed. I relaxed, for the first time in months. I went out, for the first time in months. London was a great temptation, it was so gay, but the things we like on vacation are not necessarily the things we do when we are working."

SHE took a cigarette, and as I lighted it, she continued: "It baffles me, this Hollywood impression that I am developing into a demon partygoer. Actually, I have lived a quieter life since my return this time than ever before. I have gone out less. The few times I have gone out, the photographers have happened to be there. People have seen my picture in the paper, attending two or three parties. That is the only explanation I can find."

In the mirror, she watched the glowing end of her cigarette, and commented, "It is amusing that anyone should get this party-going impression of me. One thing I like about Hollywood is the quiet life I can live here. There are no distractions. It is possible to sleep eight hours a night. It is possible to concentrate on work.

"I haven't changed, going to England, and returning, and making a comedy with Lubitsch. I'm afraid it would take more than that to change me, at this stage of my career."

I asked, "Do rumors about yourself affect you in any way today?"

"I ignore most of them. What good would it do me to be annoyed? That would not stop them. They are part of the game. You have to put up with them. They go

on and on, as long as you are worth mentioning. The only rumor that really annoys me is the one that I encourage the rumors."

A smile appeared in the mirror.

"Mae West and I were in her dressing-room one time, laughing at the story in a newspaper that she and I were having a feud. I said, 'How did such a story ever start?' And Mae said, 'Some poor press-agent was stuck for a story. He had to get something in print to show his boss. So he invented this one. That's how many a story starts.'

"And I know it is so. The publicity department comes out to the set and says, 'Please give us a story, Miss Dietrich.' When I have legitimate news, like word of Mr. Sieber's coming, I give it to them. Usually, I have nothing. They go back empty-handed. To get my name in print, they seem to think it is necessary, they make up some little story.

"I don't understand why they take the trouble. The important thing is what people think of me on the screen. What they read about me in newspapers is not important."

"You sincerely believe that?"

"If I didn't, I might make up the little stories myself."

Remembering the debt that Marlene owed to publicity in her development as a star, I made a mental note: Here is one thing, at least, that Marlene seems to have gone light-hearted about. Publicity.

Light-heartedly, too, she told me her squelching answer to the newest divorce rumors. "My husband is arriving next week. I am going to Europe with him for a holiday, and putting Maria in a school in Switzerland."

"Are you following through on your intention of becoming an American citizen?"

"The future will decide. If my future is here, yes."

"How do you reconcile your tentative plans to become an American, and your sending your daughter to school in Switzerland?"

"It is a French school. I want her to learn French while she is still young. It will be much easier for her. And she is old enough now so that she will not forget how to speak English."

"You are sending her, even though it means separation?"

For a moment, her face was shadowed. For a moment, I glimpsed Marlene Dietrich, the mother, not the glamorous star. "Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly. "I must think of Maria. Not myself."

Just then, Lubitsch called Marlene back to the set.

Her last words to me had not been light-hearted. Far from it. All through the short interview, in fact, she had tried to perish the thought that the rumor of a new Dietrich might be true. Yet, as I watched the "take," the thought would not perish.

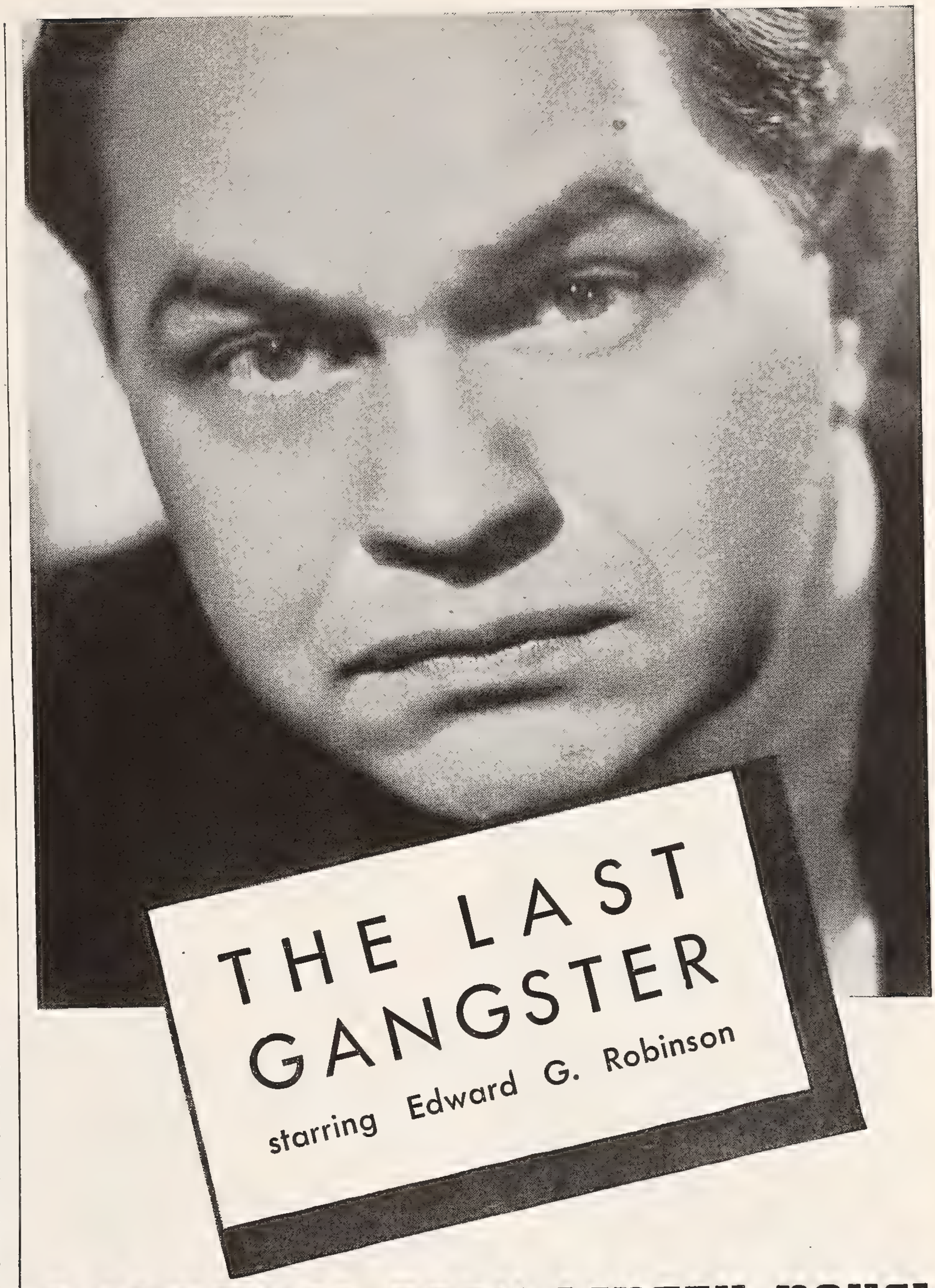
One word in the dialogue was difficult for her. She struggled, first, to pronounce it in flawless English. Then she struggled to give the same word the nuance of intonation that Lubitsch wanted. They went through the scene once, twice, five times. Then they tried it again.

And Marlene did not "blow up." She did not become impatient with the English language, Lubitsch or herself. She was blithe about it all.

The picture had been shooting for weeks. Here it was at the very end, and they couldn't seem to get this last scene on film. Everyone's nerves were fraying. Everyone's but Marlene's. In this moment when no one else was light-hearted, Marlene was smiling.

But if she is light-hearted, if she is a new Dietrich, she is not the one to reveal it. Or explain why.

I think she still believes what she used to believe. Keep Them Guessing.



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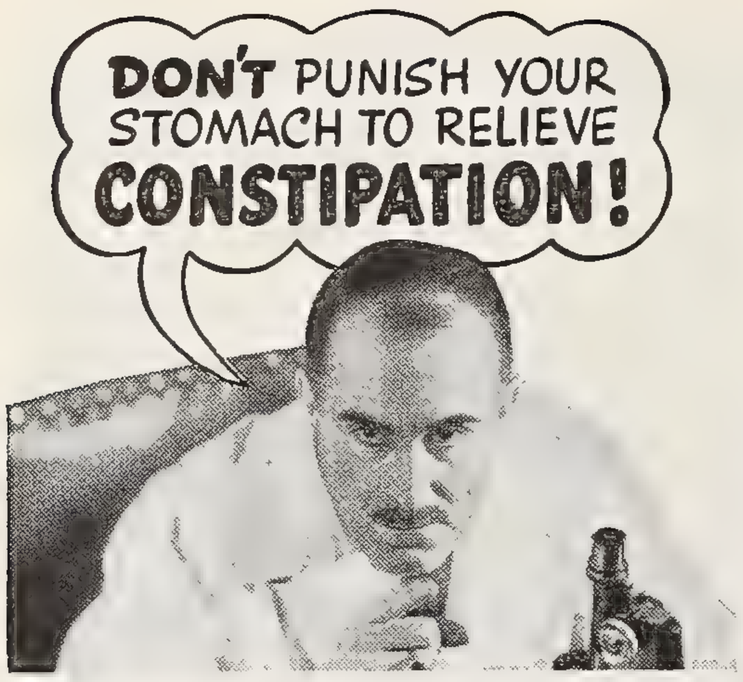
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CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS
See Page 66

BEFORE



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AFTER



Buoyant Battler

(Continued from page 44)

from the beginning and he plays her like a fish!"

Even his current teaming with Claudette Colbert, in "Tovarich," cannot possibly stifle his craving for the prize part of the season. "They haven't even asked me to take a test for it," he admitted. "But I'm explaining to everyone—over the radio, too, whenever I have the chance—that I feel I could do a good job of it!"

Although it looks as though he must have been to his sweeping manner born, he originally had—he confesses honestly—neither a pittance of poise nor any punch. You can't be magnificently mellow until you have risen to that brave point where you take the world by the tail and swing people and circumstances into the niches you select. Basil had to study the trick. He wasn't a natural sophisticate.

Moreover, he hasn't had it easy. For months he's been after Rhett—but then he's always had to campaign deliberately for what he's wanted. "No plums have ever fallen into my lap," he said to me. And then, facilely switching from so dramatic a way of putting it into sheer simplicity, he was specifically astonishing.

He was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. His English parents had gone there because his mining engineer father thought that where there were diamonds there should be wealth. At the tender age of four, Basil, accompanied by a new brother and sister, settled with his parents back in a London suburb. He was duly sent to a private school.

"My childhood memory focuses around the cuckoo clock in my grandfather's home. I used to lie awake and listen to it make the lustiest row. I never had any doubts as to what I wished to become. I wanted to be an actor. That was an amazing, one might say, a ridiculous idea to my family. The Rathbones were solid old British stock. They were business folk, living quietly and comfortably as the backbone of the country should. They were well off. Rathbone Brothers of Liverpool dealt in cotton. They had shipping interests. Everyone hoped I'd behave myself.

"But I was determined to become an actor, somehow. I began to realize that there were, after all, a few Rathbones who weren't mentioned much. There was my uncle who was the sculptor and who had invested his income in a little factory where he turned out hand-made, hand-painted Della Robia pottery. There was another uncle who devoted himself to the making of superb tapestries, an appalling end for a legacy. My own father, I observed cautiously, had taken his inheritance and gone valiantly into business and to no avail. Father had a flair for writing and for the theatre, but he had suppressed himself. He was artistic through and through and he tackled the traditional business destiny with wretched results.

"I stumbled upon the fact that Grandfather Rathbone, who'd been a rich pillar of Liverpool, had dabbled in poetry on the side and had even had a volume of his poems published. Further, he entertained Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, the famous acting couple, in his home. He had distinguished himself as being the only man who'd ever gone to sleep while the silvery-voiced Henry Irving was speaking directly to him. A rocking-chair was too irresistible to him on that noted evening!

"And my grandfather on my mother's side—he'd had tuberculosis and retired to South Africa to die at a modest time of life. But there, he'd not only survived splendidly until he was a ripe seventy, but he blossomed as a new nation's foremost water-color painter. Whenever I was worried as to how I'd dare break over the traces I recalled these indisputable truths.

IN school I was perpetually dreaming of the theatre. I wrote scads of plays. They were wild melos. And of no earthly use so far as classes went. Finally I did shine brightly for one week. Instead of 'that boy' I was It momentarily. We had to write an essay on 'The Merchant of Venice' and that was a complete snap for me. I turned in a triumph entitled, 'Was Shylock the Hero of a Tragedy or the Villain of a Comedy?' My profundity was a sensation.

"My problem in school, you see, was a peculiar one. It was to be not too clever. I couldn't risk being promoted. The head of the form above mine had no sympathy with athletics and I had to see that I didn't know too much or I'd be promoted to him and then I'd never have fun. I was seventeen when I received that letter from my father saying there wouldn't be enough money for me to return in the fall. I was heartbroken, because that next year I would have won my colors in football and cricket and a pair of tall silver candlesticks if I'd won—as I think I could have—the half-mile in the track events."

He had to come home and show signs of becoming a respectable business man. "In England," mused Basil, "there are no little wise-crackers. You're still a child until you're out of your 'teens. 'What'll we do with him?' debated the family. I had an uncle who was president of an insurance company, so I was stuck in his London office to work up.

"How I solaced myself with the rebellious thought that somehow I'd escape such a dull fate! I licked stamps until my tongue felt like the bottom af a parrot's cage. It should be," he smiled, "a pleasure to send out office mail now that the personal touch isn't obligatory. I was promoted to the telephone board and nearly escaped then and there. The manager had no sense of humor. The name of the illustrious firm was The Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company. I got the London out first in a few instances. The manager was horrified.

" 'My good young man,' he informed me, 'although your family has an important place in this business, you have made a grave error several times. It must be stopped.'

"I did all my 'learning' during my luncheon hour, in a vacant office I'd discovered on the floor above. There I was hidden away and I could 'practice' without interruption. I learned, and precisely what it was going to get me I didn't know, some sixty long poems, ranging from Browning and Shelley through Byron. I taught myself a repertoire of Shakespeare. Not that I had nerve enough to let a soul in on these secret lessons!

"I'm remembering the stunt my brother pulled on the staid business men of London! Every morning I came into the city, arriving at Victoria Station with thousands of other men who timed themselves by glancing up Victoria Street to the huge clock on Westminster Abbey. That gesture reassured you as you hurried to your bus.

It so happened one morning that everyone was frantically late, an entire hour late. There was a panting rush to offices. And all because late the night before my brother and another lad, students at Westminster School, had the inspiration of inspirations. They'd crawled perilously along balustrades and climbed up ledges and advanced the hand of that clock!

"One morning I decided to challenge the Gods. I resigned. I knew that within another year or so they intended to make me a branch manager at $2500. a year. But I'd sat at a desk and added forty or fifty pages of figures, hunting for an elusive ha'pence, and I'd kept promising myself that I'd get out of there before I was sunk. I went from the office straight to see Sir Frank Benson, a cousin who had perhaps England's most extraordinary theatrical company. He trouped in Shakespeare and had three different units. Beginners often paid to learn acting from him.

"When he asked me what I could do I stood up and went through one of Shylock's main scenes, giving a pertinent voice to each character, and presenting the whole thing with gusto. I couldn't do as well now, I'm afraid. But then, at last before someone of the theatre, I hadn't a trace of fear; I knew I was good. He asked if my father would consent to my trying to act and I lied furiously; I knew father couldn't stop me. Sir Frank was always afraid I'd coast because I was a relative, so invariably he made things harder for me.

"'Certain men can look at horseflesh and say "I believe this is going to be a winner," he stated solemnly when I'd finished my stunt. 'I think you ought to make an interesting actor. But it's up to you. I'll put you in the Number Two company and you can do two roles a night and there'll be ten plays in the repertoire. Your salary will be one pound a week.'

YES, my parents were worried," Basil confessed. "I was only nineteen, they'd gotten me a job with a sound future. Actor? I was plunging into an uncharted field. Into something where there was no guarantee. Besides, at nineteen everyone presumes he can act. I knew I would succeed, but no one else knew it. Everyone warned me of my foolishness, but I had that stupendous confidence of youth."

For fifteen months he toured, ecstatically doing bits, living on his $4.85 a week. "I was so one-track that it would really have been difficult for me to have failed." Basil, who is so cosmopolitan, so enthusiastic on every subject, a one-track mind?

"I wanted to get away from people, to live in a dream world of my own and shut out reality. I dreaded frankness and friendships. Fortunately that was the peak of the English theatre then. The theatre was glamorous beyond words. All the great actors had their own theatres and starred in them for years. You became tops and you stayed in your nice shell. Now an actor isn't sure of his reputation beyond his last play or picture! I didn't have to come out of my dreams. I didn't have to be practical, as I do now. I viewed everything in terms of the theatre. When I had the flu I contentedly read more plays. I couldn't discuss anything else but backstage; I never spoke except about theatrical technique."

So no wonder he was promoted to Benson's Number One company. At twenty he was touring the United States in Shakespeare, enacting second leads and earning $35. a week. "I managed to save out of that, too. Although I can't forget El Paso because we crossed the border to look at Juarez and we met a gentleman who showed us the bull-ring and led us into gambling away most of our savings!

"We economized by four of us young fellows taking one hotel room with two double beds. We ate at cafeterias and it was such fun gazing at all the food in sight before choosing what would be most filling." Basil, whose dinner parties are events in Hollywood, grinned like a college lad.

The troupe moved from city to city in two cars of its own. "Two day coaches in which we economically sat up nights. We'd buy cans of Sterno and take turns cooking our meals whenever we were on a train."

MRS. BASIL RATHBONE is the former Ouida Bergere, talented scenario writer, who abandoned her career when they married. But Basil, the ideal husband in Hollywood apparently, was married once before. He wasn't quite so one-track as he described himself, for the girl who played opposite him was evidently too attractive to be ignored. He hasn't wholly altered; at least he could be impetuous then.

He was twenty-one and he'd made no acquaintances outside of the troupe. But what did that matter? A lot of marrying was going on in the company. It was spring and he had a sweetheart! As soon as the American tour was over there was a London ceremony and two were to be one forever after. They honeymooned at Stratford-On-Avon, acting Shakespeare at the famed summer festival.

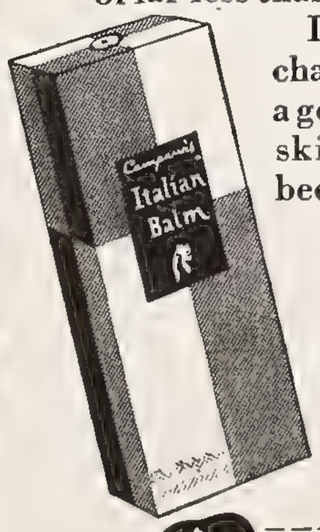
But two months after, the World War burst upon them. For four years Basil was away at the Front. He won, I have

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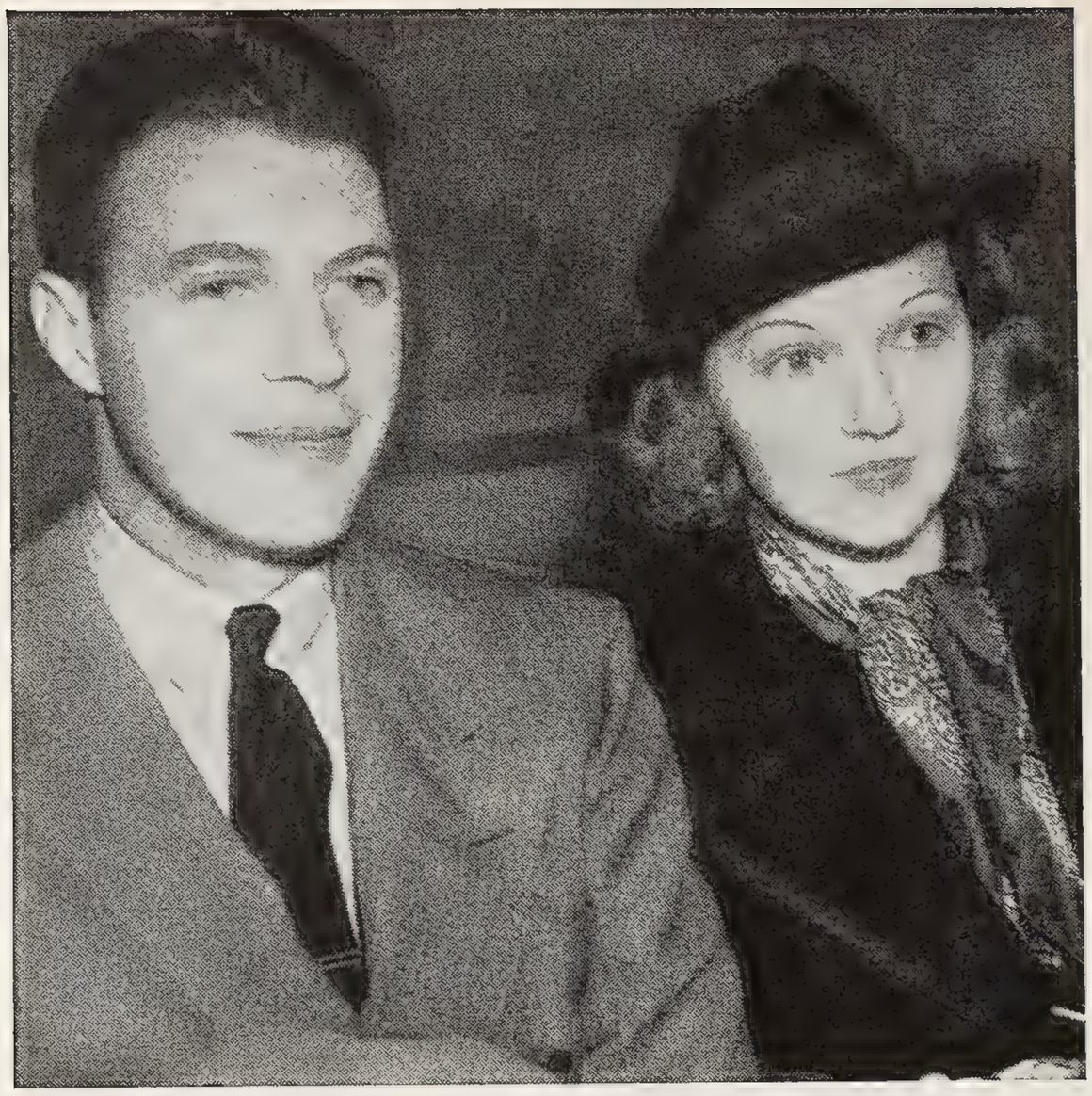
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Robert Kent and Astrid Allwyn (Mrs. Kent to you), among those present at the Gershwin concert at the Hollywood Bowl.

found out elsewhere, a lieutenancy and a military cross. He can cut with a mere word, on the screen; in person he doesn't boast.

The cool cynicism he can display belies his real self. Actually, he is an absolute romantic. He has a command to his vigor, and yet love to him must be spiritual, or it isn't the real thing.

There were hasty trips to a small London apartment, week-ends when he got away from the cannons of the war. Gradually, though, there just was no more bloom to that union.

"When I was demobilized life suddenly had no purpose," he said. "I was so young that the War, in spite of its horrors, had been a tremendous adventure. But no destroyers escorted us back across the channel. We'd felt used to them, as though they were for our very own benefit. The camp looked shoddy; officers no longer meant anything at all. And London—! I found my mother dead, that my brother had been killed in the fighting. There was no money left. Nor," he added softly, "was there anything left to what I'd imagined was the passion of my life.

"The theatre? Make-up and rehearsals seemed so blah right then. Yet I had to work and all I knew was the Benson companies. I heard the Stratford festival was being reorganized. I went after a part."

Constance Collier, who starred in "Peter Ibbetson" on Broadway, saw him. She was seeking a leading man for her London production, someone who could equal John Barrymore's interpretation in America. She saw Basil and knew he was the one. And, at twenty-five, unfamiliar to the critical audiences of London, he was an overnight hit.

"That first night," he exclaimed, "will never leave me. All the fine men of the theatre, the actors whom I'd worshipped from a distance, were there. And they walked up on the stage to congratulate me! Forbes Robertson, whose 'Hamlet' I'd seen four times. Sir John Hare and all the rest!"

STILL, it wasn't success that finally brought him out of his shell. "I never went out socially after that night. I was as solitary as ever. Eventually, when people insisted that I mix I did try it. But everything I did was wrong when I attempted to be a gay fellow. I was a little too exuberant. I laughed and joked too noisily. I was putting on an act. Of course, I really had no consideration for the viewpoint of others. I wasn't interested in the world in general. Expanding was a sad debacle!"

So it was until Ouida came along. He went from one stage success to another, but his inner life was unfulfilled until he met her. He was starring on Broadway. She was giving one of her gala parties and he was inveigled into attending. She was giving one of her gala week-ends at her country home soon after and he didn't have to be asked twice. After that week-end he knew he was in love.

For three years he courted her. They had a most romantic wedding in a Park Avenue apartment. A candle-lit, flower-decked altar where they took vows that have proved far more than idle protestations.

"If I've changed," said Basil, offering me a cocktail and a cigarette, "and learned how to enjoy people and places and everything that goes on about us today, it's because of Ouida. She is so vital, so sophisticated in every sense of the word, that I couldn't lag behind. I have some pride, you know! Her appreciation of fine music, of the theatre, of art was one of our first bonds. But it is her relish for exacting the most from every waking moment that enchants me, I suppose."

With Ouida beside him he has become a foremost Hollywood figure, personally and professionally.

"I don't want romantic leads, as some interviewers have persistently reported. I want variety. I don't mind being a bad man in pictures, although I do object to having to be a bloodless, inhuman sort. I believe"—and he cocked an eyebrow at me—"that I could play Rhett Butler as he ought to be played. From here." His index finger retouched his black, black hair. "I rather know how he became the man he is. He learned that you have to come out of your dreams to get ahead in this practical, modern age. He clung secretly to his romantic ideals. You see, he—"

But we were right where we'd started. Love has made Basil Rathbone a happy, buoyant battler.

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Singing Stoic

(*Continued from page 31*)

tender age, a combination of an embryo Rockefeller and a Caruso, he rode his bike instead of the trolley, saved his car tickets, cashed them in and thus added to his savings. Every cent he made, except what was absolutely necessary for shoes and shirts, he deposited himself in the People's Dime and Savings Bank. He told me, "I gloated over that little book like a hoarding miser or a Praying Mantis. I became a good mathematician so there could be no way of chiseling me out of a copper."

THE summer he was fifteen he got a job as chauffeur to a wealthy Scranton widow. His employer had been cook to a very wealthy man who had married her, died and left her his fortune. And with the crop of petty cruelties and snobberies indigenous to such soil, the lady belabored the lad at the wheel. He bore it as long as he could for the sake of the twenty dollars a week there was in it.

The following summer he went to Asbury Park. He sang at the Belmar Church for twenty dollars the Sunday. He got a job at Freihofer's Bakery, working from ten p. m. to six a. m. He said, "I was a helper to a giant buck Negro. One night he and I got into a terrific fight. We were both fired. I didn't mind so much because, though I'd lost a job, I had proved my strength. I didn't get too much the worst of it. I believed then what I believe now, that a good physique and singing should go together. And they do, nowadays. Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Tibbett, John Boles, Richard Bonelli, all of them are fine figures of men.

After the fight with the negro, Allan got a job driving a laundry truck. He delivered hampers of wet wash to walk-up hotels. Walk-up hotels have many and steep flights. And have you ever toted wet wash?

He got a job chauffeuring for a wealthy family from New York. They became good friends, Allan and his employers.

And he met, in Asbury, his first romance. One of those early, youthful romances it was, with the moon, the sea, the stars, the nostalgic weight of young dreams acting as agencies for Cupid.

"I'd never had time to go around with girls at home," Allan told me, "much as I would have liked to. In all the years in Scranton I never had one 'steady' girl friend, no romances, not even a friendship with a girl worth the mentioning. I had neither the time, the money, nor the clothes. Occasionally I'd ask some girl to go to a movie with me, have a soda at the drugstore afterwards. That was the full extent of my social life, my dissipations."

A good, folksy home life, the background of young Don Diego Jones. His memories are of the bread that Mother used to bake, fresh vegetables from their own garden, pickling and jam-making and grace at table, his Welsh grandmother who told him tales of his Welsh forebears. Strong, plain food, the Golden Rule, an honest wage honestly earned, this was the "easy does it" of Hollywood's rising star.

At the end of his summer in Asbury he went back to high school. He played two weeks of football, first chance he'd had, and broke his right wrist. He kept on making money. He had the bleacher concession and made a good thing of it. He managed the cafeteria in high school. Came summer again and he worked with



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W. C. Fields' radio antics have kept us in stitches, so the news that he's making "The Big Broadcast of 1938," after an eighteen-months' absence from the screen, is sure welcome!



In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

So keep regular. And if you need to assist Nature, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This mild laxative brings relief, yet is always gentle. Extremely important, too, *is the mild stimulation it gives the flow of bile from the liver, without the discomfort of drastic, irritating drugs.* That's why millions use Olive Tablets yearly. At your druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.



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REVEALS TO YOU

the *names and addresses* of those executives at Hollywood's major studios whose *business* it is to find new talent . . . also 300 names and addresses of accredited representatives in the United States *now* looking for new faces . . . the only book of its kind.

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Olivia De Havilland does an Oliver Twist—going back for "more" at the Basil Rathbone shindig.

the steel girder gang in the mines. One day he took a bad spill from a soaring girder and smashed the wrist already broken once, splintering the bone to powder. The bone was removed and a silver plate inserted. Now, Allan can't bend that wrist backwards. And on damp days it causes him some pain.

WHEN he was a senior in high he got a job driving coal trucks. He worked for a man who amassed a quarter of a million during the coal strike by collecting waste materials, processing them, selling them. The man on the shovel, a mature Hercules, earning seventy-five dollars a week, broke his leg. Allan asked for the job and got it. He was eighteen. By the end of the first week he was loading twenty-one cars of sixty tons each. At the end of three months the strike ended and the job with it. But that seventy-five dollars a week had substantially augmented the little pile in the Dime Bank. Easy did it.

Allan went into the mines of which his father was foreman. He got fifty-eight cents an hour and, to increase the ante, worked double shift, sixteen hours a day. The gang of nine men under him, Poles and Italians, were tough customers. It was occasionally necessary to knock some ambition into their hot heads. And not by words.

When Allan was eighteen he had fifteen hundred dollars put away. Fifteen hundred dollars which represented the years of his boyhood. He had, too, sufficient credits to enter Syracuse. And so, one day, he packed his two suits, pants presser, shirts, collars, socks, parental blessings and his ambition in the family rucksack and took off on the first lap of his journey to Hollywood. He remained at Syracuse for three months. Then came a wire from New York. It was from LeRoy Eltringham, formerly curate of St. Luke's in Scranton. The man who had, from the start, taken a warm interest in the sturdy, self-reliant boy. The wire said, "Come to New York right away. This is the place for you."

Allan went to New York. LeRoy Eltringham took him the rounds of the city's finest voice teachers. Three of them, apprised of the fact that funds were scanty, regretted that they could do nothing for him. The fourth, Claude Warford, heard him sing "The Valley" from "The Messiah" and offered to give him three lessons a week, free. Through the further offices of Mr. Eltringham he got a scholarship at N. Y. U. in exchange for singing in the Glee Club. He was soloist with a quartette in the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church. When he found that he couldn't do justice to the college curriculum and his voice lessons, too, he was made a special student, taking only languages, French, German, Italian.

In the summer, Claude Warford took such pupils as could afford it to his summer school in Paris. Allan couldn't afford it. But he *had* to go. He sat down and wrote to his Dad. He asked what about the possibilities of giving an Allan Jones concert in Scranton? Daniel Jones wrote back, "I have two thousand men working for me, son. They'll buy tickets, or else."

From that one concert Allan netted eleven hundred dollars. He sailed for Europe with Mr. Warford and his fellow students.

Allan studied in Paris. He coached with Reynaldo Hahn, famous French conductor and composer at the Opera Mise en Scene, with Felix Le Roux of the National Opera of Paris. In the fall he returned to New York and to his first big professional engagement, as soloist with Anna Case with the New York Philharmonic. For two succeeding summers he commuted to Paris. He studied oratorio in London with Sir Henry Wood. He sang at Deauville. He would return to America and do concerts all over the country, at one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars the concert He did radio shorts.

In 1929 came the crash. In more ways than one. Allan's good friend, LeRoy Eltringham, dropped dead of a heart attack. Allan lost most of his hard-earned money. Concert business was bad. And he did a little near-starving for months. He said, "Well, borrowing money anyway. That's a kind of hunger that's also shame and worse than body hunger." Then Charlie Wagner put on "Boccaccio," formerly sung by Jeritza at the Met. Allan's salary was five hundred dollars a week. It was an artistic triumph but a commercial failure.

Allan signed with the Shuberts. He played in St. Louis, a new show every week. "The Student Prince," "Floradora," "Sari," the repertoire of light opera. He barnstormed. He did one-night stands.

At the end of the third year Allan opened in "Annina" with Jeritza. He also played the name part in "The Life of Stephen Foster." And it was while he was singing in "Annina" that the mills of the gods speeded up their grinding. For Bill Grady and one or two other officials of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio heard him and saw him. Arthur Lyons was Allan's agent. There was a get-together and a test. Louis B. Mayer wired from Hollywood. "Sign Jones to long-term contract immediately." Allan signed. There was a rider to the contract. He had, first,

to get free of his Shubert contract, with two years to go. There were threats of blackball. There was considerable mental anguish for Allan and, in the end, it cost him twenty thousand dollars to be free for the movies.

He arrived in Hollywood at seven-thirty one morning. No flags were raised. At ten a. m. he was on the set, met Jean Harlow and sang his song for "Reckless." "What a swell kid she was," Allan said. "She was the first one in Hollywood to give me the glad hand, wish me well, prophesy that I'd go places. I'd give more than an awful lot if she could have been at the premiere of 'Firefly.'

"Well, then, I made 'Night At The Opera' with the merry Marxes, 'Showboat' for Universal, did a bit, a song, in 'Rose Marie.' And the sound track for 'A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody' in 'The Great Ziegfeld.' Hunt Stromberg had asked me to do that for him, that and the song in 'Rose Marie.' He told me that if I'd be a good sport and help him out he would eventually find a role for me that would put me on the centre of the movie map. I tried not to expect too much. You learn, in show business, that illusions wear pretty thin, promises are cheap coins, easily spent.

"But Stromberg didn't forget. He more than made good his promise. I *couldn't* have failed in 'Firefly' if I tried. Not with Stromberg producing, Leonard directing and Jeanette singing. Jeanette singing, it would be the ambition of any male singer to appear opposite her. And believe me, ma'am, it was sure mine! And when you consider how my role might have been subordinated to hers you can guess how much I really owe her. She gave me every break, and then some. The songs were equally divided between us. If anything, I got the better of the division with the 'Donkey's Serenade' and the 'Giannina Mia.' Hear about the wire she sent me the night of the premiere? It just said, 'Congratulations on YOUR big night.' Jeanette and Gene and Irene and I had been close friends long before we did 'Firefly.' I thought she was swell then. But there had been no test of friendship at that time. Now there has been and I know how swell she is."

I FIRST saw Irene," Don Diego Jones told me then, his cold gray eyes warm, "when she was playing the lead in 'Ladies' Money,' a studio play given at the Hollywood Music Box. I went to the play with Betty Furness. I kept watching Irene. I asked about her. Betty laughed and said, 'Better not waste time thinking about her, my friend, her time is *all* taken up!' I said, 'Oh, yeah, Bob Taylor.' I remembered I'd heard they were going together. Later I learned that Irene had seen me in 'Night At The Opera' and had asked about me.

"One day I was walking down the lot right in back of her. She didn't see me. She was humming 'Alone,' my song in 'Night At The Opera.' I passed her and looked back. We both laughed. I knew that I was in love with her then. But there were obstacles. Among them, Irene was going with Bob.

"We kept on meeting at parties. Betty Furness gave one that Christmas. Irene was there with Bob. Then there was a party at Arthur Lyons'. Again Irene was with Bob. She sat between us and I managed to monopolize her attention for an hour. So much was gained." (Easy didn't exactly do it, even in love. Imagine falling in love with the girl who was going with Robert Taylor!)

"Then Raoul Walsh gave a party. Bob was out of town. Irene came with Cesar Romero. I took Betty. Betty is a wise girl. She saw the way things were going. She asked me how I'd like to take Irene home instead of her. I didn't need to answer that. And Betty, laughing, went to Cesar and said, 'Say, Butch, they've changed the script on us, *you* are taking *me* home.'

"Yep, from my first sight of her I knew that it had to be. We were like magnets, one to the other. And if we don't live happily ever after it won't be through any conscious fault of mine. When, all obstacles ironed out, we were married on July 26th, 1936, and I said 'I do,' I meant it with all my heart. We're so happy, in every way, that I should get out the old rabbit's foot and look at the moon over my right shoulder. Everything seems to be easy doing it, now. Dad and my mother were out here this summer. They got a big kick out of watching me work in 'Firefly.' Jeanette invited them to her wedding and, boy, they have enough to tell the home folks to keep 'em going until our Golden Wedding! Dad feels that the career he never had has come true in me. "I'm crazy about Irene's little girl. And soon we'll be crazy again about one of our own. I'm not sure what I'll do next on the screen. It may be 'The Red Mill' with Della Lind, the Viennese singing find. I can leave all that to Hunt. He gave me my illusions back, not a tatter in 'em.

"I'm happy," said Allan, his earnestness good to see. "It's been hard work but I'd do it all over again, work treble shift for the gifts the gods have given me."

Easy does it? What do you think?

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Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 67)

$1.00 Prize Letter
What, No Love Interest?

Can you imagine? It wasn't until three complete hours had elapsed since I had seen the picture, that the whole truth really dawned on me. Yes, I'm talking about little Deanna Durbin's triumph. I saw "One Hundred Men and a Girl," came home, raved about it, and suddenly realized that the picture had managed to escape without something that almost every picture is lost without. There was no love interest! Deanna was, thank Heavens, not a cute little go-between for a couple of idiots madly in love; in fact, far from being the go-between for anybody, I should say that she was the "go." Let's have more pictures of this calibre, and especially, let's have more of Deanna.—Thelma Greenberg, Washington, D. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Pent-up Indignation

This is written especially in reply to a certain Texas lassie who bent over backwards to say insulting things about Barbara Stanwyck in your August issue. We're all entitled to our favorites, but when I resort to airing my feelings on the printed page, I sincerely hope I have intelligence enough not to confuse constructive criticism with "just being plain catty."

Of course, there are those who never see good in anyone and to them perhaps the forthright honesty and loyalty that are reflected in those lovely eyes of Miss Stanwyck's go to make her face appear "plain." But to those of us who can appreciate sincerity in all its worthiness and know Barbara for the grand person she is, these things make her beautiful in reality rather than a glamor-coated actress.

I'm willing to wager that all the anti-Stanwyck grumblers are ardent Bob Taylor fans and therein lies the answer to these jealous accusations. What do you think?—Betty June Simpson, Calumet City, Ill.

ROBERT TAYLOR'S KING!

Letters and more letters have been pouring in from all parts of the country and from outside the country, too—all trying to settle the question, which we raised some months ago. Who Is King of Feminine Hearts—Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power? Now, at last, the votes have been counted and although Bob leads with 14,567 votes, Ty follows neck-and-neck with 14,359. So, girls and boys, Bob Taylor's King. Long Live the King!

Followers-up in the contest are Clark Gable, Errol Flynn and Nelson Eddy, but every masculine player in Hollywood, from the romantic leads to character actors, seems to have plenty of girls' hearts tucked away in his pocket.

And now, ask our men readers, how about giving the boys a chance to crown a Queen? It's all right with us, so cast your votes and let's settle the matter. Who Is Queen of Masculine Hearts?

$1.00 Prize Letter
Wouldn't it be fun if—

Irene Did instead of Dunne,
Cary would Refuse instead of Grant,
Marsha would Seek instead of Hunt
Barbara would Write instead of Read.
And if—
Nelson were a Ripple, not an Eddy,
Fred were a Hall, not Astaire,
Martha were a Beam, not a Raye,
Clark were the Roof, not the Gable
Shirley were a Church, not a Temple,
Franchot were a Sound, not a Tone,
Frances were a Banker, not a Farmer,
Tyrone were Strength, not Power,
Rochelle were the Mississippi, not the Hudson,
Ronald were an Iceman, not a Colman,
Madeleine were a Song, not a Carroll,
And Jean were a Starter, not a Parker,
But what shall we fans ever do, if Jane Wilts, instead of Withers.

—Frances Smail, Dorchester, Mass.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1937.

State of New York
County of New York, N. Y. } ss

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Regina Cannon, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1937.
ALFREDA R. COLE.
Notary Public, Nassau Co. 1849
Certificate Filed in New York County
N. Y. Co. Clerk's No. 858, Reg. No. 8C518
Commission Expires March 30, 1938



Can you believe it? It's Jackie Cooper, practically a young man now. And very handsome too!

Personality— Better Than Beauty

(*Continued from page 43*)

Harry. But do admit the truth to yourself and go after what you want with all your might and main.

THERE is, naturally, a heck of a sight more than honesty with oneself required in the development of charm and distinction—in other words, personality. Next to the ability to be on the level with yourself, I'd say, comes the conquering of fear, self-consciousness, shyness. Then, perhaps, comes the courage to be a little different from the herd. All bound around with these steps in becoming a real person, there must be the ability to use one's judgment—a sense of discrimination which will tell you when, let us say, to dare a slightly mad make-up, hair-do or hat and when not to; when to come out loudly with all the courage of your convictions, and when to keep mum and let the other feller do the talking. Also bound around with this personality development is the desirability of being the best-looking individual, physically, that you can possibly manage to be.

A large order, you say? I'm having a swell time using words and saying nothing? Personality is something you're born with and can't develop, you think? You're wrong! Listen:

About overcoming self-consciousness, now . . . here's something to bolster your ego with. If you feel that you don't look so hot, consider some of the famous women you read about in the papers. Women in public life, society women, writers, successful business women. Are they always good-looking? No. Often they're exactly

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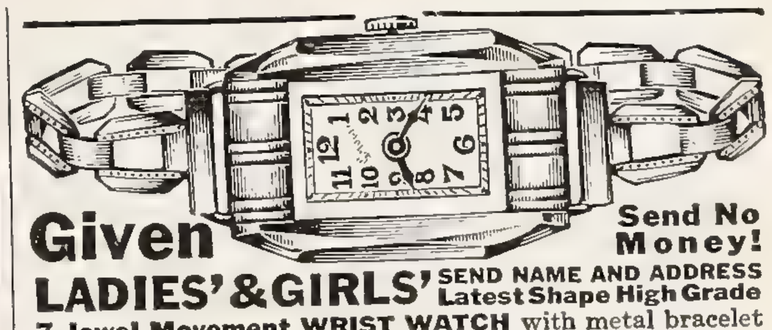
. . . . Knitters and Crocheters turn to page 68.

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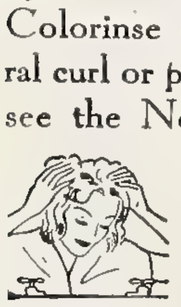
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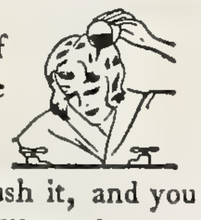
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the opposite and some of 'em can't even wear their expensive clothes well. Yet they've gone places, made money, annexed doting husbands, and made people like them. All by using their brains and the force of their personalities. If this personality-success can come to unattractive women, it can certainly come to those of you who are reasonably blessed by nature with physical loveliness and those of you who can acquire physical loveliness by a decent amount of attention to diet, exercise and simple beauty routines.

Another way of overcoming self-consciousness: have a dress-rehearsal before you go out into sassiety. Never try anything new on the public. Try it on the dog first. Try it on your family, your girl friend, your husband. By that I mean, don't attempt any innovation in make-up (particularly) or coiffure just before a date or a party. Sure as fate, something will go haywire and when you're out with all the folks you'll wish to heaven you had stuck to the good old part in the middle, or left off the purple eyeshadow. That will make you think about yourself, you see, and one of the first rules for personality-success is forgetting yourself and thinking about the other guy.

Be pretty sure of a new dress before you go out, especially if it's a not-too-expensive dress. Try it on a couple of times in the bright, cruel light of day. Look at the seams and the finishings. It may look pretty nice when you stand up, straight as a die, holding your stomach in and your rear flat. But how does it look when you sit? How does it look when you walk? If it's cut bias anywhere, it may shorten embarrassingly when you sit down. Better see about that. Does the slip show, or stop short too far above the hem?

That hat, now. How does it look from the back? What does it do to your hair when you take it off? Take pains—take time—be a little slow and fuss-budgetty with details of your personal appearance. You had better wear the old black dress, which people always admire, than be in too much of a hurry to shine in the red number bought this very afternoon at the sale.

IF you're reasonably sure and satisfied about your personal appearance, you've won half the battle in overcoming self-consciousness. For the rest, recall what I said above: forget yourself and think about the other person. Listen. Ask questions. Smile. Laugh. Be interested. (If you follow that rule with men, you're practically set.) Don't be flustered by little embarrassments that come up. Take them coolly and matter-of-factly. With men, reserve a little of yourself: speak quietly and slowly, give the impression that you could say more than you do.

All these tips are good if you're not particularly sure of yourself. As you gain poise and assurance, come out a little more strongly with your opinions and convictions. Perhaps—who knows?—you have the gift to make people laugh. There's a stupid old belief that men don't admire a sense of humor in a girl. Never was a sillier word spoken. Why, look at Barbara Stanwyck! There are many better looking gals in Hollywood, aren't there? But about fifty per cent of Barbara's popularity is due to the fact that she possesses our first requisite for personality: honesty with herself—and everybody else, too. And the other fifty per cent, almost, can be put down to a quick, dry sense of humor. Robert Taylor is never bored with Barbara—and that's one of the chief reasons he sticks around.

However, to get back to overcoming self-consciousness, find out what is the correct thing to do in all social situations. Don't be a slave to these rules and regulations, but know about 'em just the same. They're a great help. Have a little social patter on the tip of your tongue. It will come in handy when you can't think of a bloomin' thing to say. And, of course, I don't need to tell you that the more you read—books, magazines, newspapers—the better off you'll be. Learn to play a couple or more of the socially popular games, even if you hate games. If you re not naturally a good dancer, see if you can't take some dancing lessons. And if you're at a girls' school or college, please, please don't fall into the insidious habit of dancing with other gals. I did this, much to my sorrow. During the lunch hour or after dinner, on would go the croaky old victrola and, being tall, M. M. did a powerful lot of leading. It's terrible. Don't you ever do it, if you never dance a step.

Have you a talent, hidden or otherwise? I wanta say a thing or two about talents. These days, I think, one must be pretty good before one gets up to entertain the company. There's so much good stuff to listen to and look at nowadays—on the radio, at the theatres. By all means, if you can play or sing or dance, work at your talent and be ready to please and amuse folks with your efforts, for this gift will buy you more popularity than big blue eyes or naturally blonde hair. But don't do things sloppily and half way.

When I went to see the latest "Broadway Melody," my main urge was for the sight of Eleanor Powell's dancing feet. But the hit of the show to me—good though Miss P. was—turned out to be little Judy Garland. Why? Goodness knows, I've heard enough of that general type of hot singing. But young Judy did it so well—she put so much umph behind her songs. Her young voice is powerful and sure of pitch. It's not a little pipe-squeak of a voice, blown up by the sound man into something which it isn't. It's as natural as Judy herself, with her snapping black eyes and her wide mouth, which isn't a bit pretty, but which intrigues you and makes you like her, just because it isn't reshaped with lipstick.

FRANCES FARMER, now, is the best looking girl of the four at the beginning of this article, if you're talking about classic features and such. But why is Frances going places, while other pretty blondes are left behind? In the first place, pretty blondes are apt to be insipid, and that's one thing Miss Farmer isn't. In the second place, Frances doesn't make the mistake of so many pretty blondes of being frilly and fussy, with great gobs of the pretty hair falling to the shoulders and all over the face. It's a great temptation to "show off" lovely yellow hair, but it's much smarter to wear it close.

Another "different" charm about Frances Farmer: her voice and manner. She's completely natural, and her manner is matter-of-fact and hail-fellow-well-met, without being in the least horsey or tough. Blondes are so apt to be (1) statuesque and unapproachable or (2) too demure and fluttery.

While I'm on the subject of being different, let me say just two more things: good-looking blondes, redheads and brunettes, the striking types, in other words, will do well to soften their vivid quality on most occasions. By that, I mean, wear simple coiffures, only such make-up as you need to look your best, and simple, dark or neutral toned clothes. On most occasions, I say. Why? So that, dears, you may shine all the more brightly in a gay gown or a sophisticated hair-do on rare occasions and so, too, that you won't tire all that must look at you every day in the week.

The other thing I want to say about being different is this: when you don't seem to be getting much of anywhere with your present appearance and present method of attack upon the world at large, try some radical change in appearance and manner. This will take a bit of courage.

But, what have you got to lose? You're not happy the way things are. If you've never worn red, and think you can't wear red, perhaps it would be a swell idea to buy the reddest dress you can find. Bob your hair, if it's long. Buy a switch if it's short. I knew a mousey little person once who had no claim to beauty particularly, but someone persuaded her to try some mascara. Lo and behold, though her lashes were so light that they barely showed without the make-up, they were long and silky and a touch of the old reliable goo made her eyes lovely.

I THINK American girls and women are getting better looking every day and yet most of them still lack something. I took a motor trip recently and went through some of the pokiest little towns, far away from the big cities, and yet, so many of the girls in these towns looked chic and smart. They all knew a few tricks of make-up and hair arrangement. Nice figures, and pretty faces and eyes chockful of allure. Yet, there is that "something" which almost every American girl lacks, whether she lives in a small town or a big city—an illusive quality which even the plainest foreign girl and woman seems to possess. Take Luise Rainer, who certainly isn't plain—not with those eyes—but who is certainly not as physically luscious as many a cutie in Hollywood or on Main Street. Now what the heck is it?

I think it's the summation of all the things I've been trying to tell you about in this article. Honesty with oneself. No self-consciousness, because when one knows how to act and what to do and how to make the best of one's features, hair and figure, there's no earthly reason to be self-conscious. Courage to be yourself and do, wear and say what *you* please, instead of imitating the girl next door.

The sophisticated European woman, too, has an instinctive knowledge of how to charm and please men which many of us must learn by bitter experience. But you can learn it, and you gotta learn it, if you want to be really happy, and there's plenty of competition these days, too. When to flatter a man, when to pique him with indifference; when to turn on a little heat, when to keep the brute in a cool, dry place; when to be all feminine and soft and when to be a modern frank pal; when to intrigue him by intelligent interest in the things he's interested in, when to be a little dumb, in a helpless, pretty sort of way.

Well, I hope I haven't got you all beautifully bawled up. Maybe I should have stuck to the good old one-two-three about taking care of your fingernails, faces and hair. But I had this on my chest and had to get it off.

HERE'S a good exercise to flatten the tum and slim the waist. Stand with feet ten inches apart, toes turned slightly in. Hands on hips, and if you dig and squeeze with those hands while you're doing the exercise, it won't hurt a particle. Now bend back, very slowly, as far as you can go without losing your balance. Come forward by describing a circle with your upper body—first to the left. Way forward. Now back to an upright position again. Repeat, describing your circle this time to the right. Feel your stomach muscles pull when you bend back. Do that for twenty minutes every morning—or as long a time as you can spare—and see how charmingly flat in front you become by next month.

If your face is feeling a little dry these snappy days, try this change in your make-up routine for a while. Buy yourself some good foundation cream, in a tone a smitch darker than your skin. Pay a decent price for it. There are a number on the market, costing about a buck and a half per throw, but they last forever. Use this cream, and your lipstick and whatever, and no powder A lot of the Hollywood beauties do this, to refresh their skins after the heavy picture make-up.

Also, I gotta present for yuh. Fill in coupon below, plizz, and receive sample. It's a skin cleaner that does wonders for the smoothness of the pelt. You mix it up yourself with warm water to a creamy consistency and apply it to your face and remove it with a wash cloth wrung out of warm water. It's completely non-alkaline in action and especially if your skin is roughened and dry, it will do wonders for it. See if I'm not right—and remember, a good skin never hurt any personality!

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Reviews

(*Continued from page 108*)

★★ Ebb Tide

This is the first sea picture for which Technicolor has been used, and on that account alone is worth seeing. The photographic effects are good throughout, and in some scenes have exceptional beauty—in particular a storm at sea and some South Sea Island shots.

The story is taken from the familiar one by Robert Louis Stevenson and concerns the adventures of three men who have brought disgrace upon themselves in one way or another, and are now adrift in the world. The men are an old-sea-captain (Oscar Homolka), a repulsive cockney derelict (Barry Fitzgerald), and a young and cultured Englishman (Ray Milland). The captain gets a chance at last to take a ship to Australia, and gets berths for his two cronies. At sea they decide to chart their course for Peru instead, sell the cargo, and start life anew. In the midst of their plottings, the former captain's daughter (Frances Farmer) suddenly appears out of hiding, and demands that justice be upheld—emphasizing her statement by shooting the captain. Excitement rides high on the voyage, between typhoons, drunken sprees of the captain and steward when the ship drifts aimlessly, and the fear of starvation when the supplies run out. The climax comes with the discovery of an island on which is a fabulous fortune in pearls, but it is controlled by the ruthless Lloyd Nolan, who sets about murdering the men so he can have Frances for his very own.

It's a good story, but gets off to a painfully slow start—even the most exciting episodes becoming monotonous through being too long-drawn-out. As we said before, you'll want to see it for the photography, but it could have been much more thrilling, had more attention been paid to the development of the story.

First prize for acting goes to Barry Fitzgerald, without whom the film would have fallen completely flat. Oscar Homolka's slow, heavy actions are well suited to his role, in this one, while Ray Milland and Frances Farmer are no more than adequate. Directed by James Hogan.—*Paramount.*

★★ Fight for Your Lady

This is Jack Oakie's picture, from first to last. So if an hour of Grade A Oakie antics suits your mood, you won't go wrong on it. The story centers around the ridiculous situation of John Boles being jilted, the first time such a thing has happened to the handsome Mr. B., at least on the screen.

He turns to demon rum and Jack Oakie for consolation, and with such a combination there's small wonder that he comes out of the predicament a better and wiser man.

In Budapest he falls madly in love with a cabaret entertainer, Ida Lupino, and this would all be very nice, except for the fact that Ida has an aristocratic suitor, Eric Blore, who has the nasty habit of killing off her extra boy friends by means of the time-honored duelling system. Eric has one other weakness besides Ida, however, he's a push-over for mothers. This gives rise to one of the really hilarious incidents of the picture.

The climax comes when, just as he is about to stab Mr. Boles through the heart, our hero's poor old widowed mother shows up on the scene and begs for her boy's life. As the poor old widowed mother, Jack Oakie never looked better! Though Oakie outshines everyone, creditable performances are given by the rest of the cast, in particular Eric Blore and Margot Grahame. Miss Lupino and Mr. Boles are adequate in the leads. Directed by Ben Stoloff.—*RKO.*

★ The Bride Wore Red

Wouldn't it be swell if somebody got a new story for Joan Crawford? Or perhaps Miss Crawford likes the one she's been using for all these years. She should be advised, however, that it's getting a bit shabby around the edges. All of which means that "The Bride Wore Red" is a dull and routine picture which will disappoint the Crawford fans and bore the rest of the audience.

Briefly, the story has Joan as a singer in a low waterfront dive who gets a momentary fling at wealth and fine clothes only to discover that what she really wants is happiness, which, as all movie-goers know, is enjoyed only by the poor.

Miss Crawford's wooden portrayal of the girl slows the film up considerably. Several of the supporting players turn in excellent jobs, but because so much of the footage is given to the star, their scenes are much too brief. Franchot Tone, in the role of a village postmaster, lends warmth and reality to his part, and Robert Young, as a slightly decadent young millionaire, is smooth and effective. Billie Burke, George Zucco, Lynne Carver, Reginald Owen and Mary Phillips all deserve more than passing mention.

Miss Crawford sings one song, "Who Wants Love?" which drew no response from a preview audience. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.—*M-G-M.*

★ Sophie Lang Goes West

We regret to say that this Paramount picture is just the opposite of the best show in town. It's another one of those jewel-swiping tales that you have seen many times before, only with a different cast. Gertrude Michael is the feminine lead this time, and though she's lovely to look at and probably delightful to know, Gertrude just doesn't click in celluloid. Though in all justice we should add that it would take a Shirley Temple to rise above this script.

The story concerns a former jewel thief, Gertrude Michael, who is on her way to California in order to get her past just as far behind as possible. En route, she meets a movie scripter, Lee Bowman, who finds the lady and her past so intriguing that he's going to write a screen yarn about it. It looks like the two will peacefully collaborate across the continent, but suddenly the plot thickens with a bang. A world-famous diamond is stolen and the heroine is accused of being in on the dirty work. From there on, the complications arise so thick and fast that it would take a Sherlock Holmes to untangle them, though we doubt if he'd care. Lee Bowman does the best he can with the role allotted to him, with his performance topping the other mediocre ones. Well, don't say we didn't tell you. Directed by Charles Riesner.—*Paramount.*

(*Continued on page 104*)

That Girl's Here Again

(*Continued from page* 18)

from the time they were two. Joan had only been knee high to a cricket when she gave a reading from "The Tempest."

She was fifteen when, to use her own quotes, "life really began." And it was all due to a broken shoulder blade.

Of course she didn't know it was broken at the time. She had been taking care of a neighbor's youngsters and they'd been wrestling on the edge of the swimming pool when she felt something snap. It wasn't until the next day that she learned it was the bone in her shoulder. They hurried her to a hospital. They took X-rays. The family physician shook his head. "She's been a semi-invalid all her life and it has to be topped with this! As soon as she can travel, I suggest a long sea trip and a complete change of scenery."

That's how it was that Joan, under the surveillance of her father, headed back for Japan. She had never been separated from Meg and Ollie before. That last afternoon they had swung down Market Street together towards the pier, not caring whether the whole of San Francisco heard them singing. They had to sing. It was either that or tears. And as the ship slipped away towards Golden Gate, there was Joan, a wind-whipped little figure clinging to a spar on the top deck.

And from below Joan, a male voice called, "Hadn't you better come down from there?" She slid down precipitately, right into his arms. He was a very presentable young man, bound for the legation in Tokio. Even before the typhoon hit them she was wearing his ring. A gorgeous blond taking a finishing course at the American Missionary school was a boon to that crowd of lonely diplomats. Before the year was up Joan had been engaged four times.

And something else took place in Japan. Somewhere, somehow, the illness that had haunted her childhood, abruptly vanished. The Joan who came back to Meg and Ollie was radiantly alive, well. That summer the three of them motored to Los Angeles for a vacation. It was meant to be for three weeks. It has lasted three years.

Ollie went to work. And Joan decided to do the same, minus any assistance from sister or family. That fetish of hers cropping up again. They had a little place in north Hollywood near Henry Duffy's. Mr. Duffy produces stage plays and Joan wanted to be an actress. She took to walking past his garden. After a while she grew bold enough to walk in and up to his door. He wasn't in the first time. Nor the second. But the third time the maid told him, smiling, "That girl's here again."

He asked Joan to read the part of the-little-girl-next-door in "Call It A Day." A month later she opened in it at the El Capitan Theatre, where Jesse L. Lasky saw her and signed her to a movie contract.

They gave Joan a small part in the Hepburn picture, "Quality Street." Then a larger one in a Class B production. And then came the lead in the Nino Martini film, "Music For Madame."

You will see her next in "Damsel In Distress." Joan Fontaine, who makes it a law to travel entirely under her own steam, who is considered one of the two finest actresses among Hollywood's younger players. The other is her sister, Olivia De Havilland.

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Information Desk

(Continued from page 65)

Mary McKinnon, Randolph, Utah. Bette Davis is twenty-nine years old. No, there was no romance between Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy except on the screen! She's Mrs. Gene Raymond, now, you know. Ross Alexander did commit suicide, apparently as the result of brooding over the earlier suicide of his first wife.

Shirley Barron, Baltimore, Md. You are interested in the movies, aren't you! Well, here are your answers. Don Ameche is not in the least gray at the temples. In fact, he has almost black hair, so it was powder which fooled you in that picture. You may obtain photographs of the stars by writing to the studios where they work and enclosing twenty-five cents to cover mailing cost. The skiing scenes in "Thin Ice," were done by doubles, though Sonja Heinie knows all about such things! At the present writing, Ruby Keeler is under contract to RKO-Radio and not scheduled to make any pictures with Dick Powell. "Gone With The Wind" has not been cast as yet though there is talk that Clark Gable will play Rhett Butler opposite Paulette Goddard as Scarlett O'Hara. Nelson Eddy's next picture is "Rosalie," with Eleanor Powell.

C. M. Bennett, Traverse City, Mich. Paul Lukas will be seen shortly in "Mutiny in the Mountains," an English production.

Betty Robinson, Ovid, New York. Loretta Young has three sisters, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane, and Georgiana Young. The first two have been in pictures, but only Sally Blane is active at the present time.

V. Norbut, Newark, N. J. I wouldn't be too upset over the rumors that Garbo is through with pictures. Each time her contract is about to expire, they crop up but she still seems to go on making pictures and probably will continue to do so.

Adelaide Harmon, Warren, Ohio. You can get a photograph of Don Ameche by writing to 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood, Calif. Enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of mailing.

Rose Siriday, Grantwood, N. J. The cast for "Hollywood Hotel," which has been selected thus far includes: Dick Powell, Rosemary and Lola Lane, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, Ted Healy, Alan Mowbray, Frances Langford, Raymond Paige, Ken Niles and Louella Parsons. Milton Berle can be reached in care of RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, California.

Alyce Unger, Gloucester, N. J. You certainly *do* go for Errol Flynn, don't you? He is more than six feet tall and was born in North Ireland, a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian who led the famous Mutiny on the Bounty. Errol Flynn is his real name. He is married to Lili Damita and it is his first venture. His birthday is June 20th. You're quite welcome, that's what we're here for!

Getting the Breaks

(Continued from page 40)

And he still can't understand why people have been so nice to him, why the executives at Paramount, for instance, took one look at that face and that long, shambling figure and signed him to a long-term contract without even going through the formality of a film test. Personally, he's still trying to figure that all out. That's not true, either, Gary just doesn't try to figure anything out! He just carries on.

I was working in the publicity department at Paramount when they placed the big, gawky guy under contract. From the very first minute I saw him, I was aware of that arresting charm of his. I've known other players who affected me in somewhat the same way, but in time you get to understand the difference between the manufactured or affected charm and personality and that which a person really possesses, and you discover that even those with the natural personality have to be really "big" to take on success.

I think I realized from the very first that Gary would be "big."

During the years I've known him, Gary has never changed his viewpoint. It's hard to believe that a chap who has made as many feminine hearts go pitty-pat (including mine) can be so utterly oblivious to the fact that he has a certain something that no one else possesses.

Every time Gary has signed a new contract, I'll bet, he's wondered to himself how long it would be before they'd catch on to him. He wouldn't have been surprised to have found himself completely out of pictures at any minute. And if such a thing had actually happened, I honestly don't think it would have bothered him. He'd just go on, as usual.

There's a little leather shop in Hollywood which is owned by a fellow named Jeff Davis. He's not young, but he's still tall, thin and a trifle stoop-shouldered from years spent in the saddle. No one knows very much about Jeff, even Gary. And that's pretty surprising considering how much time Gary spends fussing around Jeff's little shop, unless you know your Cooper. Knowing him, I can understand how he can spend hours in a day chatting with the ex-cowboy, sometimes figuring out some new design in leather, sometimes just spinning yarns, and never asking Jeff anything about his private life. It would never occur to Gary to pry into anyone's business unless the information was volunteered.

Of course, this casualness of Gary's is a bit maddening at times. There was the time, when he'd been in ill-health for some months, when he felt he wanted to go to Africa. It was a long trip that had been planned, lazy days of cruising up the Nile, active moments, chasing big game, in other words, an extensive vacation. Well, other people may have worried about the career he was temporarily forsaking at a moment when he was not any too well established on the screen, but it's certain Gary didn't. I'll wager that the fact he would be off the screen for some fourteen months didn't even occur to Gary. He just went to Africa!

And when he returned to the United States, he didn't bat an eyelash when he discovered his financial affairs weren't in any too healthy a condition. He didn't even wonder if they had a picture for him to work in back in Hollywood. He just came back, in his own unflurried fashion, and reported at the studio!

"What," you might ask, "has Gary Cooper gotten out of success?"

Well, Gary wears nice clothes, might be your first reaction. That's true. Many of Gary's suits are made from imported fabrics. But that is part of Gary's business as an actor. He must at all times

have an extensive wardrobe.

But if you were to catch Gary in an off-moment, you'd realize how unimportant such material things are in Gary's scheme of living (if he really has one). When he isn't working, you practically never see Gary dressed up. Nine times out of ten, he'll be wearing an old polo shirt and a pair of mussy trousers with a well-worn necktie around his waist to keep them in place. Indeed, one of Gary's favorite articles of apparel is a cheap pair of seersucker pants which he swiped, mind you, from the wardrobe department when he was working in "Now and Forever" a few years back. He'll probably continue to wear them until they literally fall off!

And during the filming of "The Plainsman," when almost everyone on the picture was requesting special props, unusual articles of wardrobe which would necessarily be discarded after the picture, what do you think Gary asked for? In his shy way, he wondered if Mr. De Mille could order him a pair of moccasins! And was no end grateful when his request was complied with.

While he was appearing in "Wedding Night," Sam Goldwyn heard that Gary had become quite attached to an old lumber-jack shirt he wore in the picture. He had six of them made for Gary as a gift. Gary was more pleased than if they had been six million dollars!

And the rest of Gary's living conditions are in keeping with his simple tastes. He has a charming but most unpretentious home in Brentwood, not at all like a movie star's home. But it satisfies Gary.

Most disillusioning, you might say. Not a bit like a movie star! But the whole world could go hang, as far as Gary is concerned, if he had to behave like an actor off the screen. He couldn't be annoyed!

Thinking over the years I've known Gary, I'm really amazed when I realize that his one real luxury, during all his years of prosperity, has been an expensive automobile. And if I were to say that Gary isn't happy because he has enough money to own a Dusenberg instead of a Ford, I'd be lying. Because Gary has been prouder and more pleased with his swell car than anything he's ever had, except, maybe, the elaborate saddle Jeff Davis made up for him a little while back.

However, if circumstances had been such that Gary could only afford a small, inexpensive car, Gary would have been just as happy, I'll swear. It's just that he had always, from the time he was a kid, been crazy about tinkering with automobiles. And what boy, large or small, wouldn't rather have a big, expensive car than a cut-down Ford? I've never heard of one.

"Has Gary's marriage changed him any?" someone asked me the other day. I thought of it as I talked with him on the set of his newest and possibly his most important picture. And I couldn't help but admit that it had. It's nothing tangible, nothing you can put your finger on. It's just a certain radiance, a look of contentment and well-being, a gleam in the eye, that didn't used to be there. Other than that, Gary might have been the same boy I met, years ago, when he was just starting out on a new career.

And Gary has been very grateful to motion pictures, to fate, to luck, to every one of those people who have pushed him up to the top. At the immediate moment, he feels he is riding the crest of the wave. A real home, a charming wife, a brand-new baby daughter, what more can a fellow ask?

According to Gary, he's been given all the breaks!

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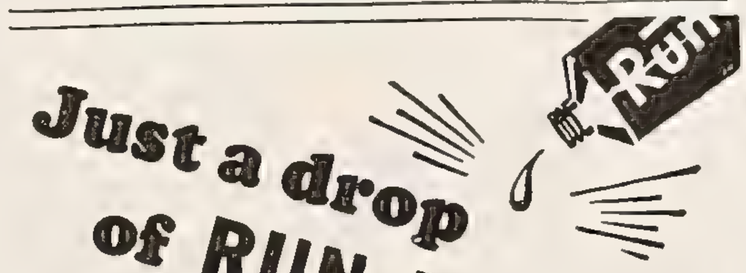
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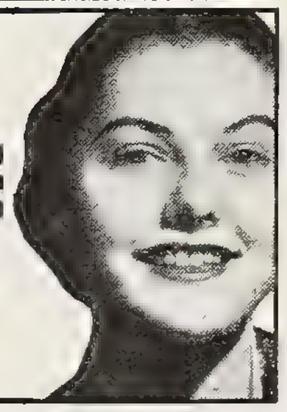
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Leo Carrillo, caught "flipping Oops" between scenes of his latest screen role in Republic's super-musical, Manhattan-Merry-Go-Round. This new game has Hollywood completely ga-ga—and it's sweeping the country by storm. *See it—try it—buy it* at all Department Stores, 5 and 10's, toy shops, etc., $1.00, 50c and 25c.

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Managing Milton

(*Continued from page 12*)

"Sure he can be in your Chaplin contest," Mrs. Berle replied. "How much is there in it?"

"The theatre was in Mt. Vernon and as far as we knew it might have been Canada," Milton explained. "It cost us $3.60 to get there and all we got was a cup worth $1.98, which was first prize. After that Mom took me around to the movie companies for work. She would always find out the day before just what type kid they wanted and then dress me accordingly. If they needed Little Lord Fauntleroy, that was me all over. When they called for a freshie from the Bronx, I was just myself.

"In this way I got some work, a little experience and, before long, into the Flora Dora kids outfit. I began my vaudeville career here and, until I reached that gawky age in my early teens, had some nice breaks. Not much money, but I worked steadily. Kids do grow up though and pretty soon I found myself too big to go on."

Most child stars retire during the "awkward age," but not our Milton. It was at this time that Sarah and young Berlenger embarked for that Land of Promise, the Philadelphia Grand Opera House. Here Berlenger became Berle. Sarah decided that the former name was too long to go up on the marquee in lights! "How d'ya like it?" Milton asks.

"This was my first appearance as a one man bill, so I was really on my own," Milton continued. "I sang songs and told a few stories and Mom was right there in the first row laughing up my jokes, putting me over. After each performance, she would tell me what I had done wrong and how to right it. Then, next day she was right out front doing the same thing all over again.

"Well, we had something there until one night a guy comes backstage and asks if I'm not the same Milton Berlenger that was with the Flora Dora. Smelling a job, I came right back with, 'Sure, that's me.' Gee, was I wrong! He was an officer from the Gerry Society and wanted to know why I wasn't in school. That taught me to keep my trap shut and let Queenie do the talking.

"It wasn't until years later, when I played Loew's State as Master of Ceremonies, that I got my big break. Mom was still sitting out front and before each show would say, 'Be good, Milton, tonight So-and-So will be out front.' How did she find out? Search me. I told you she had eyes in the back of her head!"

IN THE good old days the pinnacle of success in the profession was to play the Palace Theatre. Milton hadn't been able to accomplish this, but it wasn't long after his debut as M.C. that the opportunity fell right into his lap.

"A new show was opening at the Palace," Berle began, "and at the last minute the M.C. was taken sick. They were in an awful spot and there was nothing they could do but get me. I don't mind telling you I was plenty scared. Finally I decided to play the underdog, arouse their sympathy, and get under the audience's skin quickly. So I'd say, 'Now I'm going to tell you some jokes, the same ones that Jack Benny, Bill Fields and this Cantor guy tell at twice the salary. They're just as good and just as funny when I tell them, only I don't get the money they do. They ride to work in a big car and I walk, but we all get here just the same.' Well, this idea got me by and I stayed for another bill. After that it was smooth sailing and I landed offers to play most of the other houses on Broadway.

"One day, Richie Craig, a friend of mine, M.C. too, and I decided it would be good business to get a phoney feud started for the newspapers. Richie would wire Winchell and say, 'All that Berle guy doesn't use of my stuff is my pictures for the lobby display. Put up my photo and I'll be playing the bill.' Then I'd sit down and send Sobol a note saying, 'This Craig is stealing my stuff. It's my act, why don't I get the billing?' The papers got hold of it and went to town and the joke-stealing gag was launched. I figured that the notices would help us both and you can be sure that they did."

In case you don't know who Richie Craig is, and you should, he was a clever comedian. He became widely known as Master of Ceremonies, around the vaudeville circuits. Milton has a very interesting story for you, about his last performance

I HAD been out touring the tank towns when I got a wire from Richie to come at once. When I arrived in his dressing-room, he had collapsed and couldn't go on. I played his bill—of course, using the gag that since he had all my jokes, why shouldn't I play the bill? Well, it went over with a bang. They loved it. Richie passed away shortly afterwards without anyone knowing about our gag. You can imagine how I feel now that it has grown so big that it slaps me in the face. No one will believe we created the joke-stealing thing for a gag. It's like one of those Frenkenstein monsters; it gets so big it swallows you.

"I really don't mind the kidding, but when it gets to be accepted as gospel, then it does get under your skin. That's probably the reason that, when I finally got an offer to make a screen test, I did a scene from 'The Show is On.' Let 'em see me doing something that *does* belong to another comedian. I was on the road in the Bert Lahr part and so used the stockbroker scene, the one you saw in 'New Faces.' The test was good, and I was signed by another company to do one picture."

Perhaps the movie moguls were a bit slow to recognize Milton Berle's possibilities, but they needed only the release of "New Faces" to convince them they had another star on their hands. And now Mr. Berle is slated for big things, the first of which is to be the leading role in the screen version of "Room Service," one of Broadway's current hits.

And, the cinema capital being as topsy-turvy as it is today, don't be surprised to read that Sandra Berle, accompanied by her son Milton, are off to the races. Her ambitions can easily be realized in the City of Make Believe and, knowing Sarah, we look forward to the time when she'll come into her own. Good luck, Sandra!

Luise Rainer's in a confidential mood—in January Modern Screen

Laughing the Whole Thing Off

(*Continued from page 29*)

steamed in, every whistle blowing, emblazoned with banners that shouted: "Welcome Joan and Dick." Airplanes zoomed overhead, letting down streamers that flapped: "Welcome Joan and Dick." The reporters let out a wild Indian whoop. With one impulse Joan and Dick fled from the scene.

The papers carried the story to give the impression that two movie stars had hired a reception committee to welcome themselves to New York. No, they didn't say it in so many words, but the implication was there. It made a better story than the truth, that tugboats and airplanes had been a well-meaning, if misguided, gesture on the part of friends, embarrassing no one more keenly than those it was intended to honor. And for their pains in giving the press what it wanted, they had the pleasure of reading such gems as these: "The bride tittered, and yipped: 'Ain't it cute?' "The bridegroom blushed, and tripped over his foot." One has to fill space somehow.

Dick might have said: "You *would* come to New York."

Joan might have said: "You didn't try to stop me."

Perhaps they realized the danger. Dick stared solemnly for a moment. Then: "Titter for me, Bride," he commanded. "Or would you prefer to yipp?"

"No," giggled Joan. "I'd rather take lessons in tripping over my foot."

Well, that was finished, and now they could enjoy themselves. Never were two people more mistaken. The papers had done their work well. All of New York knew that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell had come to town. That alone wouldn't have wrought the harm. But they kindly furnished the name of the Powells' hotel. They played up the "blushing bride and bridegroom" angle. They hinted that airplanes and tugboats would seem to indicate that the honeymooners weren't bent on seclusion.

With the result that stepping outside the door meant being swooped upon, fighting their way through crowds. Shopping was out of the question. Almost any public appearance was out of the question.

They refused to be downed. Safe behind the doors of their suite, Dick would say: "This, Mrs. Powell, is the beach at Waikiki. That sound which you fondly imagine to be the gurgle of a tap is the plash of murmuring waves. This thing that looks like a lampshade is the moon, and you don't look bad yourself," he burst into song, "in the light of the mo-o-on at Waikiki. What'll it be, ham or swiss on rye?" He'd pick up the phone, order sandwiches, and they'd sit munching and cooking up schemes of how they'd sneak out by the chimney next morning as two wisps of smoke.

After three days, Dick said: "Let's leave."

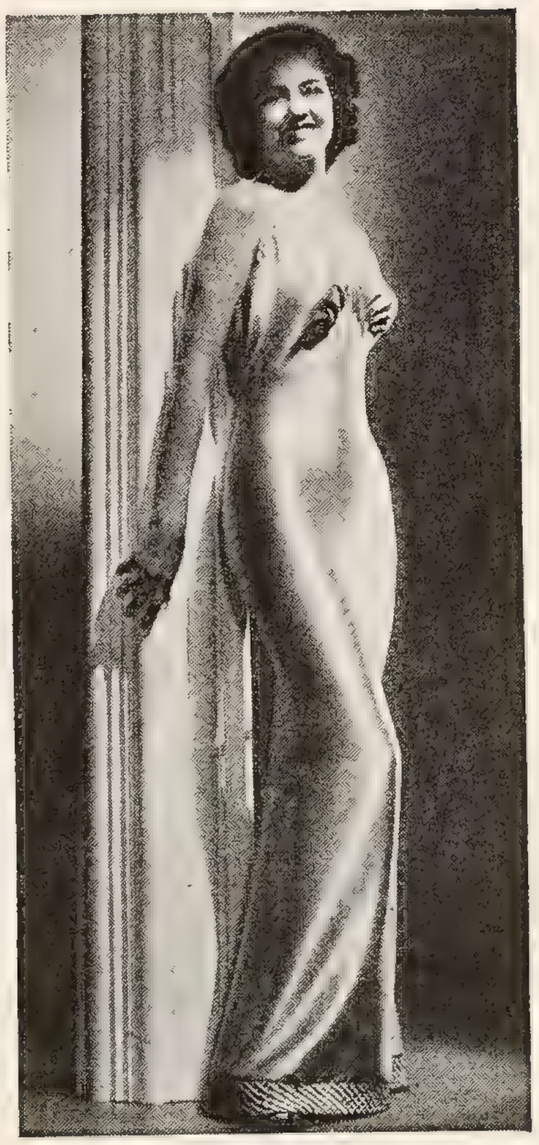
"What about Gloria's play? And oh, Dick, I do want to wear my pretty clothes."

That settled it. "We're going to the theatre tonight, and let anyone try to stop us," announced young Mr. Powell.

Young Mrs. Powell looked fearful. "Let's go *early*, so they won't see us prancing down the aisle and call us sensa-

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"An Old English Name"

(*Continued from page 69*)

ing the privilege of wandering about the rooms where once only The Silent Lady walked. Incidentally, Garbo has lived in so many houses during the past few years that the "This is where Garbo slept" legends are beginning to rival the "George Washington once spent the night here" stories.

■ ■ ■

We dropped in on the "Boy of the Streets" set the other day to get a look at Jackie Cooper, who's making his first picture since "The Devil Is a Sissy." You'd be surprised at young Mr. Cooper's size. He's tall and husky, and looks almost ready to step into a romantic lead. All of which is hard to believe, when you recall that only three years ago he was the kid in "Treasure Island."

■ ■ ■

Mme. Louise Hovick, Gypsy Rose Lee on the other side of the tracks, recently delivered herself of the statement that never again would she view herself in the movies. After seeing her debut in "You Can't Have Everything" she made the momentous decision. "It was such a shock," she said, "seeing myself in such detail. It was like letting the public pry into my innermost secrets. The stage," she concluded, "leaves a little to the imagination, but not the movies." And we can remember Miss Hovick when she was the featured attraction at the Irving Place Burlesque in New York. All she left to the imagination was her phone number.

■ ■ ■

Questions without Answers: What young star, recently married, told her friends a few days before the elopement that she'd never marry the man in question? It was a studio romance, she said, and that was all. Well, maybe what she has now is a studio marriage, whatever that is.

■ ■ ■

Producers are finally waking up to the amazing popularity of cowboy star Gene Autry. The requests coming to MODERN SCREEN'S Information Desk show him leading the field by a more than comfortable margin, yet no major studio executive had ever seen Gene Autry on the screen. However, the word got to 20th Century-Fox, and Darryl Zanuck is attempting to buy the Autry contract from Republic studios.

■ ■ ■

When Warner Baxter and his stand-in, Frank McGrath, met eight years ago, they both wore the same size hat. The other day when Warner showed up on the set with a new hat, McGrath tried it on. It rested precariously on the top of his head. "Hmmm," hmmmed McGrath, "look what Baxter's success has done to *me!*"

■ ■ ■

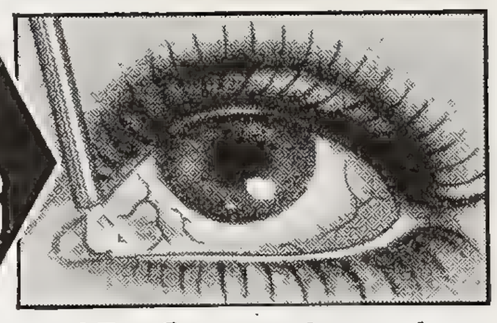
Joan Davis ("Olga From the Volga" in "Thin Ice") generally feels just like the tired end of a double feature bill when her nightly bedtime arrives. Seems Miss D. has a four-year-old daughter named Beverly, and Beverly's hobby is watching mamma go through all the routines she has just finished at the studio. So far Joan has lost eight pounds and her daughter's respect.

■ ■ ■

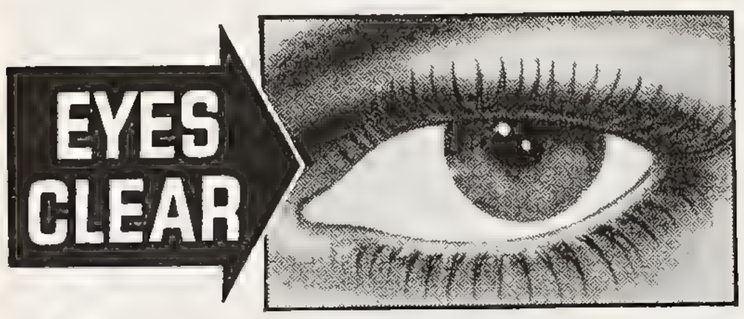
Mr. Riskin Goes to Town: With a number of Hollywood hopefuls buzzing Ginger Rogers' phone number, the inside track seems to be the private property of Robert Riskin, the gent who wrote such hits as "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds." It's said that Ginger, like many movie-goers, admires the Riskin dialogue.



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tion-hunters or something awful. Let's go *right* after dinner."

"Let's go *before* dinner."

"And we won't go out to smoke in the intermission."

"What can they do to us?" Dick shrugged.

This is what they did. They tore off Joan's orchids, they pulled four tails from her sable cape and kept them as souvenirs, they all but knocked her down in their efforts to get to Dick, they all but smashed Dick's toes to get to her. They clung to the runningboard of the taxi, so that Dick had to warn the driver not to start, lest someone be hurt. While they were being dislodged, the two inside sat digging their nails into each other's palms.

Arrived at the theatre, they had to be spirited out to wait on a chilly fire-escape till the play started. Joan was protected by her furs. Dick, clammy with nervousness, caught cold and went to bed that night with a high fever.

He stayed there for a week. Joan stayed beside him. This wasn't so funny, but at least no one bothered them. Once Joan threw a coat over her shoulders and ran down to the lobby to have a prescription filled. She was instantly besieged. "Where's Dick, where's Dick?"

"Gone away for a week," she flung back over her shoulder, and with grim pleasure envisioned a buzzing chorus of "Hm! Just married and gone away for a week!"

THEY bade New York goodbye without regrets, and tried to remember only its lighter moments. Sometimes, when they hear a whistle blow, Dick will murmur: "That's us in town again." They even have Normie, the youngster, doing it. One day, when he saw the big Zeppelin that floats 'round Los Angeles advertising tires, he looked up and asked: "Mommy, does that say, 'Welcome Joan and Dick?'"

They'd gone through their ordeal by fire, and come out with their humor unscathed. They'd learned it was better to laugh than rage over what couldn't be helped. They applied the lesson. If Joan comes in to find Dick worrying over a script, she goes promptly into the act that never fails to leave him grinning. It's a kind of Ruth Draperian monologue, featuring a screwball hostess, and never runs twice the same way, but generally starts off something like this: "Goodbye. I told the servants you were coming. We have breakfast at three, and the bathroom's done in lavender and old lace, only the lace doesn't stand up very well. You have to coddle it. You'll find me in the icebox in the morning—"

Every once in a while Joan will decide to go on a diet. "All right," says Dick. "I'll go with you. For better, for worse." They instruct the cook not to give them any food. They sit eating their meagre dinner, giving each other verbal pats on the back, and finish, feeling noble but empty.

It isn't long before Dick spies a hungry gleam in the eye of his wife. He starts humming: "I — have a — feeling — we're STAR-ving." With one accord, they steal toward the kitchen. Dick pushes stealthily at the door. If the cook spies him, he beams good evening, and beats a retreat. If she's mercifully absent, they descend on the icebox and raid it.

They agree about most things and, when they don't, they can always get a chuckle out of their disagreement. Each insists that the other suffers from what they call telephonitis. "Dick," says Joan, "was born with a receiver in his mouth."

"So help me," says Dick, "she phones three times as much as I do. I kept track one day. I will say for her that she doesn't go into these 'he said' and 'she

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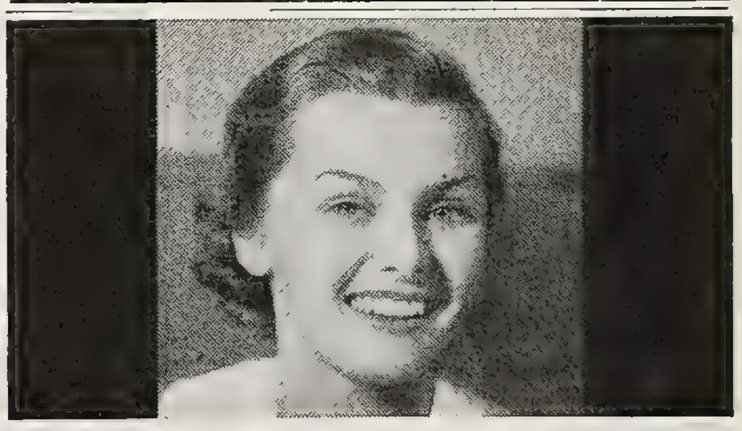
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said' horrors, like a lot of women. She just has to be sure that an earthquake hasn't struck her family since the last time she talked to them five minutes ago. Here's Joanie calling her mother." He jumped up and held a receiver to his ear. "Hello, are you all right, yes I'm fine, goodbye."

Dick yearns for a boat. Joan thinks it would be all right, but lacks her husband's fine passion for the rigging. "When would we use it?" she inquires reasonably.

"I don't know," he confesses, and clutches dramatically at her hand. "Pray for me, Wife. Pray I don't buy a boat."

DICK'S a handy man around the house. He can hang a door or build a cupboard with the best of them. Joan is secretly proud of his skill, but a little wary of a tendency he has to improve on what she already considers perfect. So when she sees him marching by with his toolchest, she's likely to inquire: "Building a new wing today, darling? Or just a new house?"

She sleeps soundly, Dick lightly. Even when they're both working, her rising hour precedes his, because of the more complicated problems of feminine make-up. This is Dick, describing an early morning scene: "The buzzer from the kitchen rings at 5:30. I wake up. To wake Joan would require, in addition to the buzzer, two kitchen stoves and part of a brick factory falling through the roof. I yell: 'Hey, Joan, time to get up.' She makes a cute noise that might be a small pig grunting. I yell again. She says, 'O.K., honey,' but it doesn't mean anything. I wait five minutes, because I'm sorry for the poor kid, but if she insists on being a movie actress, what can you do? Then I call again. She says, 'Uh-huh,' and I hear noises. So I snooze off, with an uneasy mind, which wakes me up about five minutes later, and there's my wife sleeping sweetly on the floor, with a pillow under her head. She likes her comfort."

What fun they can't provide for themselves, the baby supplies. He and Dick, to whom he is Slug or Butch, form a mutual admiration society. Fifteen minutes in the morning belong by sacred and traditional right to Normie. Nothing is allowed to interfere. Normie sees to that. The studio may want Dick a little earlier, important persons may be waiting, the heavens may fall. Normie points inexorably to the clock, because he knows a clock has something to do with it. *"My* fifteen minutes," he says, and means it.

Whatever Dick does, Normie is seized with a prompt impulse to do. *"I* want to pull a knife over my chin. Why *doesn't* hair grow on mine, too? I want to look like you." He's adopted Dick's special word of approval, the word being, originally enough, "brokendown." "That's a nice brokendown tie," Dick is wont to say. One night his mother broke into an irrepressible giggle at some tomfoolery of her husband's. "That's a nice brokendown laugh, Mommy," Norman told her.

On the dresser of each, stands a handsome cabinet photograph of the other. Pasted over the glass are two screwy snapshots. One shows Joan, finger in mouth, hair in tight pigtails tied with fantastic bows, face splashed with freckles. The other shows Dick, his jaws stretched in a cavernous yawn.

The snaps are a joke, of course, but they're more than just that. They imply a gesture, typical of them both. Two human beings are putting two movie stars in their places. Not in so many words, but in spirit and intent they are saying: "We're Joan and Dick. The rest doesn't matter. Let's laugh—and love the unimportant things off."





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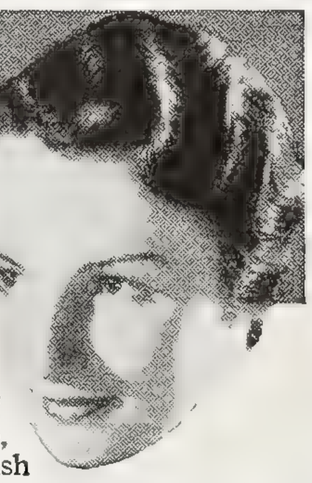
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Reviews

(*Continued from page 96*)

★★★ Victoria the Great

In this British-produced chronicle of the life and times of Queen Victoria, a great age passes in review. We follow Victoria from her ascension to the throne as a timid girl of seventeen, completely under her mother's domination, to her Diamond Jubilee sixty years later, when she had made of herself one of the strongest, most independent and beloved of women. Celebrated figures such as Disraeli, Gladstone, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Melbourne and Cecil Rhodes are woven into the complex story. We see the formation and expansion of a vast empire and the struggle to put down rebellion at home and avert wars abroad, all faithfully mirrored.

At times the film seems to carry the weight of English history too heavily for the taste of the average American and becomes ponderous and tedious. Nevertheless, there are many stirring and truly impressive moments. The life of Victoria, which to most Americans has come to stand for primness personified, has been lightened with quiet humorous touches and sympathetic treatment. The romance between the Queen and her Prince Consort, Albert, is charmingly handled, and her long fight, never successful, to win for her German husband the approval of her conservative people, motivates the picture.

Outstanding in the cast are Anna Neagle, who portrays the difficult role of Queen Victoria from youth to old age; H. B. Warner, who dominates the too-brief scenes in which he appears; Anton Walbrook, Walter Rilla and Mary Morris. Directed by Herbert Wilcox.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ Angel

There's something about the ice-cold presence of Marlene Dietrich which fills directors with awe. Even the best of them get the worst of it when they tangle with the Teutonic Deadpan. Throughout her entire Hollywood career she has managed to walk through each of her epics without a single change of expression in her lovely face. No smile ever mars her sphynx-like beauty, no trace of emotion ever crosses her velvet-smooth brow. All of which is to say that Toots can't act. She can't emote because she has no emotions. Even at that, how she can collect her quarter of a million a picture and keep that straight face is beyond us.

This time, as usual, she is a woman whose beauty drives men mad. Her husband, in the British consulate, is more interested in Jugo-Slavia than in domestic matters, so she winds up for an affair off the home field. After considerable stagey dramatics the affair doesn't come off, and Marlene returns to her husband who, it seems, has just undergone a romantic reawakening.

Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas are effective as husband and would-be lover, but their material seems to weigh heavily on them. The only bright moments in the picture are furnished by the household servants, played by Ernest Cossart, Edward Everett Horton and Herbert Mundin. Ernst Lubitsch directed, but the anticipated "Lubitsch touches" are missing.—*Paramount.*

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★★ Music For Madame

Nino Martini is back again in this one. And that will undoubtedly be enough to send you rushing to see "Music for Madame." You won't be disappointed in Martini's glorious voice either, but neither his role nor the picture can touch that last success, "The Gay Desperado."

Here Martini is a poor Italian lad who heads for Hollywood to make fame and fortune with his voice. En route he falls into bad hands. Two crooks are planning to steal some pearls from a wealthy Hollywood producer and trick Martini into helping them. He is to sing at the reception and while attracting everyone's attention, the meanies will grab the poils. Having unwittingly become an accomplice, Martini then finds that they have also stolen his most precious possession, his voice. For the only clue to the thief is the singer with the golden voice, and Rodowsky, the famed conductor (Alan Mowbray), swears he will recognize that voice anywhere. Romance starts when Joan Fontaine, an aspiring young composer, meets Martini. He, of course, cannot divulge his identity, and then later tries every way to prove his identity to the police in order that Joan may collect the price on his head.

It's genuinely hilarious in spots, though many of the scenes with Detective Alan Hale, Erik Rhodes and Grant Mitchell, the district attorney, lack spontaneity. Others in the cast include: Billy Gilbert, George Shelley, Lee Patrick and Ada Leonard. Directed by John Blystone.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ Dangerously Yours

You've seen this one before if you're in the habit of sitting through the poorer pictures on the double bill. For it's just another of those jewel-lifting stories, with the beauteous blonde a gal who may swipe your diamonds, but who underneath you know—or will by the end of the seventh reel—has a heart of gold.

Phyllis Brooks is the feminine interest in this case and if her acting ever comes up to her looks, her studio has a good bet. Cesar Romero is the tall, dark and handsome of the picture. He's much too capable for the material at hand. Here he is a gentleman, who, from all indications should be regarded with suspicion. Later on, of course, it develops that his intentions are all strictly honorable. The story's one claim to holding interest is the fact that all the characters look shady, and you stay on waiting for the first spark of honesty to show up in somebody. Alan Dinehart gives the best and most believable performance, as Mr. Dinehart has a habit of doing, while Jane Darwell and Natalie Garson come in for some good bits. Directed by Mal St. Clair.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ This Way, Please

A musical of a decidedly minor nature, "This Way, Please" is destined for the bottom position in the double-feature emporiums. Its plot is standard, its lines are dull, and an uninspired cast stirs up practically no enthusiasm whatever. They all perform as though they knew that eventually the picture would be given away with the cash on bank night.

Story concerns the love life of an usherette and a theatre band leader. The little usherette is really a talented dancer, and eventually becomes a feature of the theatre's entertainment, and winds up marrying the band leader at a public ceremony on the stage.

Buddy Rogers does little with the role of the orchestra leader. Betty Grable dances



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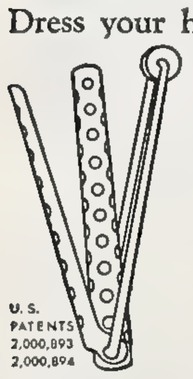
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★★★ Wife, Doctor and Nurse

Though it's definitely a woman's picture, it seems unlikely there's a man alive who couldn't get some enjoyment out of watching Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce. Warner Baxter is the fortunate man who has these two girls clamoring for him. Loretta is his wife and Virginia his nurse, and both are that nice civilized sort who decide to talk it all over and try to reach some kind of agreement as to who shall have Warner.

The only one whom they fail to talk it over with is Warner, who goes blissfully on, genuinely in love with his wife and fully dependent upon his nurse in his career. When the two women, in a burst of great generosity, decide to give Warner up completely to the other, the fun begins. For it's obvious that he cannot get along without either and finally solves the situation by telling that to them, and all three become fine friends.

The plot, of course, is an old one. But what makes it a good picture is the fine dialogue and the excellent performances of everyone concerned. No expense has been spared in production, with the elaborate settings and costly wardrobes further notes of added interest. In the supporting cast are Jane Darwell, who plays the doctor's housekeeper; Paul Hurst, excellent in a small role as bartender, and Margaret Irving, Minna Gombel, George Ernest and Maurice Cass. Directed by Walter Lang. —*20th Century-Fox.*

★ Bulldog Drummond Comes Back

John Howard plays the title role, and the assignment proves too much for him. His overacting, plus the series of unbelievably harrying situations into which he's forced, make "Bulldog Drummond" a picture strictly for juveniles and the less sophisticated adults. John Barrymore hasn't much to do as Inspector Neilson, but he steals the picture with his smooth performance. Louise Campbell makes the most of the feminine lead, but Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive are wasted in thankless roles. Directed by Louis King.—*Paramount.*

★ Love Is on the Air

This little number deserves mention for just one reason and that's Ronald Reagan, one of the newest finds of the Warner Brothers. On the credit side of the ledger for Ronald are an engagingly wide grin and a nice manner. On the debit side are a mediocre voice and obvious lack of camera experience, traits which can undoubtedly be overcome with a little time.

Reagan is a political commentator for a radio station, and in trying to clear up the city's dirty politics, he becomes so rabid on the air that his boss tries to fire him. However, there's a little matter of contract, as Reagan points out to him, so the boss gets even by putting our hero on the "Itsy Bitsy People's Hour" as storyteller, a program gladly relinquished by June Travis, who formerly was the storyteller.

Love blooms, of course, along with the usual bickering and bantering that goes on between the lovers of every Grade B and sings pleasantly enough as the usherette who makes good. Jack Benny's Mary Livingstone proves she's much funnier on the air. Best scenes in the picture are specialty numbers, one by Hill-billy Rufe Davis and another by Fibber McGee and Molly. In the supporting cast, Lee Bowman is outstanding. Directed by Robert Florey.—*Paramount.*

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picture. There's a wind-up of genuine excitement when, through one of the children on his program, Reagan gets a lead on one of the largest crimes of the city's underworld. Directed by William McGann.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★ Madame X

That old favorite, "Madame X," is here served up again. But there is none of the warmed-over flavor which one might expect, due to the excellence of the cast.

Gladys George's characterization of the woman who sacrifices her life that her son's life may not be blighted by a mistake which she has made, is expertly achieved. John Beal, as the son, gives a sincere performance, though we could have done without such heavy histrionics in spots. Warren William, the unrelenting husband who decides to forgive and forget about ten reels too late, does a polished bit, as does Reginald Owen, his close friend.

Others in the supporting cast are Emma Dunn, as the faithful nurse and good friend of the family, Lynne Carver, who plays John Beal's fiancee and Henry Daniell as the suave and ruthless gambler who is the cause of Madame X's final sacrifice.

The most remarkable phase of the picture is the disintegration of the woman who goes steadily down in the world, not caring or thinking of anything but the son who must never know of her existence. The gradual changes, from a lady of position to a sodden hag are exceptionally realized by Gladys George, without a flaw in appearance, voice or actions. If you're in the mood, then, for an obvious tear-jerker, with good acting for compensation, take in "Madame X." Directed by Sam Wood.—*M-G-M.*

★ Fit For a King

This may not be the worst Joe E. Brown picture ever made, but it will serve as such until something really bad comes along. Inveterate Joe E. Brown followers know that the main assets of his pictures are plenty of fast and furious action and practically no plot. Evidently his producers forgot to glance at the rule book, for this is plotted to death, and there are long dull passages between the brief doses of slapstick action.

The big-mouthed comic is handicapped mainly by his script. Dialogue, when it isn't tangled up in the plot, is a catalogue of old jokes. Sample: Joe E.: "You're from America, aren't you?" Helen Mack: "Yes." Joe E.: "Which part?" Helen: "All of me." That gives you a rough idea.

The ebullient Mr. Brown plays a dumb newspaper reporter sent abroad to untangle complications in a mythical kingdom. Helen Mack, for some reason or other, is a princess from Kansas, and there are numerous mysterious characters who walk in and out of the picture whispering ominous sounding messages to each other. There are two good scenes—one with Mr. B. in the ship's brig during a storm, and another with the comic riding a broken down hay-wagon to rescue the heroine. Helen Mack is pretty and effective enough for what she has to do, and Paul Kelly does an able job as a rival newspaperman. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.—*RKO-Radio*

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★★★★ 100 Men and a Girl

Just one word can do justice to this picture. Superb. And after this picture, movie-goers will be clamoring for more of Leopold Stokowski and his famous orchestra. They are the real "stars" of this one, though Deanna Durbin and a cast of well-known screen personalities do the best work of their various screen careers.

The story concerns a group of one hundred poverty-stricken musicians, one of whom is Adolphe Menjou. His little daughter, Deanna Durbin, sets out to get them the recognition they justly deserve, and the wherewithal to keep them from starving to death. A flighty society woman, Alice Brady, gives her insincere promise to sponsor the orchestra of unemployed men, and takes the next boat to Europe. In desperation, Deanna sets out again to get Leopold Stokowski to direct her orchestra for one night.

There's laughter and tears aplenty in this, with the magnificent music throughout heightening every emotion to a pitch never before reached through the moving-picture medium. Directed by Henry Koster.—*Universal.*



★★★ The Great Garrick

Give a group of good actors an actors' holiday, and you're bound to emerge with a first-rate picture. The story is delightful fiction, based on the life of the great English actor, David Garrick. When Garrick, after triumphs in London, is invited to play in Paris, the members of the Comedie Francaise evolve a plan to separate Garrick from his exaggerated ego. The players take over an inn where Garrick is to stop on his way to Paris, and the matinee idol's arrival starts off fireworks which sparkle and burst throughout the rest of the picture.

It is Brian Aherne's picture, and Mr. A. gets everything possible from his high comedy role of the great actor. The entire cast is splendid. Edward Everett Horton deserves special mention for a split-second scene in which he goes mad, Etienne Girardot is swell as a worried little prompter, Melville Cooper brings grand comedy to the role of the president of the Comedie Francaise, Luis Alberni is amusing as an actor playing a waiter, and Marie Wilson adds comic touches as a chambermaid. Olivia De Havilland, as an innocent young gal tossed into the midst of all this, is completely captivating. Directed by James Whale.—*Warner Bros.*



★★★ Double Wedding

If you've never seen Myrna Loy with paint smeared all over her face, and if you've never viewed William Powell in a fur coat and a beret, you're in for something in "Double Wedding." It's one of those goofy farces which the films have been overdoing lately, but fortunately for this one, the competent playing of Mr. Powell and the lovely Miss Loy keeps the picture from going overboard.

Miss Loy plays a prim business woman who manages other people's lives as systematically as she runs her own. Having announced the engagement of her sister, Irene (Florence Rice), to a spineless character named Waldo (John Beal), she smugly sits back to await the planned wedding. But she reckons without Charlie Lodge, an irrepressible guy who lives in a trailer and hates schedules. Everything winds up to a beautiful climax in a wedding scene in Charlie's trailer. Among other lively incidents in this scene there is the spectacle of Miss Loy smacking Mr. Powell with a guitar.

Bill Powell brings all his suave mannerisms and his gift for comedy to the role of Charlie, and Myrna Loy does equally as well as the firm young lady. John Beal and Florence Rice are excellent in featured roles, and Jessie Ralph, Edgar Kennedy and Sidney Toler are outstanding among the supporting players. Directed by Richard Thorpe.—*M-G-M.*

More Reviews on Page 96

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